The Finest of the Wheat No. 2

Hymns, New and Old

for

Missionary and Revival Meetings and Sabbath Schools.

EDITED BY

Geo D. ELDERKIN.

Jno R. SWENEY. C.C. McCABE.

Wm J. KIRKPATRICK. F.A. HARDIN.

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Mrs. B. G. Ham
1603 - 5th Ave. N. W.
Austin, MN 55912

Mrs. B. G. Ham
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Phil. Frost.

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FORTY-FOURTH EDITION.

CHICAGO:

R. R. McCABE & CO., PUBLISHERS

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· PREFACE ·

A CHORUS Choir of more than six hundred thousand voices attests the marvelous popularity of FINEST OF THE WHEAT No. 1. The Editors cannot hope to surpass that book, but there is a very loud call for one of equal merit.

In FINEST OF THE WHEAT No. 2 we have it. We send it forth believing it to be a worthy successor of No. 1. That is all the commendation it needs. From its pages we believe the grand Chorus Choir of No. 1 and many thousands more in Camp Meetings, Revival Meetings, Social Meetings, Missionary Meetings, and Sabbath Schools will soon be chanting the praises of the King.

THE EDITORS.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

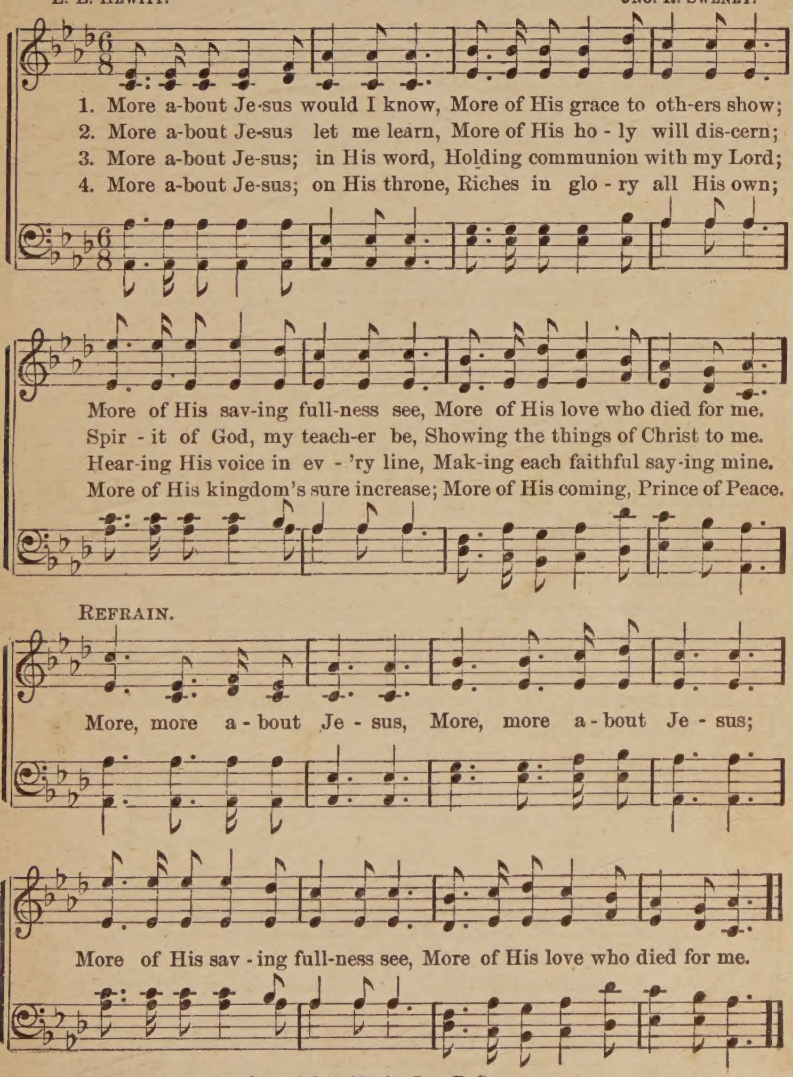
THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

No. 2.

1

More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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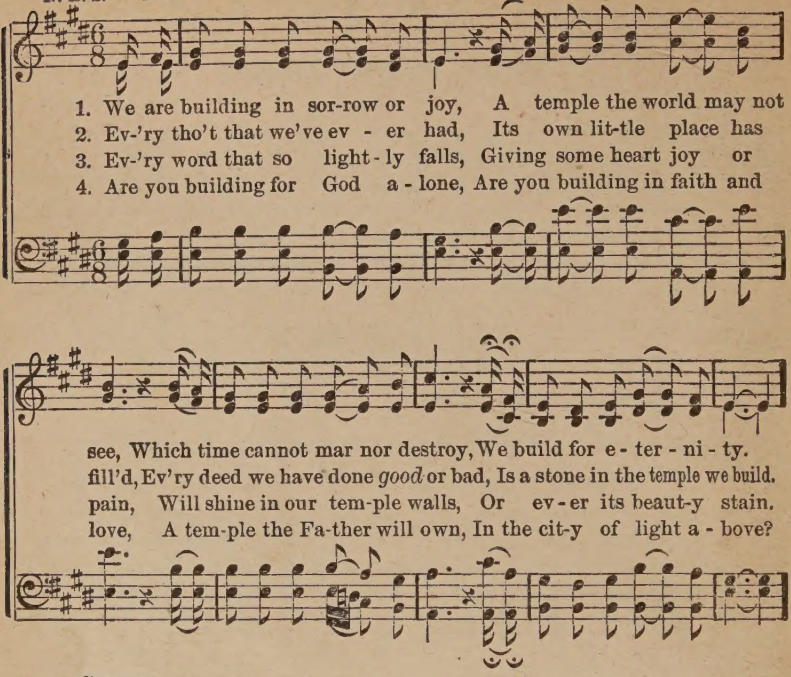
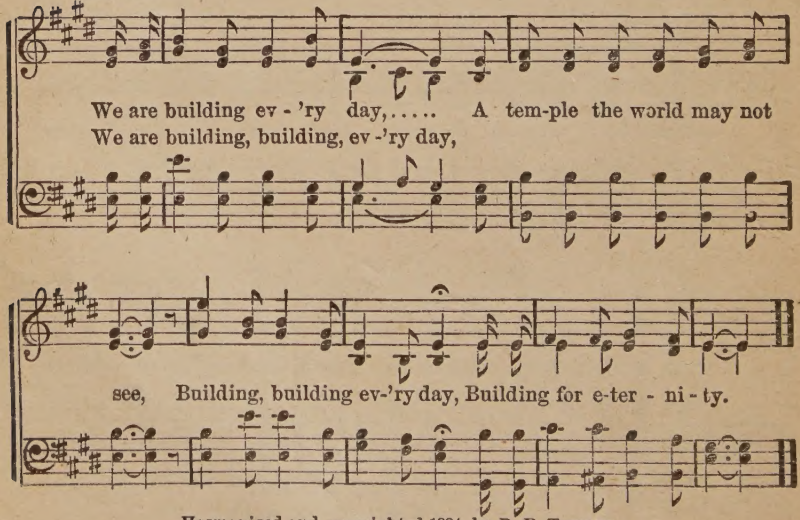
Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. N. B. SARGENT. Arr.


1. We are building in sor-row or joy, A temple the world may not see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit-tle place has fill'd, Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
3. Ev-'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain, Will shine in our tem-ple walls, Or ev - er its beaut-y stain.
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love, A tem-ple the Fa-ther will own, In the cit-y of light a - bove?

CHORUS.


We are building ev - 'ry day,..... A tem-ple the world may not see,
We are building, building, ev -'ry day,
Building, building ev-'ry day, Building for e-ter - ni - ty.

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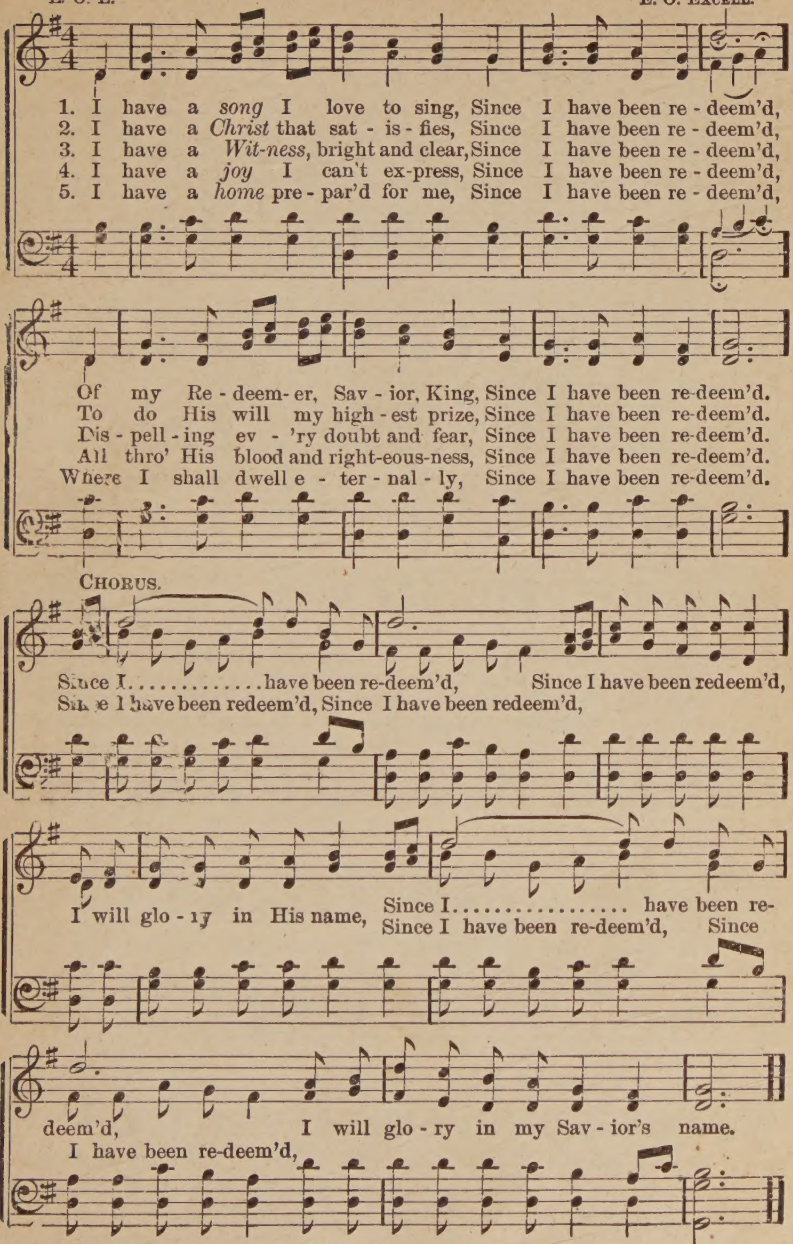
3 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a *Wit-ness*, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deem'd,
5. I have a *home* pre - par'd for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,
Of my Re - deem- er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
All thro' His blood and right-eous-ness, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Chorus.
Since I.....have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
I will glo - ry in His name, Since I..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since
deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re-deem'd,

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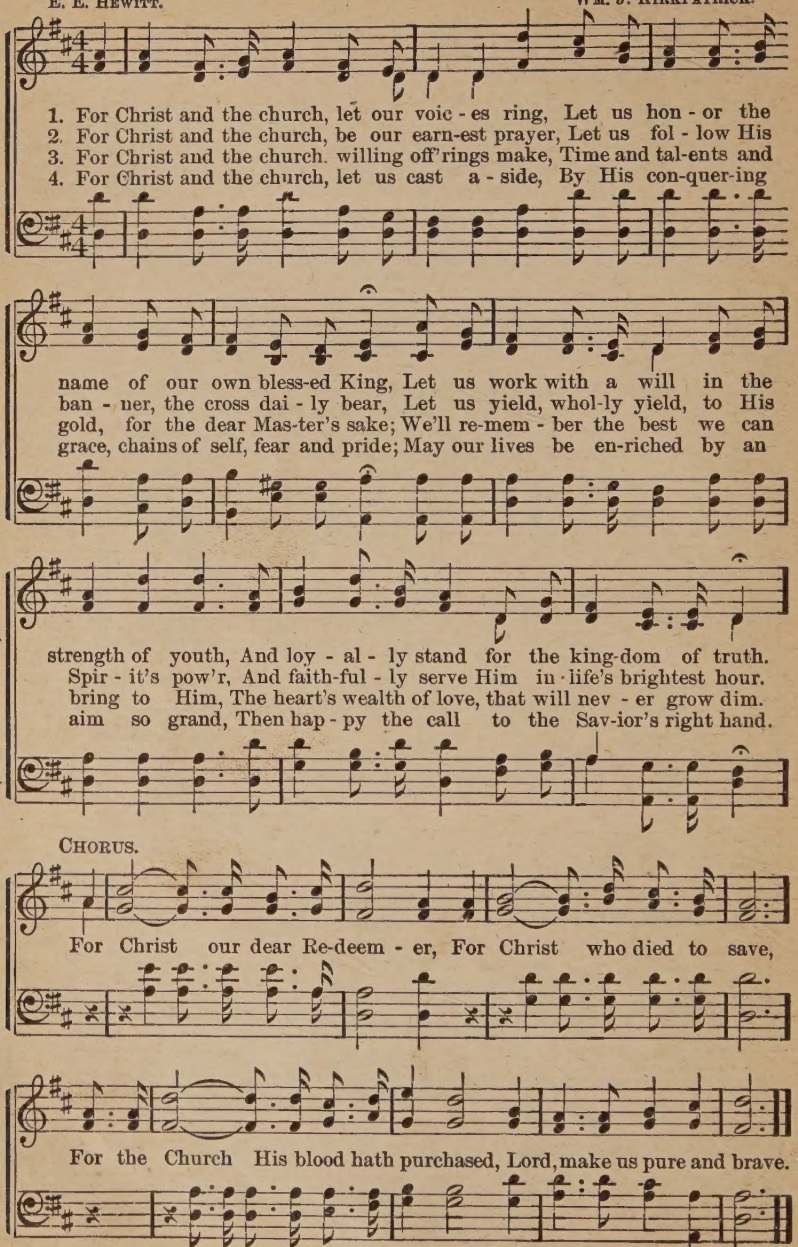
4 For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. For Christ and the church, let our voic - es ring, Let us hon - or the
2. For Christ and the church, be our earn-est prayer, Let us fol - low His
3. For Christ and the church willing off'rings make, Time and tal-ents and
4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By His con-quer-ing
name of our own bless-ed King, Let us work with a will in the
ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol-ly yield, to His
gold, for the dear Mas-ter's sake; We'll re-mem - ber the best we can
grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be en-riched by an
strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king-dom of truth.
Spir - it's pow'r, And faith-ful - ly serve Him in life's brightest hour.
bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav-ior's right hand.
Chorus.
For Christ our dear Re-deem - er, For Christ who died to save,
For the Church His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.

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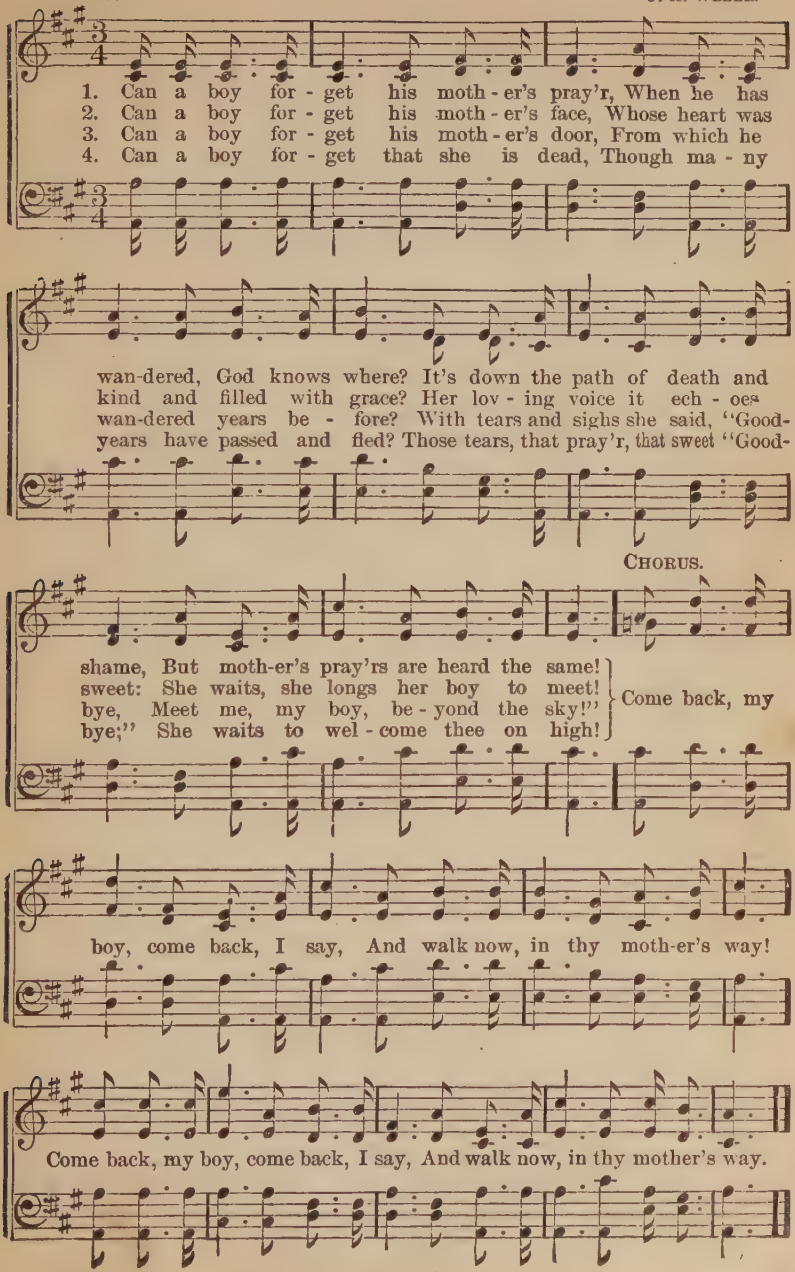
5 Can a Boy Forget his Mother?

J. H. W. J. H. WEBER.


1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Though ma - ny
wan-dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan-dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-
CHORUS.
shame, But moth-er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye, Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!
Come back, my
boy, come back, I say, And walk now, in thy moth-er's way!
Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk now, in thy mother's way.

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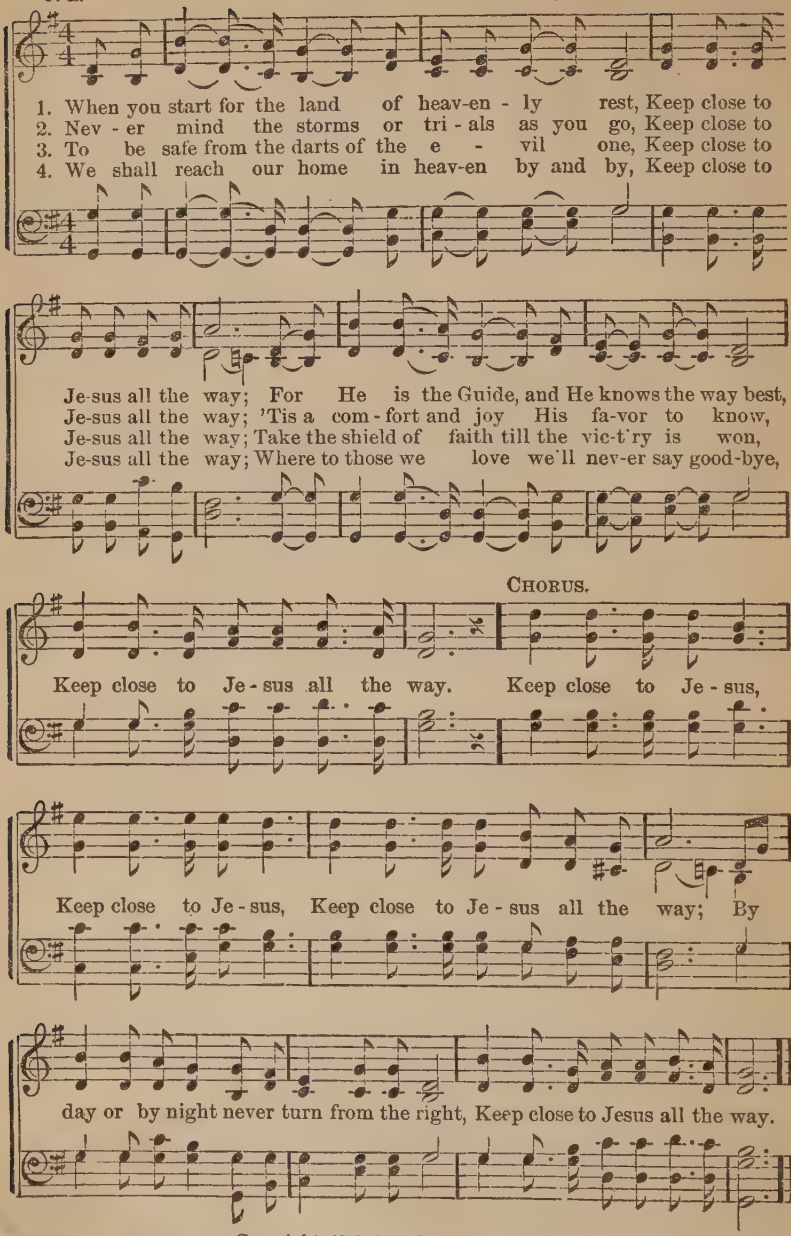
Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to
Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-t'ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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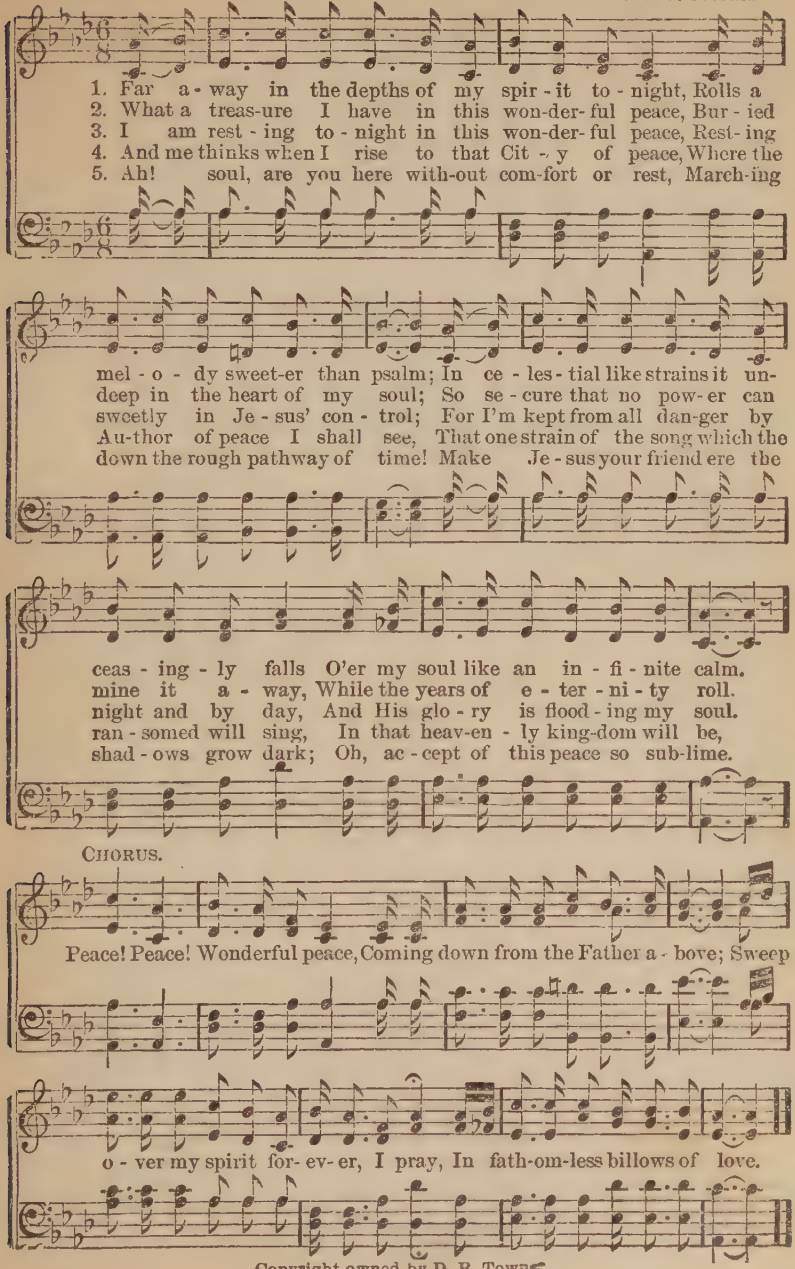
Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt. Rev. W. G. Cooper.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der- ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won-der- ful peace, Rest- ing
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing
mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow-er can
sweetly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing, In that heav-en - ly king-dom will be,
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.
Chorus.
Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep
o - ver my spirit for- ev- er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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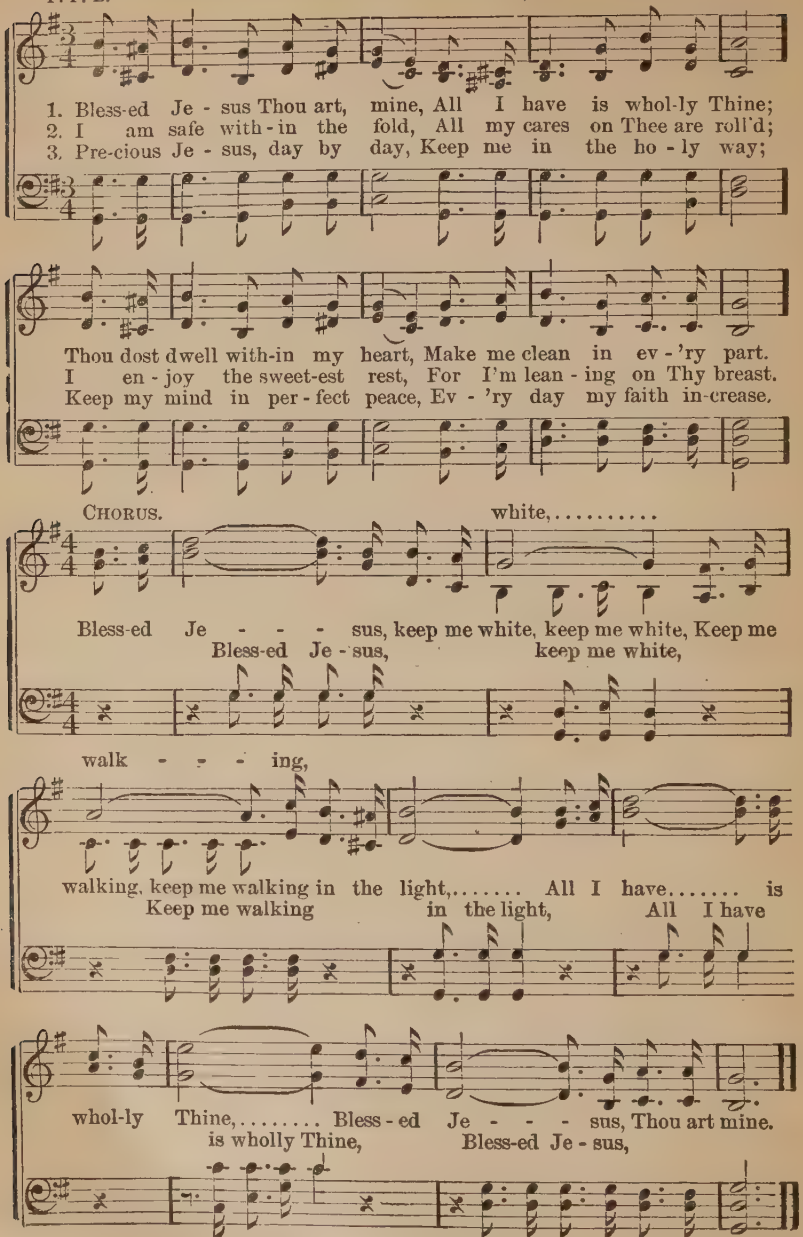
8 Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus Thou art, mine, All I have is whol-ly Thine;
2. I am safe with-in the fold, All my cares on Thee are roll'd;
3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way;
Thou dost dwell with-in my heart, Make me clean in ev - 'ry part.
I en - joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in-crease.
Chorus.
white,.....
Bless-ed Je - - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me white,
walk - - - - ing,
walking, keep me walking in the light,..... All I have..... is
Keep me walking in the light, All I have
whol-ly Thine,..... Bless - ed Je - - - - sus, Thou art mine.
is wholly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

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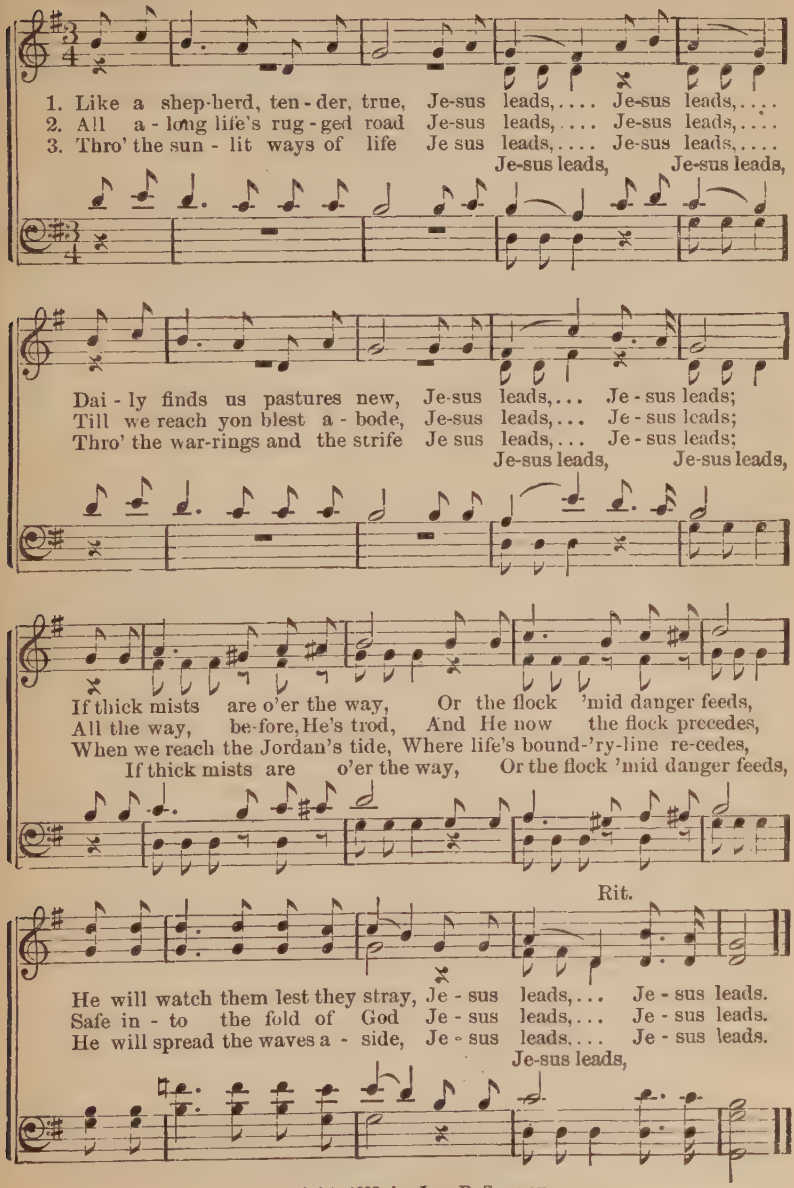
Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads,.... Je-sus leads,....
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads,.... Je-sus leads,....
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je sus leads,.... Je-sus leads,....
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads,... Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads,... Je-sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je sus leads,... Je-sus leads;
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, be-fore, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
Rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads,... Je-sus leads.
Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads,... Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads,... Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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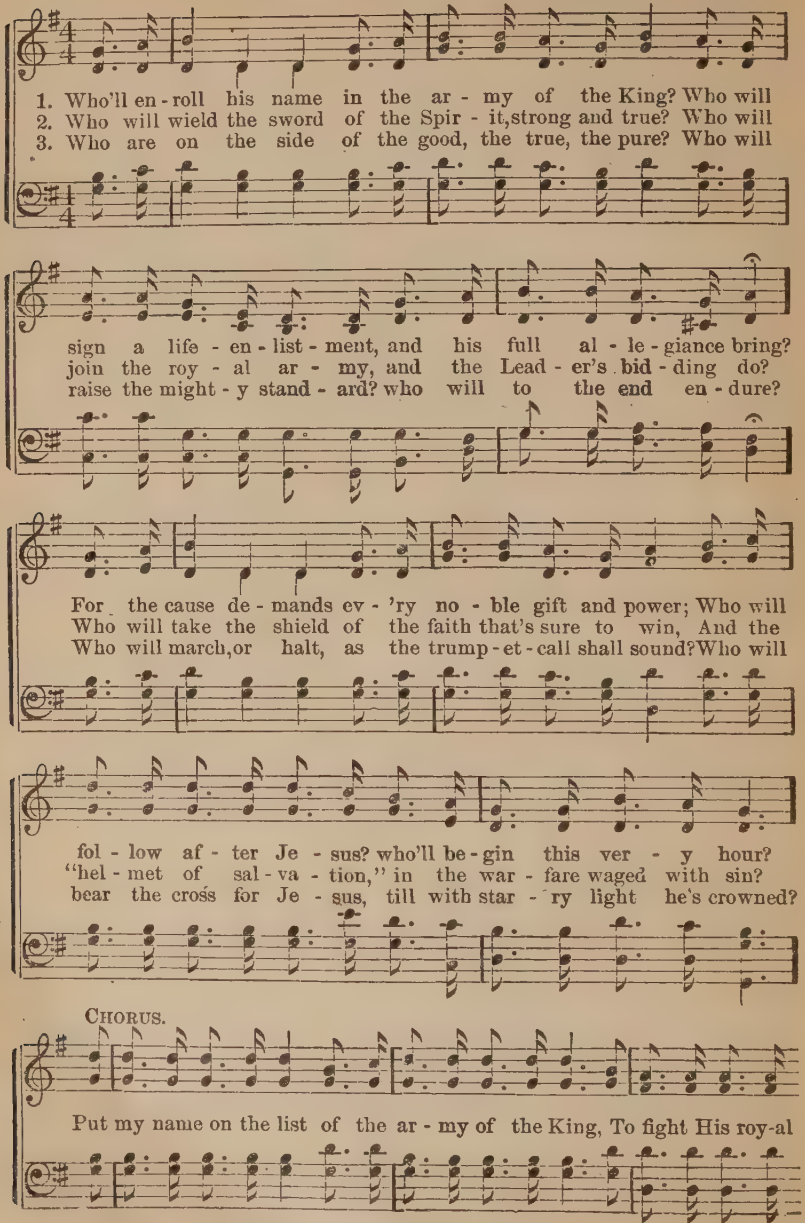
10 Put My Name on the List.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who'll en - roll his name in the ar - my of the King? Who will
2. Who will wield the sword of the Spir - it, strong and true? Who will
3. Who are on the side of the good, the true, the pure? Who will
sign a life - en - list - ment, and his full al - le - giance bring?
join the roy - al ar - my, and the Lead - er's bid - ding do?
raise the might - y stand - ard? who will to the end en - dure?
For the cause de - mands ev - 'ry no - ble gift and power; Who will
Who will take the shield of the faith that's sure to win, And the
Who will march, or halt, as the trump - et - call shall sound? Who will
fol - low af - ter Je - sus? who'll be - gin this ver - y hour?
"hel - met of sal - va - tion," in the war - fare waged with sin?
bear the cross for Je - sus, till with star - ry light he's crowned?
Chorus.
Put my name on the list of the ar - my of the King, To fight His roy-al

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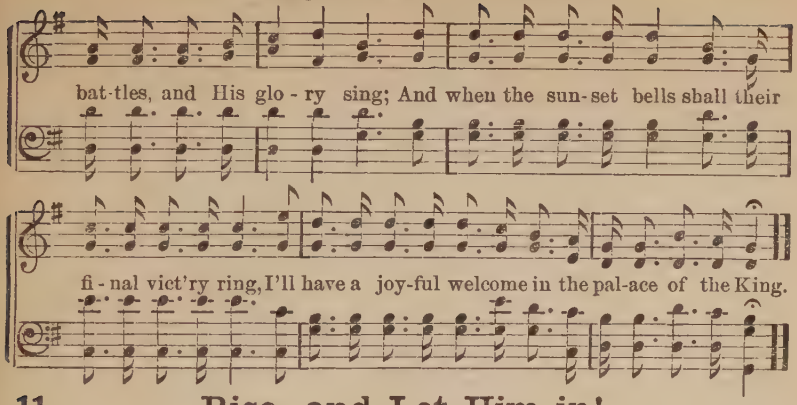
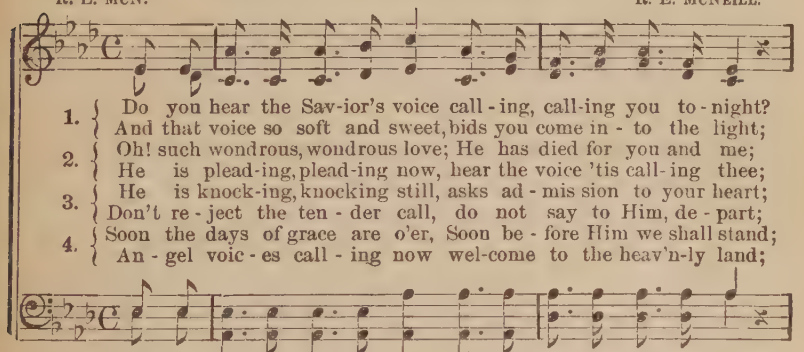
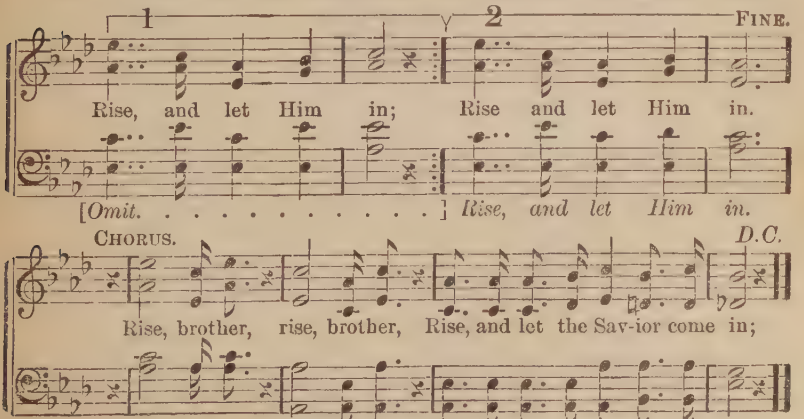
Put My Name. Concluded.


bat-tles, and His glo-ry sing; And when the sun-set bells shall their
fi-nal vict'ry ring, I'll have a joy-ful welcome in the pal-ace of the King.

11 Rise, and Let Him in!

R. E. McN. R. E. McNeill.


1. Do you hear the Sav-ior's voice call-ing, call-ing you to-night?
And that voice so soft and sweet, bids you come in-to the light;
2. Oh! such wondrous, wondrous love; He has died for you and me;
He is plead-ing, plead-ing now, hear the voice 'tis call-ing thee;
3. He is knock-ing, knocking still, asks ad-mis sion to your heart;
Don't re-ject the ten-der call, do not say to Him, de-part;
4. Soon the days of grace are o'er, Soon be-fore Him we shall stand;
An-gel voic-es call-ing now wel-come to the heav'n-ly land;
D. C. He is call-ing, call-ing now, do you hear His lov-ing voice?


1
2
FINE.
Rise, and let Him in; Rise and let Him in.
[Omit. . . . .] Rise, and let Him in.
CHORUS.
D.C.
Rise, brother, rise, brother, Rise, and let the Sav-ior come in;

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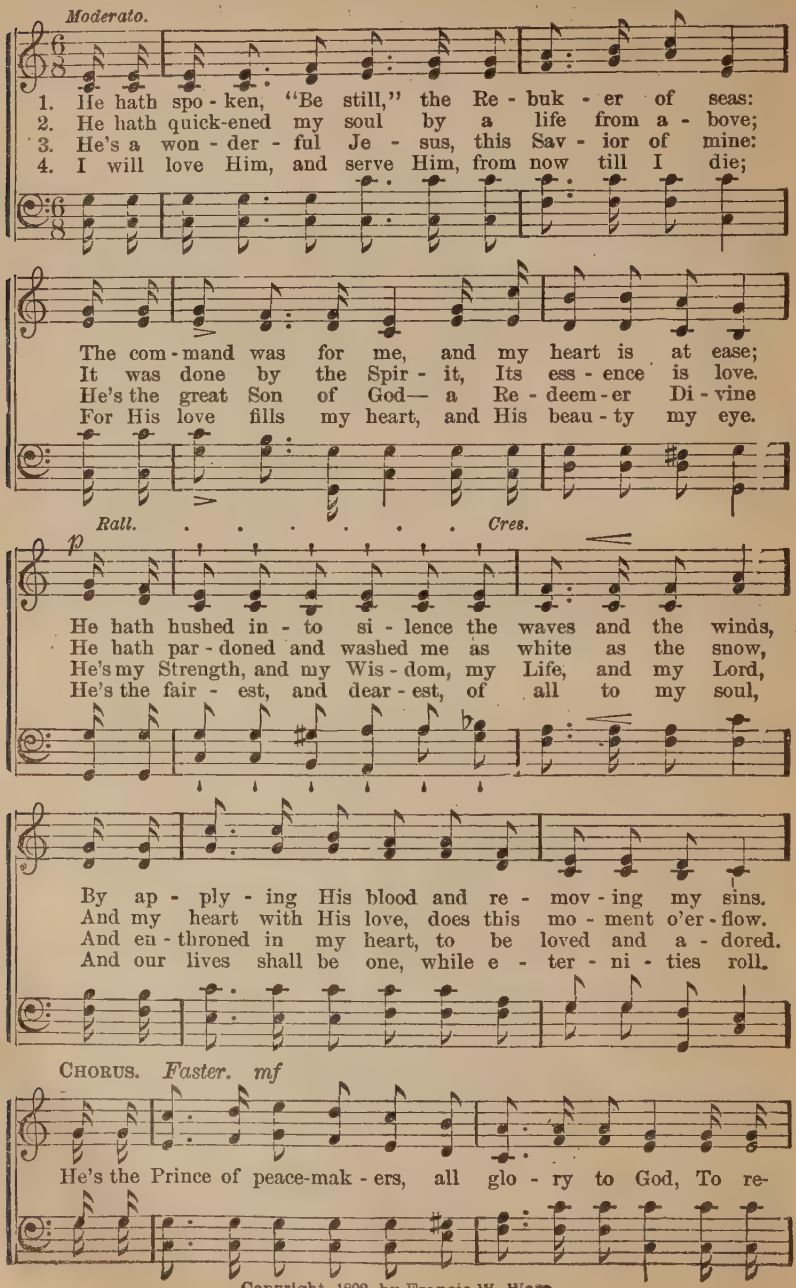
12 He's the Prince of Peace-makers.

Rev. F. W. Ware. J. E. Glines.


Moderato.
1. He hath spo - ken, "Be still," the Re - buk - er of seas:
2. He hath quick-ened my soul by a life from a - bove;
3. He's a won - der - ful Je - sus, this Sav - ior of mine:
4. I will love Him, and serve Him, from now till I die;
The com - mand was for me, and my heart is at ease;
It was done by the Spir - it, Its ess - ence is love.
He's the great Son of God— a Re - deem - er Di - vine
For His love fills my heart, and His beau - ty my eye.
Rall.
Cres.
He hath hushed in - to si - lence the waves and the winds,
He hath par - doned and washed me as white as the snow,
He's my Strength, and my Wis - dom, my Life, and my Lord,
He's the fair - est, and dear - est, of all to my soul,
By ap - ply - ing His blood and re - mov - ing my sins.
And my heart with His love, does this mo - ment o'er - flow.
And en - throned in my heart, to be loved and a - dored.
And our lives shall be one, while e - ter - ni - ties roll.
Chorus. Faster. mf
He's the Prince of peace-mak - ers, all glo - ry to God, To re-

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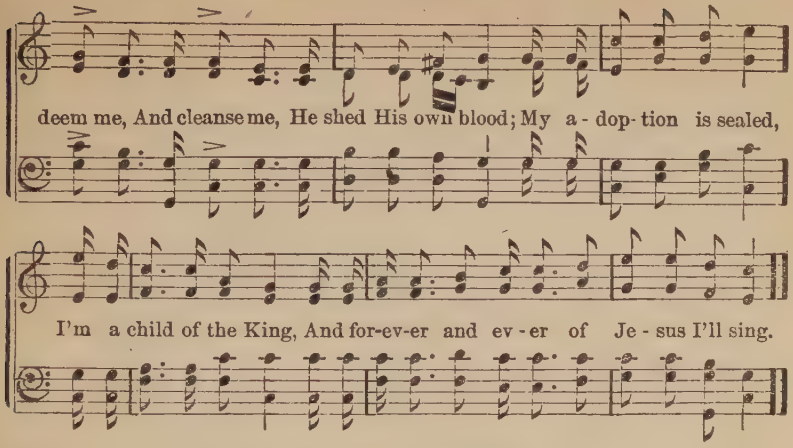
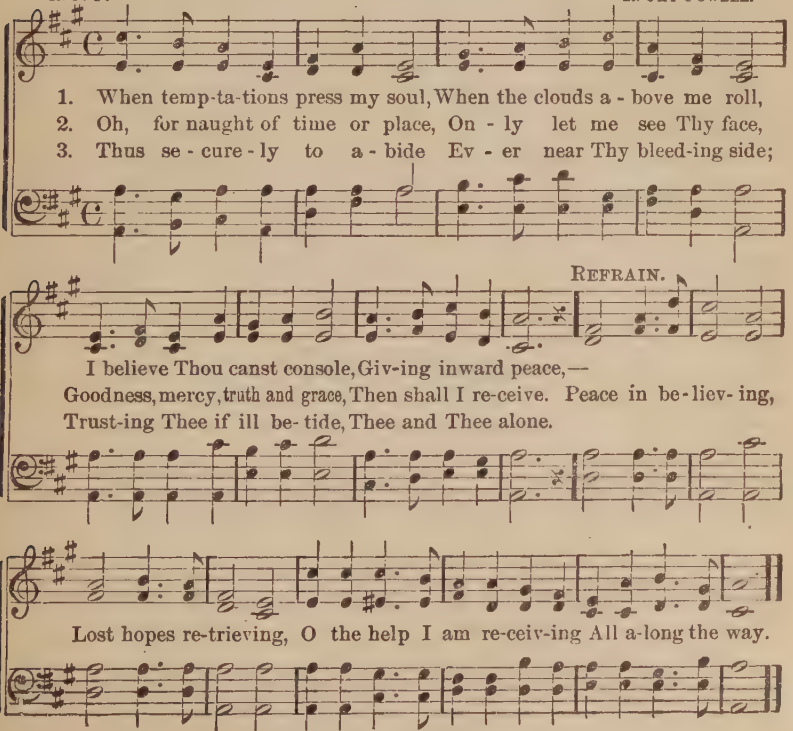
He's the Prince of Peace-makers. Concluded.


deem me, And cleanse me, He shed His own blood; My a - dop - tion is sealed,
I'm a child of the King, And for-ev-er and ev - er of Je - sus I'll sing.

13 Peace in Believing.

R. J. P. R. JAY POWELL.


1. When temp-ta-tions press my soul, When the clouds a - bove me roll,
2. Oh, for naught of time or place, On - ly let me see Thy face,
3. Thus se - cure - ly to a - bide Ev - er near Thy bleed-ing side;
REFRAIN.
I believe Thou canst console, Giv-ing inward peace,—
Goodness, mercy, truth and grace, Then shall I re-ceive. Peace in be-liev-ing,
Trust-ing Thee if ill be-tide, Thee and Thee alone.
Lost hopes re-trieving, O the help I am re-ceiv-ing All a-long the way.

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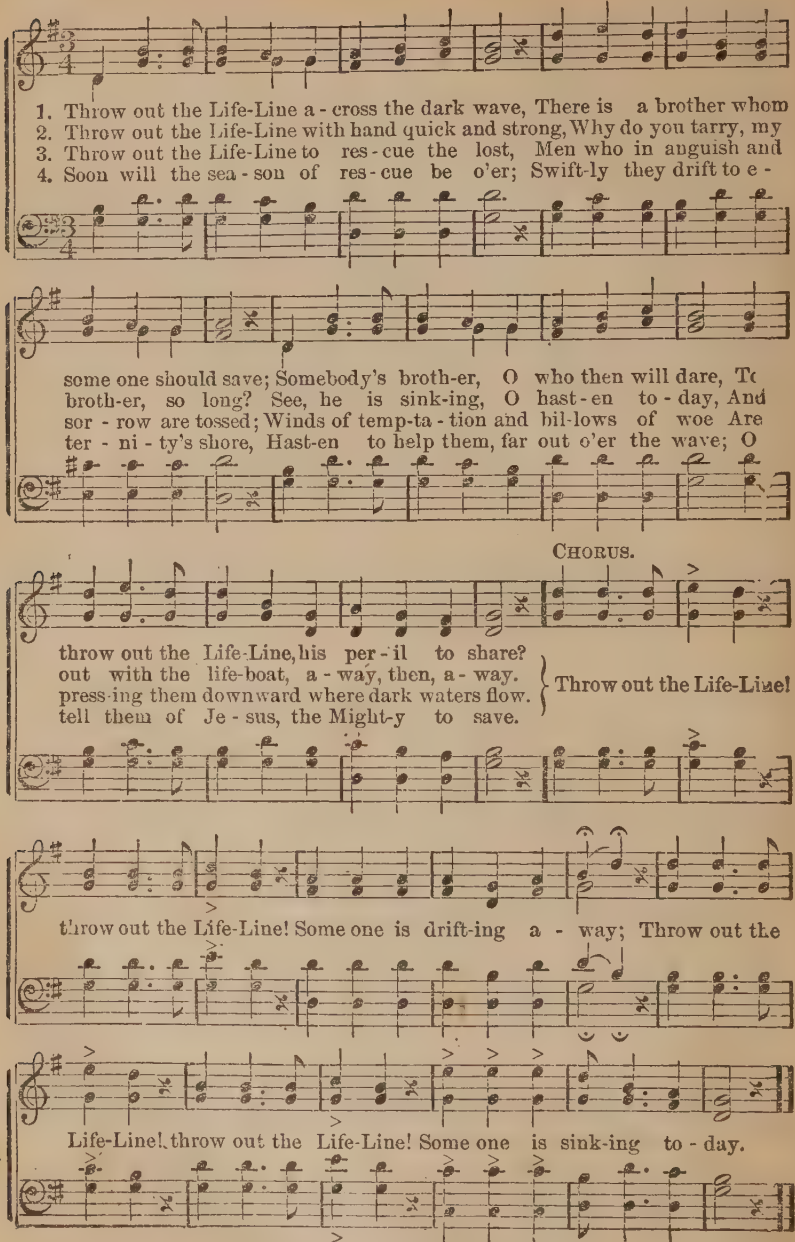
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Rev. E. S. Ufford


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to res - cue the lost, Men who in anguish and
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er; Swift-ly they drift to e -
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er, O who then will dare, To
broth-er, so long? See, he is sink-ing, O hast-en to - day, And
sor - row are tossed; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil-lows of woe Are
ter - ni - ty's shore, Hast-en to help them, far out o'er the wave; O
Chorus.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
press-ing them downward where dark waters flow.
tell them of Je - sus, the Might-y to save.
Throw out the Life-Line!
throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the
Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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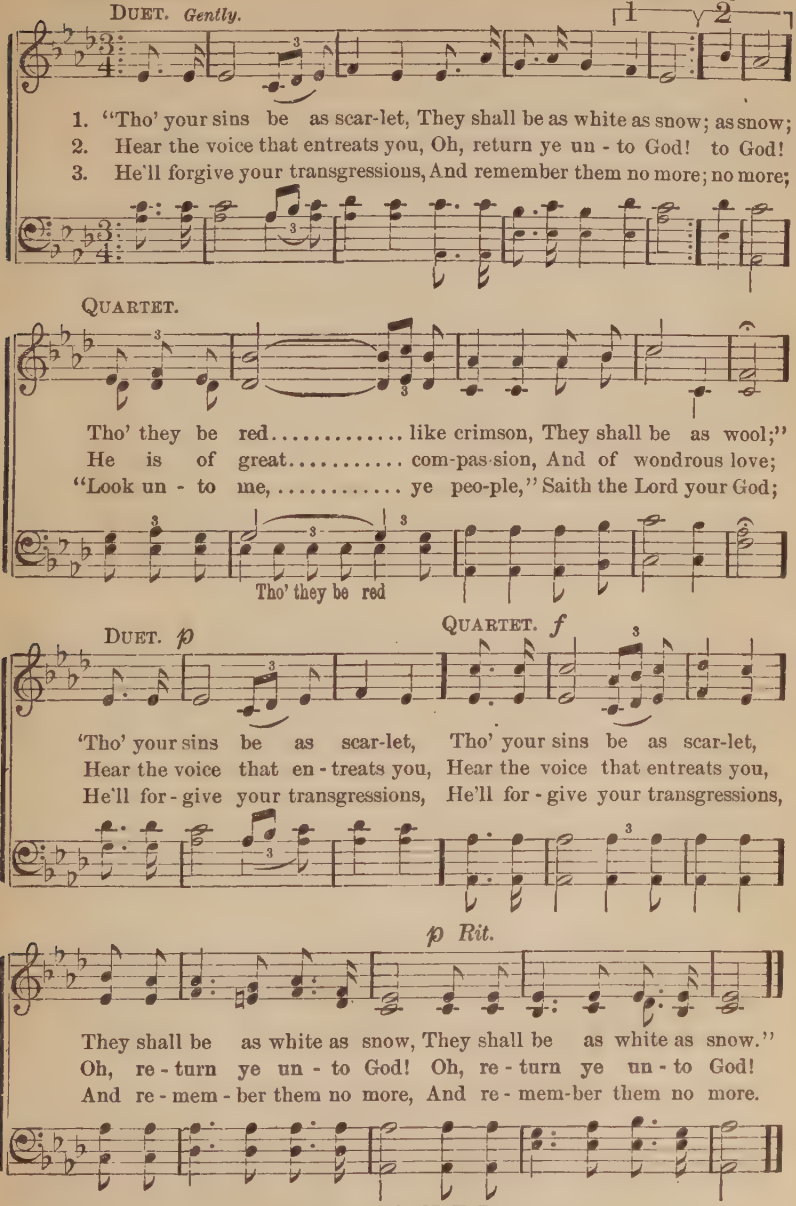
15 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.


DUET. Gently.
1
2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
'Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
p Rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

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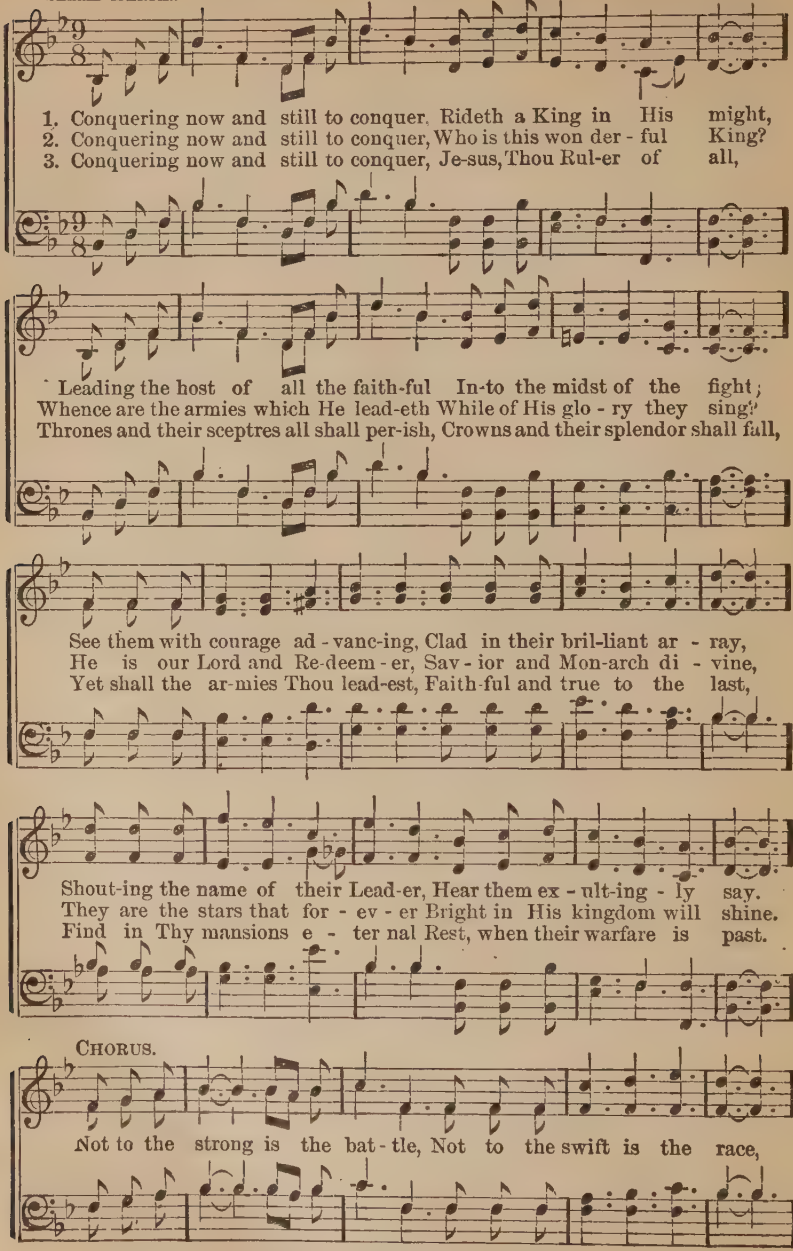
Victory through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,
Leading the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He lead-eth While of His glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad - vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem - er, Sav - ior and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult-ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e - ter nal Rest, when their warfare is past.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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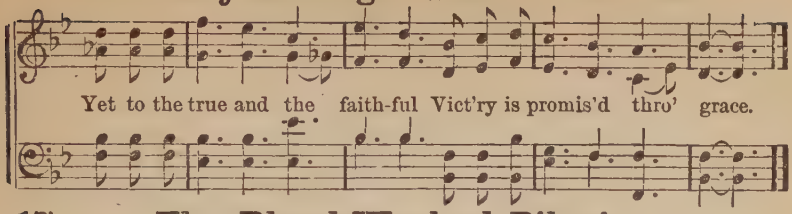
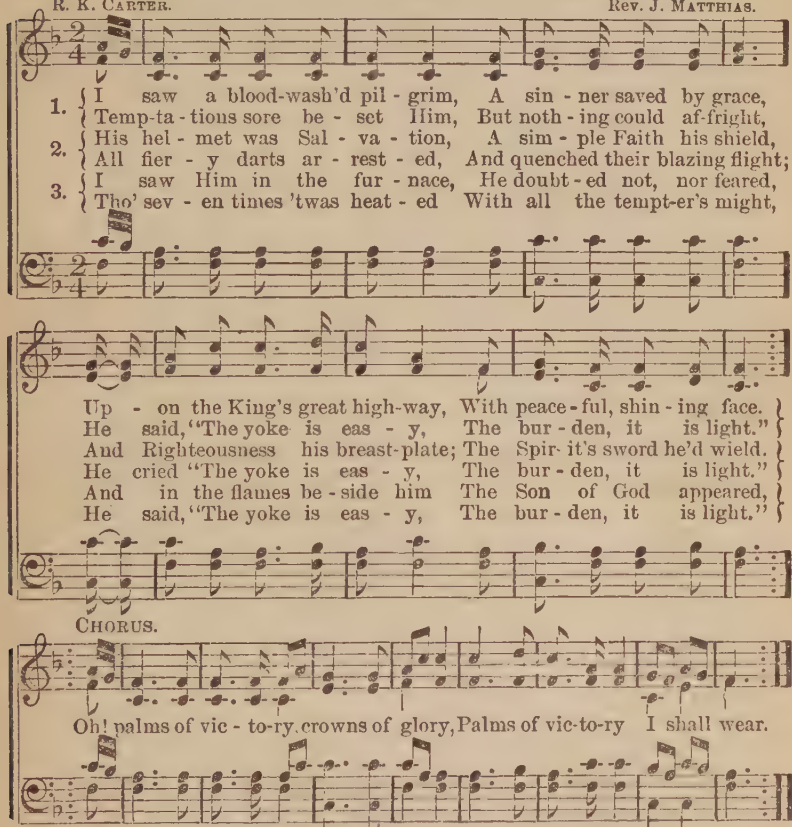
Victory through Grace. Concluded.



17 The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. K. CARTER. Rev. J. MATTHIAS.


1. I saw a blood-wash'd pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
Temp-ta - tions sore be - set Him, But noth - ing could af-fright,
2. His hel - met was Sal - va - tion, A sim - ple Faith his shield,
All fier - y darts ar - rest - ed, And quenched their blazing flight;
3. I saw Him in the fur - nace, He doubt - ed not, nor feared,
Tho' sev - en times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt-er's might,
Up - on the King's great high-way, With peace - ful, shin - ing face.
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
And Righteousness his breast-plate; The Spir- it's sword he'd wield.
He cried "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
And in the flames be - side him The Son of God appeared,
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."

CHORUS.

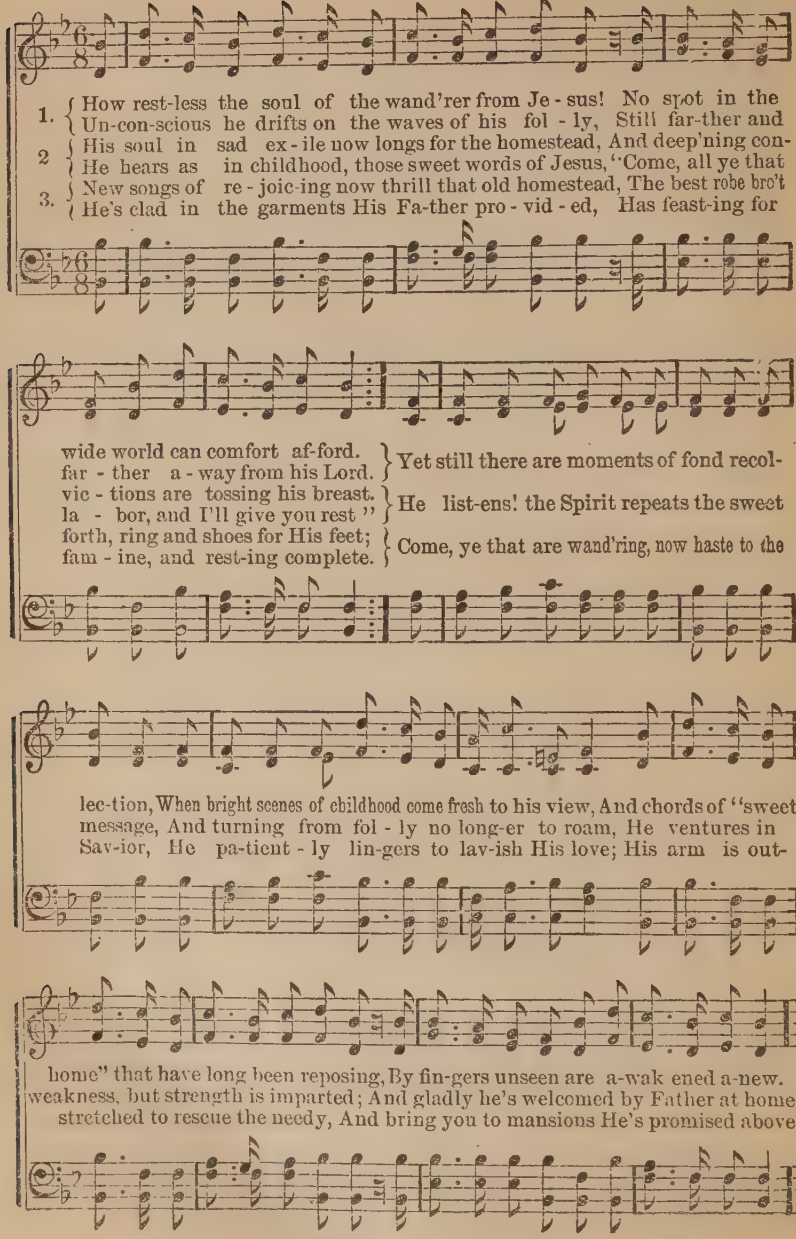
4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, is so light."

5 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.

By permission.

Brought Back.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by J. J. H


1. How rest-less the soul of the wand'rer from Je - sus! No spot in the
Un-con-scious he drifts on the waves of his fol - ly, Still far-ther and
2 His soul in sad ex - ile now longs for the homestead, And deep'ning con-
He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come, all ye that
3. New songs of re - joic-ing now thrill that old homestead, The best robe bro't
He's clad in the garments His Fa-ther pro - vid - ed, Has feast-ing for
wide world can comfort af-ford.
far - ther a - way from his Lord.
vic - tions are tossing his breast.
la - bor, and I'll give you rest"
forth, ring and shoes for His feet;
fam - ine, and rest-ing complete.
Yet still there are moments of fond recol-
He list-ens! the Spirit repeats the sweet
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to the
lec-tion, When bright scenes of childhood come fresh to his view, And chords of "sweet
message, And turning from fol - ly no long-er to roam, He ventures in
Sav-ior, He pa-tient - ly lin-gers to lav-ish His love; His arm is out-
home" that have long been reposing, By fin-gers unseen are a-wak ened a-new.
weakness, but strength is imparted; And gladly he's welcomed by Father at home.
stretched to rescue the needy, And bring you to mansions He's promised above.

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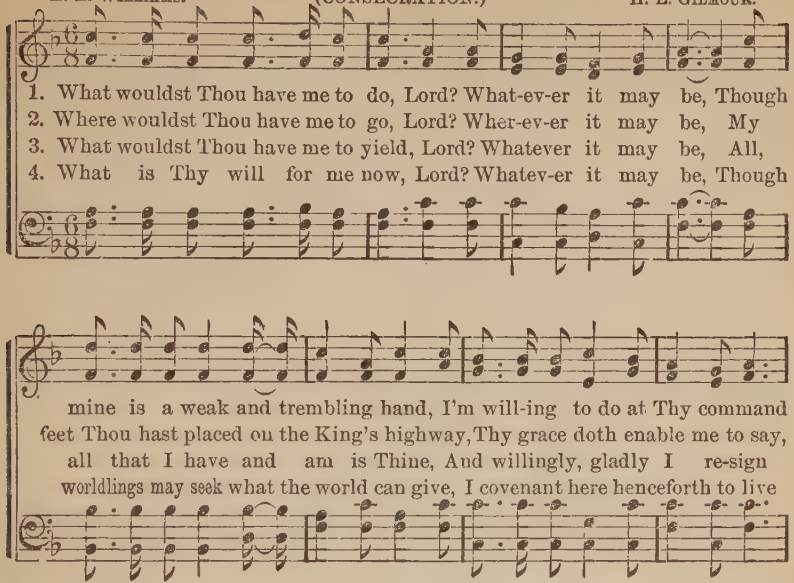
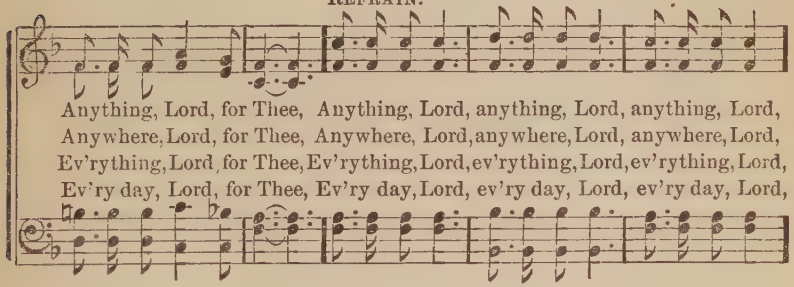
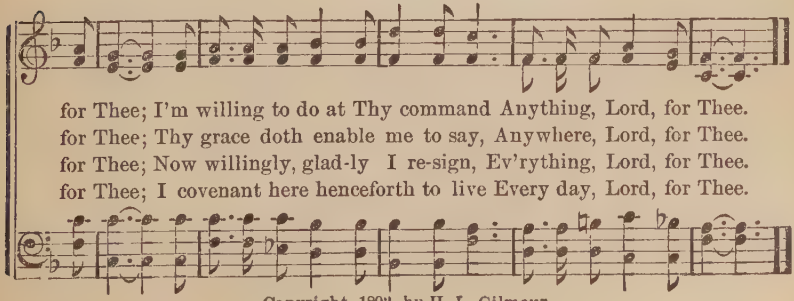
Anything, Lord, for Thee.

E. E. Williams. (CONSECRATION.) H. L. Gilmour.


1. What wouldst Thou have me to do, Lord? What-ev-er it may be, Though
2. Where wouldst Thou have me to go, Lord? Wher-ev-er it may be, My
3. What wouldst Thou have me to yield, Lord? Whatever it may be, All,
4. What is Thy will for me now, Lord? Whatev-er it may be, Though
mine is a weak and trembling hand, I'm will-ing to do at Thy command
feet Thou hast placed on the King's highway, Thy grace doth enable me to say,
all that I have and am is Thine, And willingly, gladly I re-sign
worldlings may seek what the world can give, I covenant here henceforth to live

REFRAIN.


Anything, Lord, for Thee, Anything, Lord, anything, Lord, anything, Lord,
Anywhere, Lord, for Thee, Anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord,
Ev'rything, Lord, for Thee, Ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord,
Ev'ry day, Lord, for Thee, Ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord,


for Thee; I'm willing to do at Thy command Anything, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; Thy grace doth enable me to say, Anywhere, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; Now willingly, glad-ly I re-sign, Ev'rything, Lord, for Thee.
for Thee; I covenant here henceforth to live Every day, Lord, for Thee.

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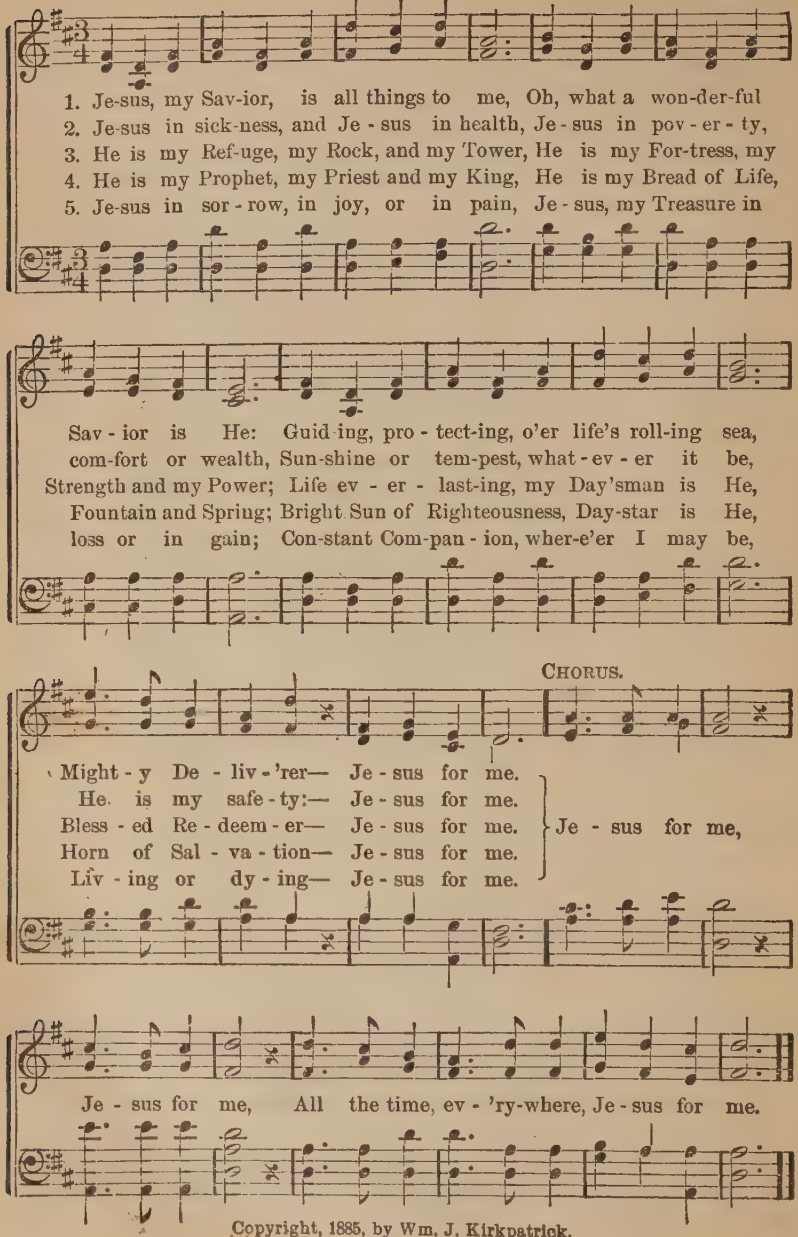
Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful
2. Je-sus in sick-ness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my For-tress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je-sus in sor - row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus, my Treasure in
Sav - ior is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
com-fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
Strength and my Power; Life ev - er - last-ing, my Day'sman is He,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
loss or in gain; Con-stant Com-pan - ion, wher-e'er I may be,
Chorus.
Might - y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me.
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me.
Je - sus for me,
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

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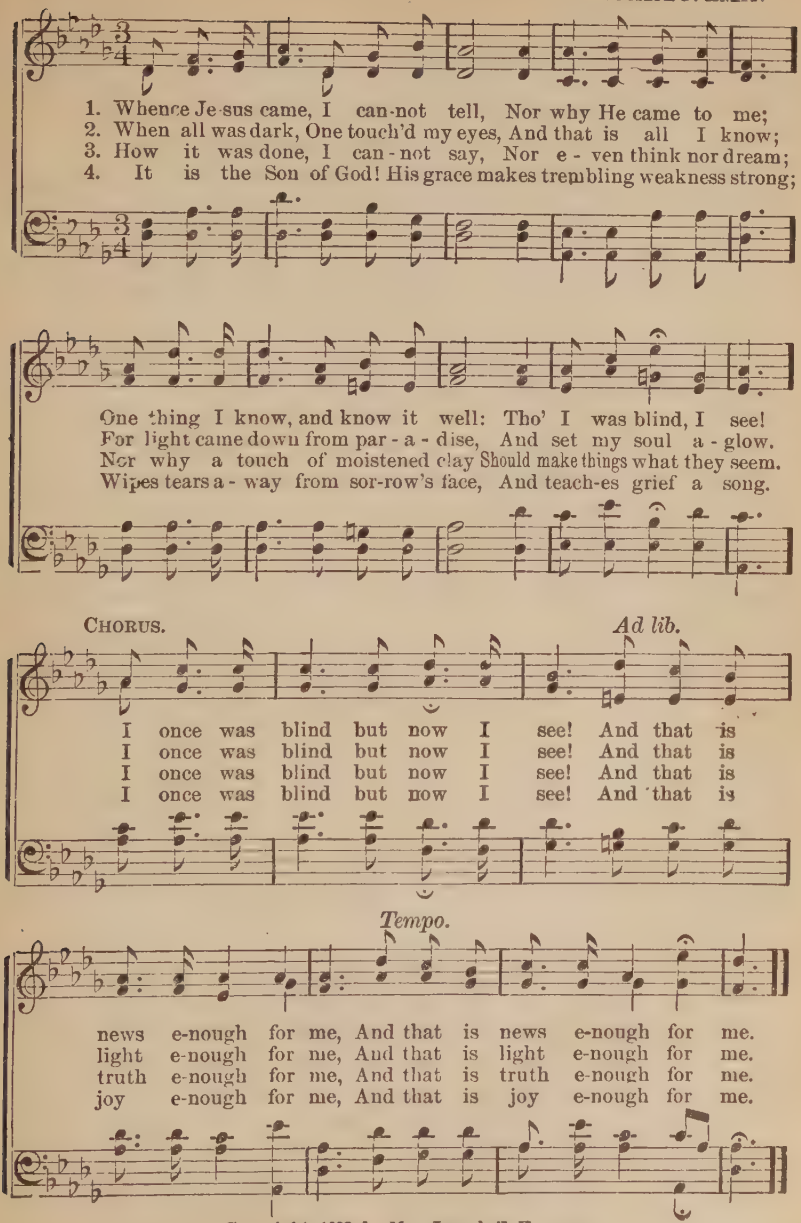
Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. J. F. K.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Whence Je-sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me;
2. When all was dark, One touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know;
3. How it was done, I can-not say, Nor e-ven think nor dream;
4. It is the Son of God! His grace makes trembling weakness strong;
One thing I know, and know it well: Tho' I was blind, I see!
For light came down from par-a-dise, And set my soul a-glow.
Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
Wipes tears a-way from sor-row's face, And teach-es grief a song.
Chorus.
Ad lib.
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
I once was blind but now I see! And that is
Tempo.
news e-nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
light e-nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
truth e-nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
joy e-nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

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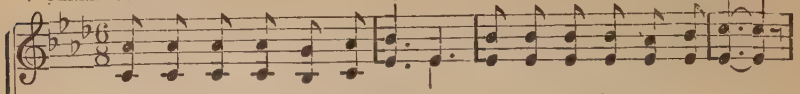
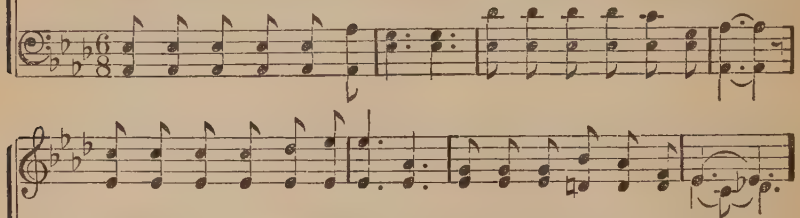
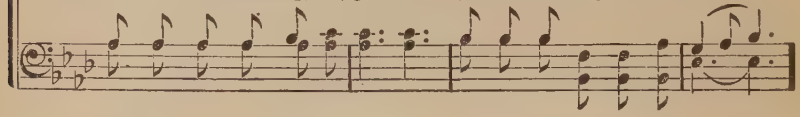
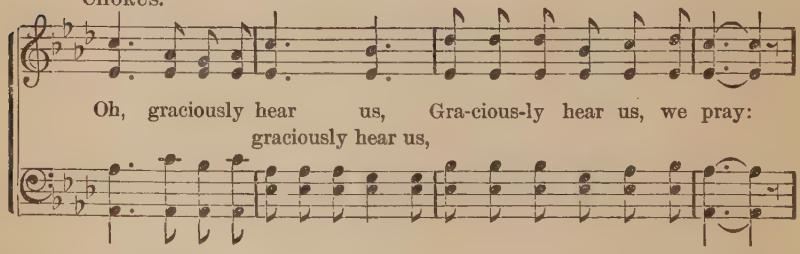
Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."—Ezekiel 34:26.

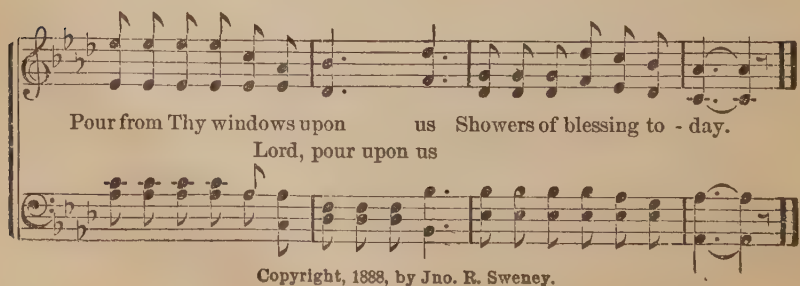
JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in Thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. Oh, that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de - scend,
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing, Promise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of bless - ing, we need them, Showers of blessing from Thee;

"There shall be showers of bless-ing," Thou hast declared in Thy word.
While at the foot-stool of mer-cy Pleading Thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt re - gard our pe - ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Show - ers of bless-ing, oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



CHORUS.



Oh, graciously hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,



Pour from Thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to - day.
Lord, pour upon us

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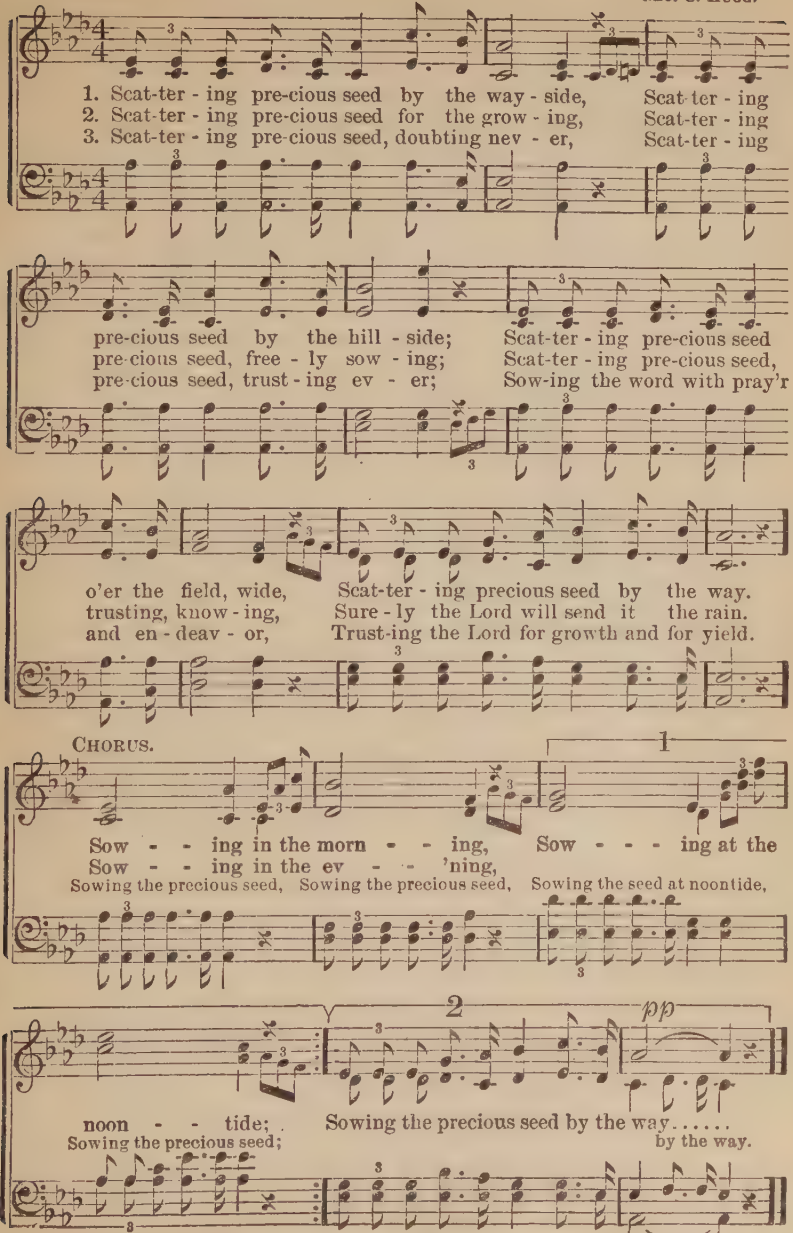
23 Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing
2. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter - ing
3. Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing
pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed,
pre-cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r
o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing precious seed by the way.
trusting, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.
Chorus.
1
Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
Sow - - ing in the ev - - 'ning,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,
2
pp
noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

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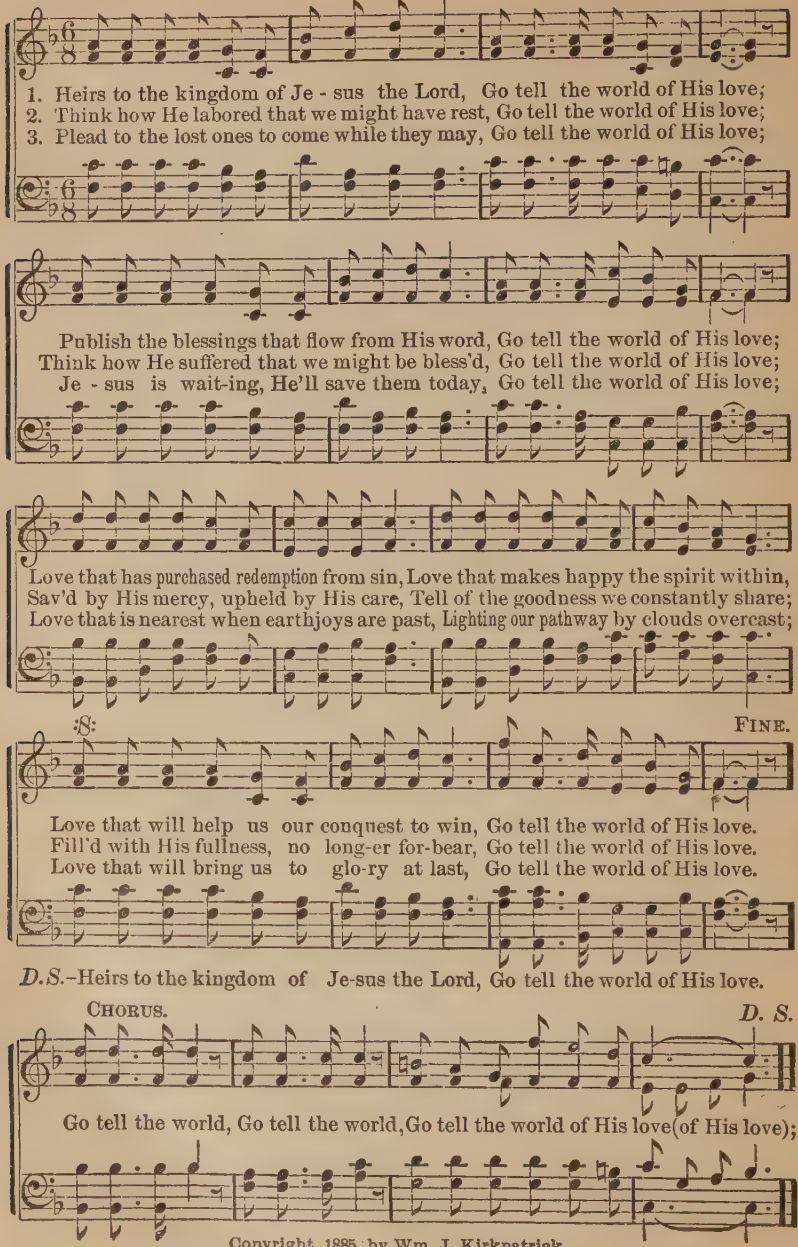
24 Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love;
2. Think how He labored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His love;
3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His love;
Publish the blessings that flow from His word, Go tell the world of His love;
Think how He suffered that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of His love;
Je - sus is wait-ing, He'll save them today, Go tell the world of His love;
Love that has purchased redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit within,
Sav'd by His mercy, upheld by His care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Love that is nearest when earthjoys are past, Lighting our pathway by clouds overcast;
:S:
FINE.
Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of His love.
Fill'd with His fullness, no long-er for-bear, Go tell the world of His love.
Love that will bring us to glo-ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.
D.S.-Heirs to the kingdom of Je-sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love (of His love);

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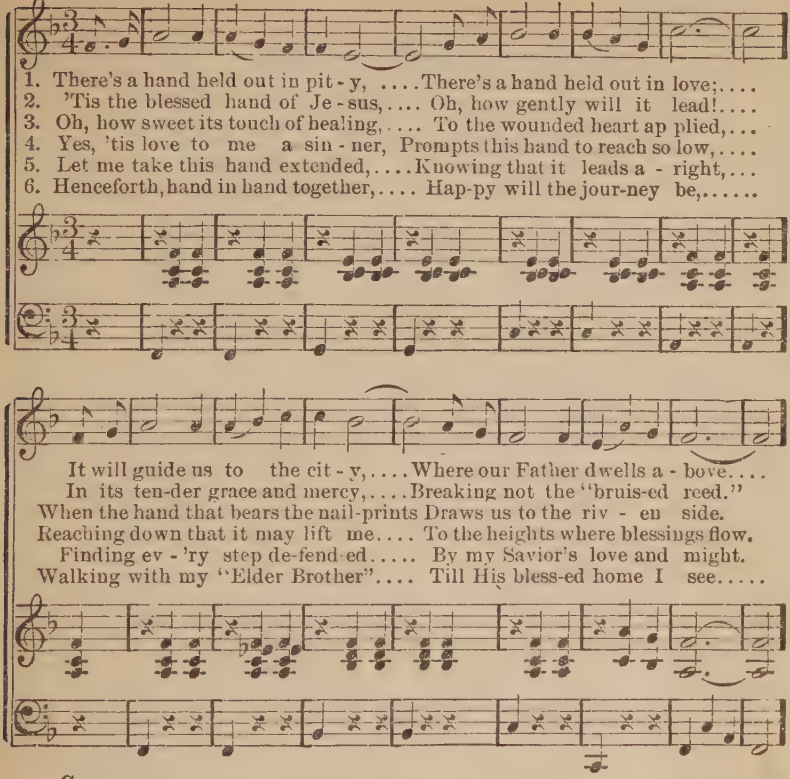
25 There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. Morse. Alt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's a hand held out in pit - y, ...There's a hand held out in love;....
2. 'Tis the blessed hand of Je - sus,.... Oh, how gently will it lead!....
3. Oh, how sweet its touch of healing,.... To the wounded heart ap plied,...
4. Yes, 'tis love to me a sin - ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low,....
5. Let me take this hand extended,....Knowing that it leads a - right,...
6. Henceforth, hand in hand together,.... Hap-py will the jour-ney be,.....
It will guide us to the cit - y,....Where our Father dwells a - bove....
In its ten-der grace and mercy,....Breaking not the "bruis-ed reed."
When the hand that bears the nail-prints Draws us to the riv - en side.
Reaching down that it may lift me.... To the heights where blessings flow.
Finding ev - 'ry step de-fend-ed..... By my Savior's love and might.
Walking with my "Elder Brother".... Till His bless-ed home I see.....
Chorus.
There's a hand held out to you (to you), There's a hand held out to me (to me),
There's a hand that will prove true (prove true), Whatever our lot shall be...

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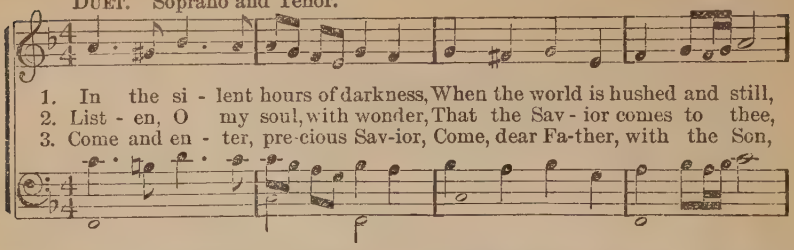
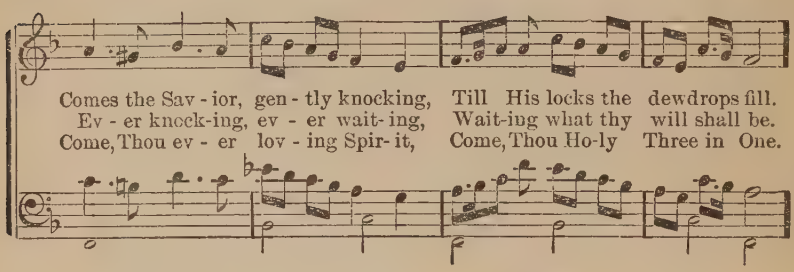
The Waiting Savior.

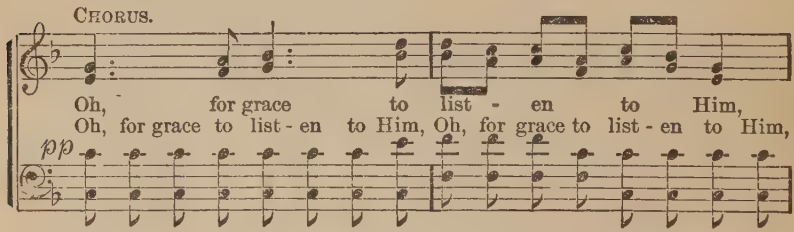
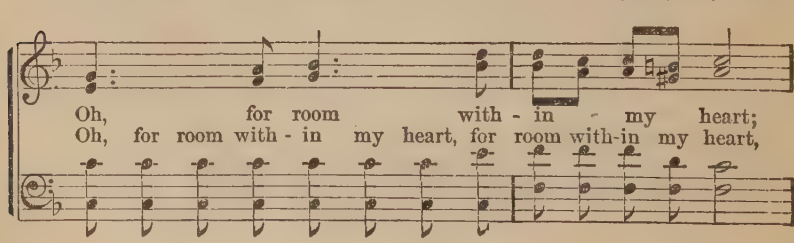
Prof. P. A. Chadbourne. J. H. Tenney.

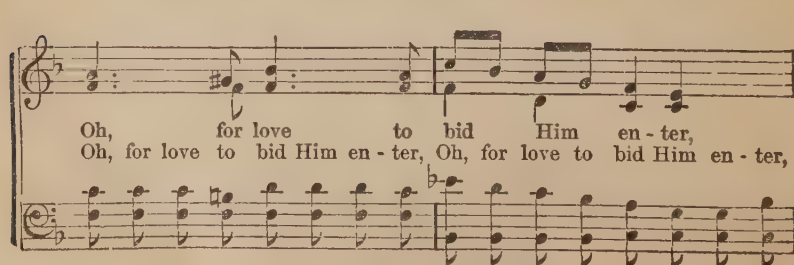
Duet. Soprano and Tenor.


1. In the si - lent hours of darkness, When the world is hushed and still,
2. List - en, O my soul, with wonder, That the Sav - ior comes to thee,
3. Come and en - ter, pre-cious Sav-ior, Come, dear Fa-ther, with the Son,


Comes the Sav - ior, gen - tly knocking, Till His locks the dewdrops fill.
Ev - er knock-ing, ev - er wait-ing, Wait-ing what thy will shall be.
Come, Thou ev - er lov - ing Spir-it, Come, Thou Ho-ly Three in One.

Chorus.





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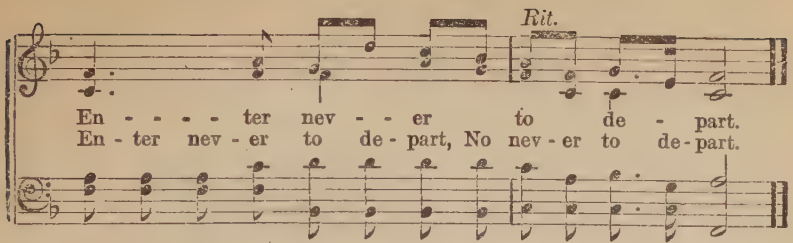
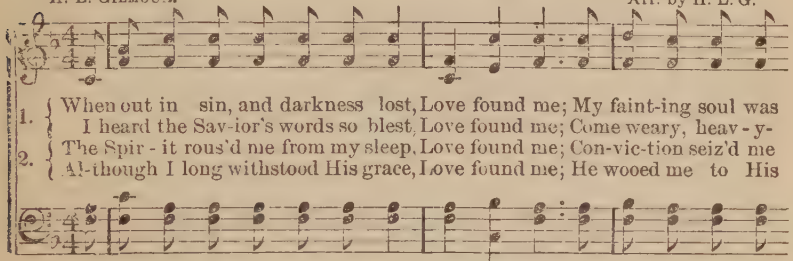
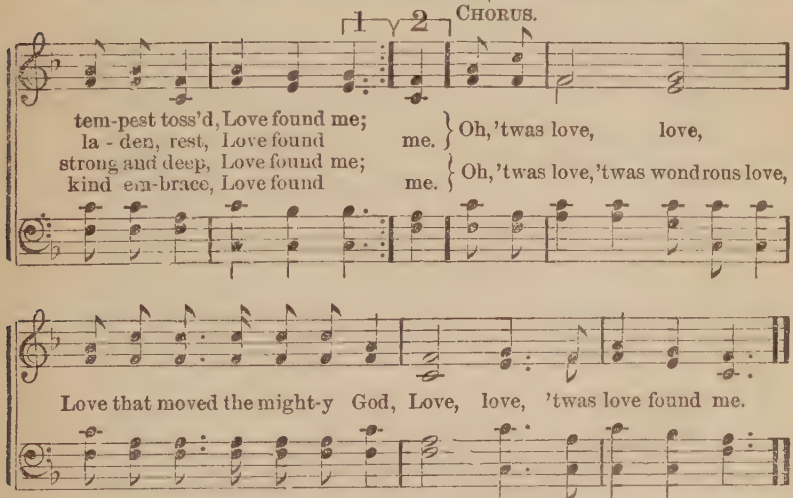


27 Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.


1. When out in sin, and darkness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Sav-ior's words so blest, Love found me; Come weary, heav-y-
2. The Spir-it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-vic-tion seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

1 2
CHORUS.
tem-pest toss'd, Love found me;
la - den, rest, Love found me.
Oh, 'twas love, love,
strong and deep, Love found me;
kind em-brace, Love found me.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.—CHO.

4 And when I reach the gold paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.—CHO.

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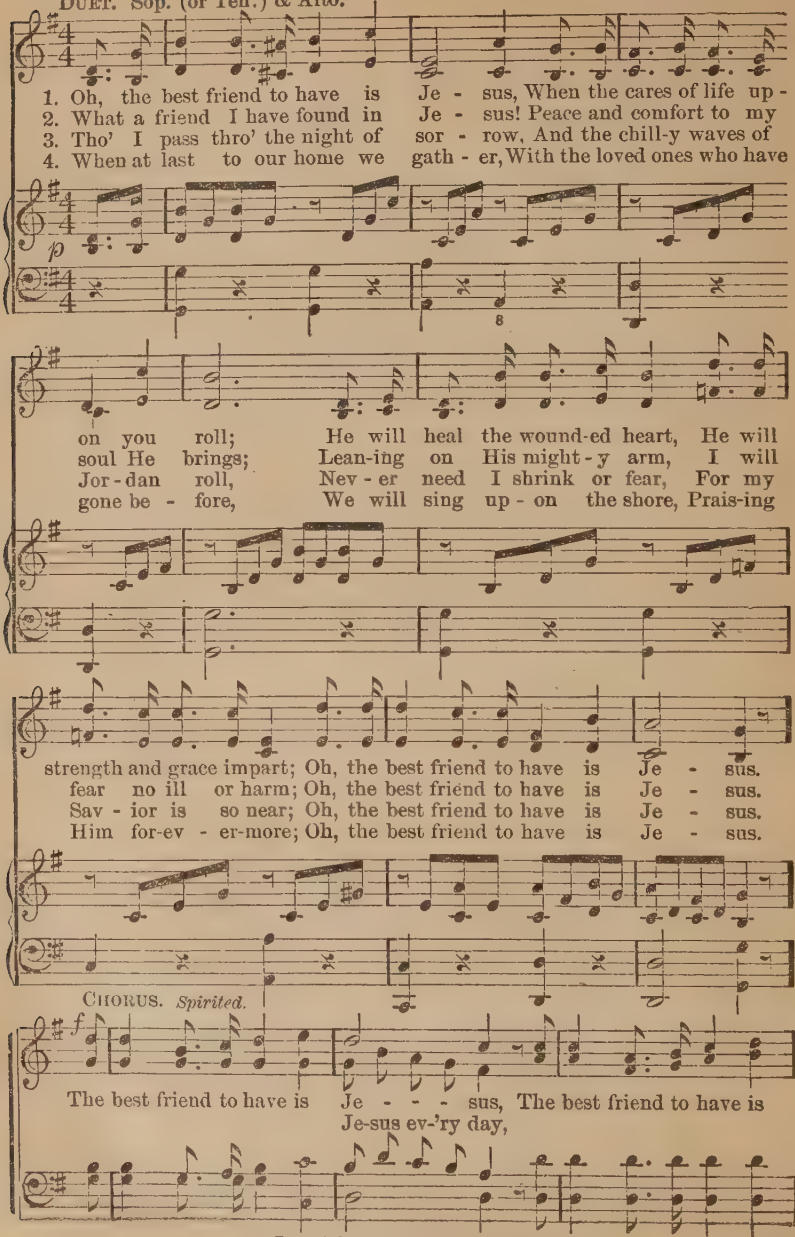
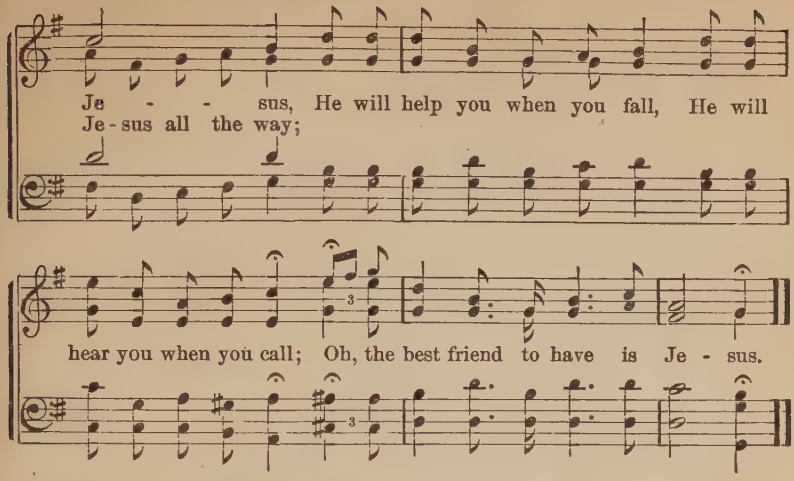
The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

Duet. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up -
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have
p
8
on you roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will
soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will
Jor-dan roll, Nev-er need I shrink or fear, For my
gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing
strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Sav - ior is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Him for-ev - er-more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
Chorus. Spirited.
f
The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is
Je-sus ev-'ry day,

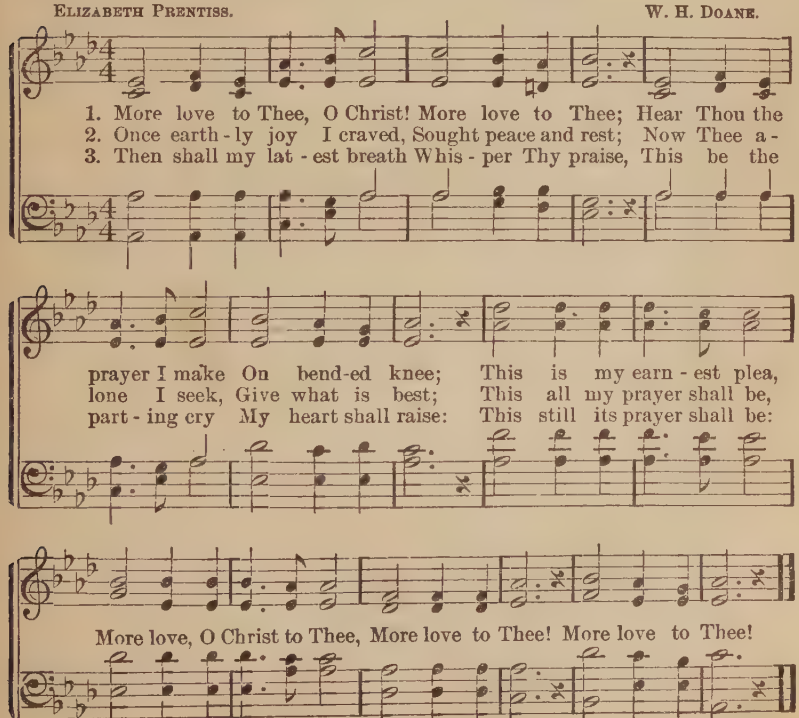
Copyright, 1891, by P. P. Bilhorn.

The Best Friend is Jesus. Concluded.



29 More Love to Thee.

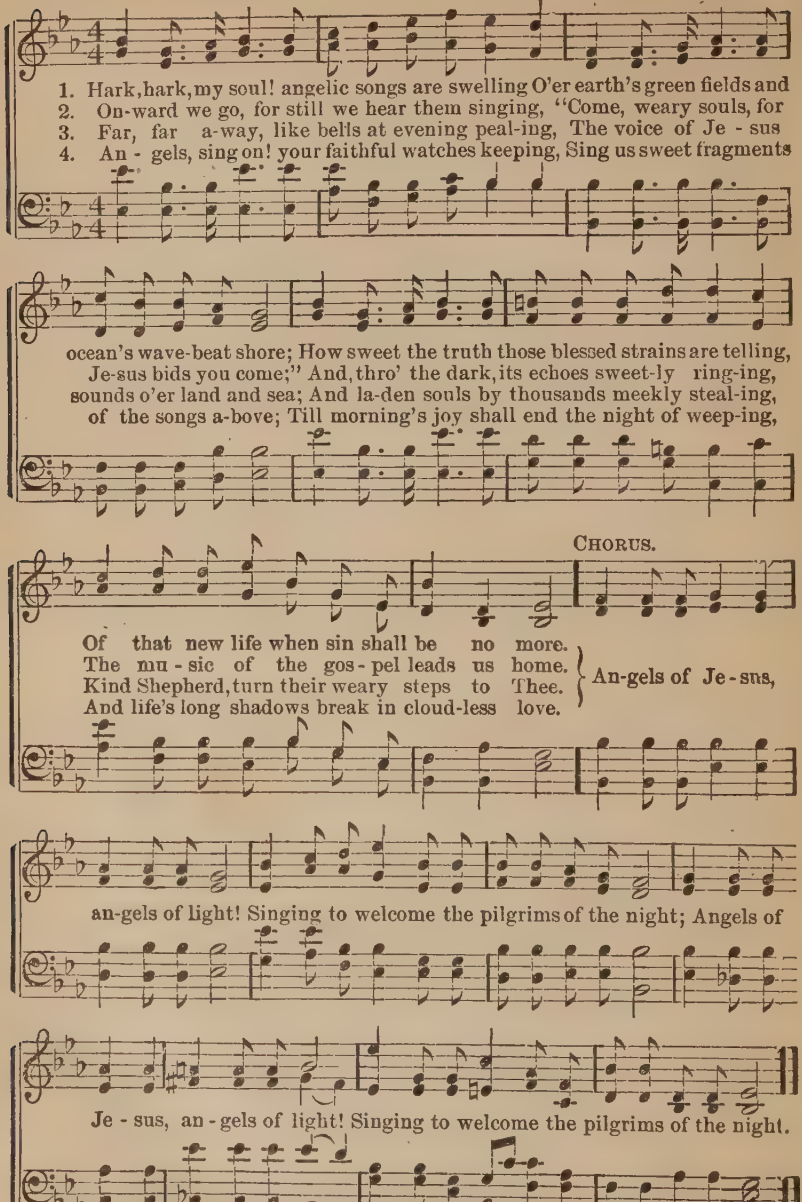
ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise: This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Hark, Hark, my Soul!

F. W. Faber. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Je-sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
Chorus.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An-gels of Je - sus,
an-gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night; Angels of
Je - sus, an - gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

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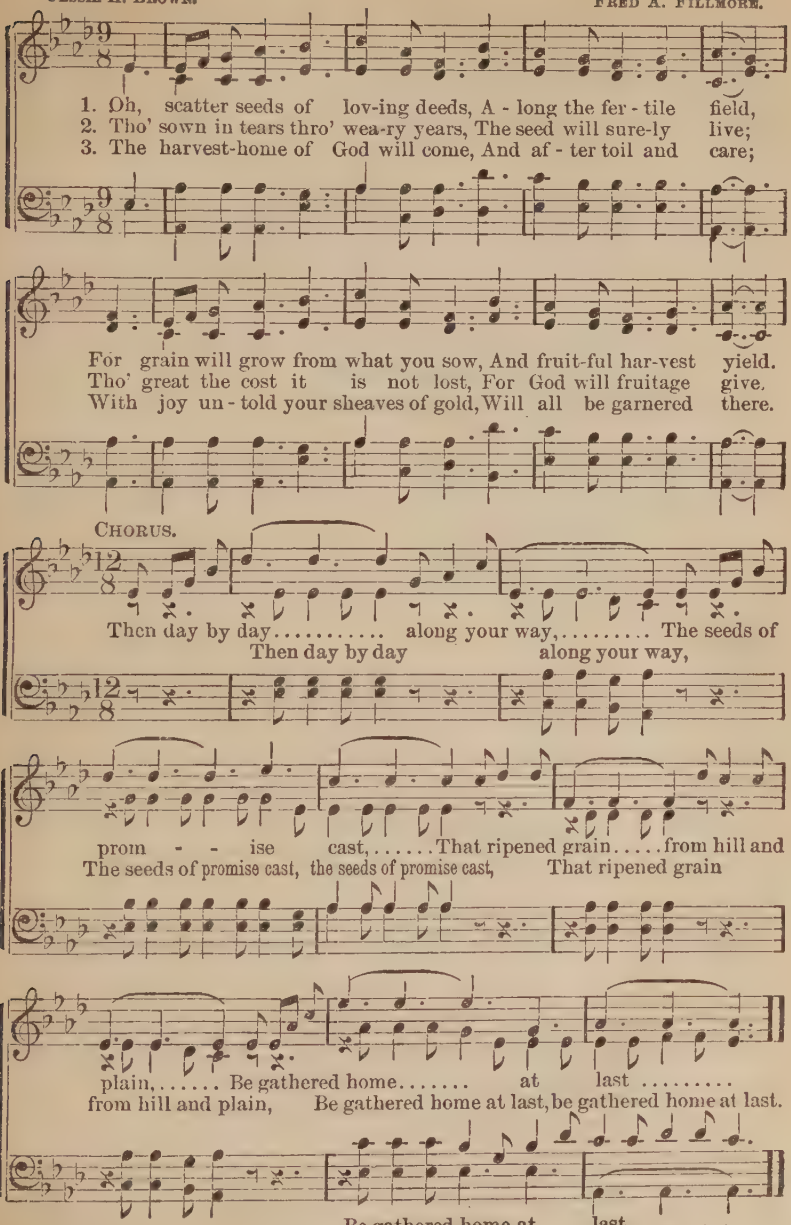
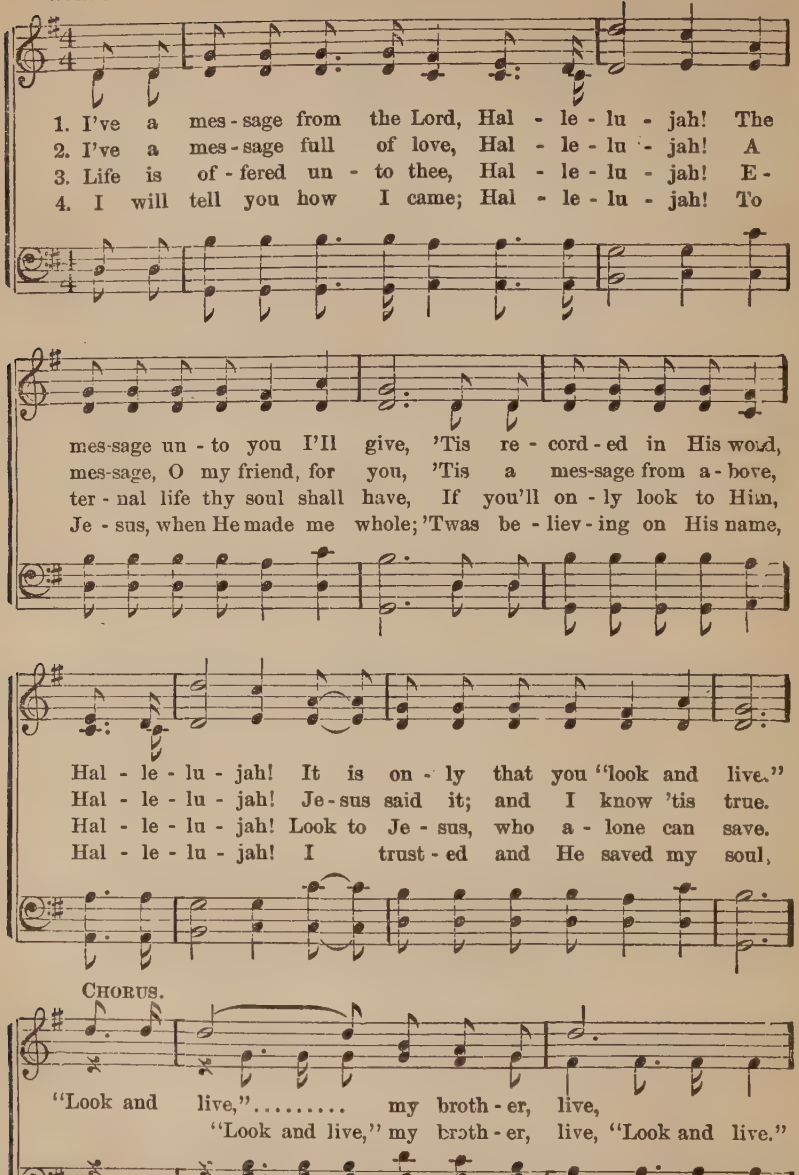
Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE.

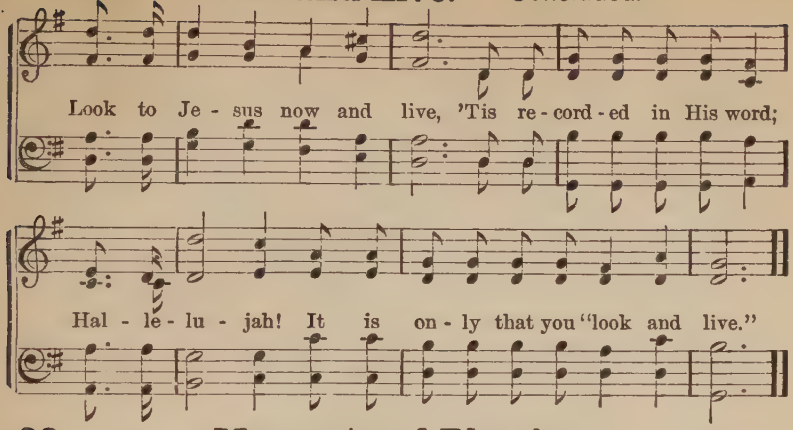

1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care;
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy un - told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.
CHORUS.
Then day by day..... along your way,..... The seeds of
Then day by day along your way,
prom - - ise cast,.....That ripened grain.....from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain
plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last .....
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last.....

By per. of Fillmore Bros.

"Look and Live."

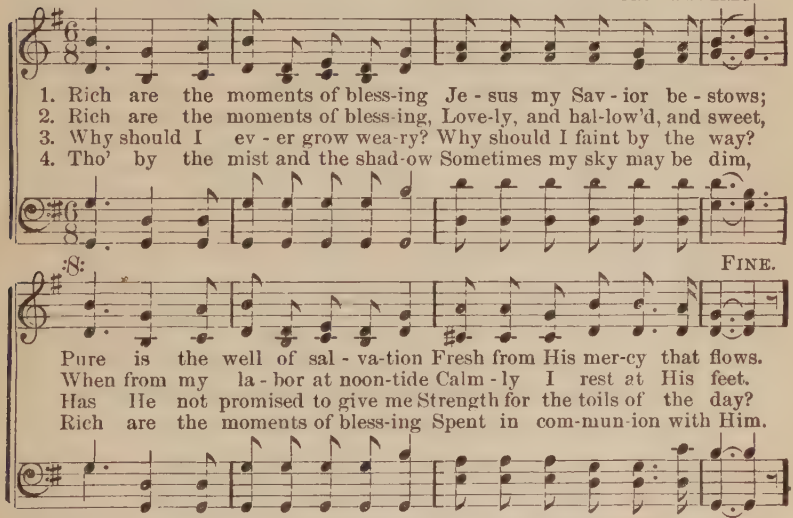
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A
3. Life is of-fered un-to thee, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came; Hal-le-lu-jah! To
mes-sage un-to you I'll give, 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word,
mes-sage, O my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove,
ter-nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on-ly look to Him,
Je-sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be-liev-ing on His name,
Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He saved my soul,
Chorus.
"Look and live,"..... my broth-er, live,
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live."

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

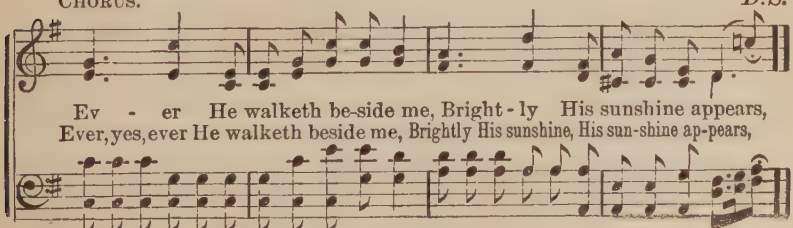


33 Moments of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Rich are the moments of bless-ing Je - sus my Sav - ior be - stows;
2. Rich are the moments of bless-ing, Love-ly, and hal-low'd, and sweet,
3. Why should I ev - er grow wea-ry? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Tho' by the mist and the shad-ow Sometimes my sky may be dim,
:S:
FINE.
Pure is the well of sal - va-tion Fresh from His mer-cy that flows.
When from my la - bor at noon-tide Calm - ly I rest at His feet.
Has He not promised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
Rich are the moments of bless-ing Spent in com-mun-ion with Him.
D. S.–Spreading a beau - ti - ful rain-bow O - ver the val-ley of tears.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

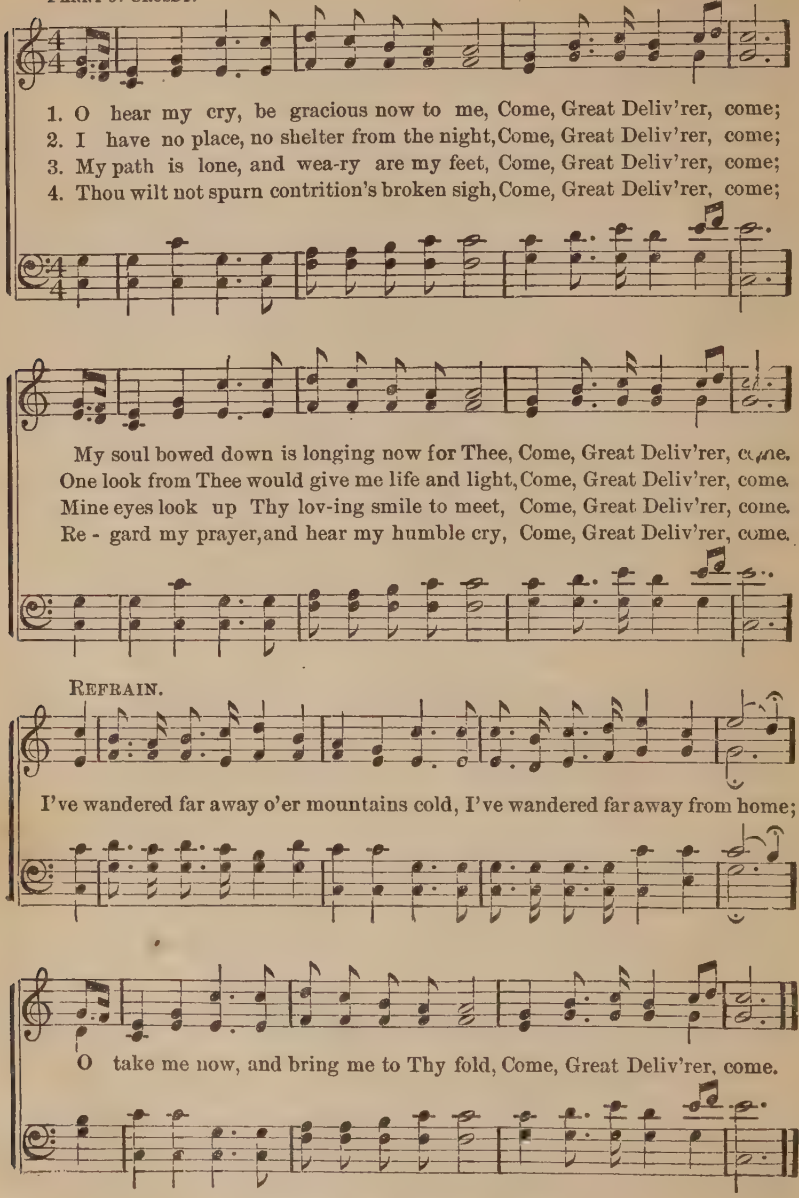

Ev - er He walketh be-side me, Bright - ly His sunshine appears,
Ever, yes, ever He walketh beside me, Brightly His sunshine, His sun-shine ap-pears,

Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.

34 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
REFRAIN.
I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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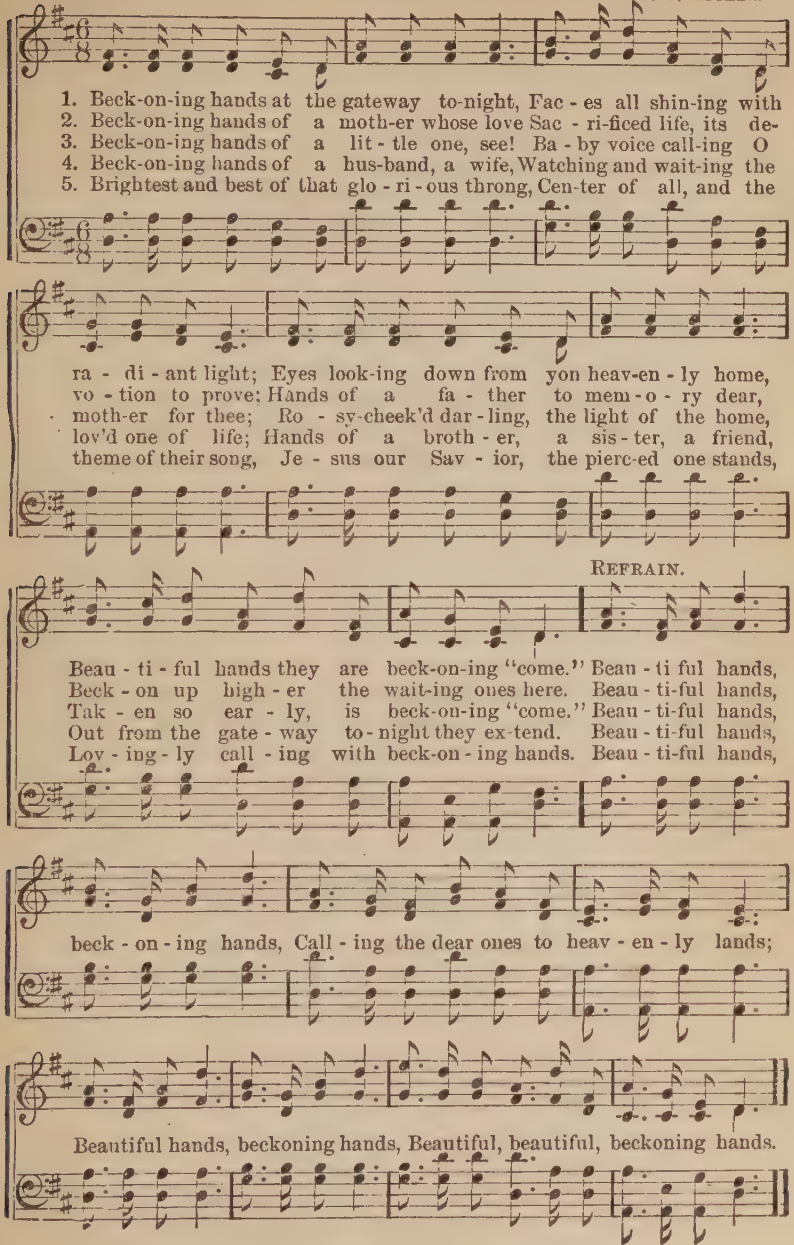
35 Beautiful Beckoning Hands.

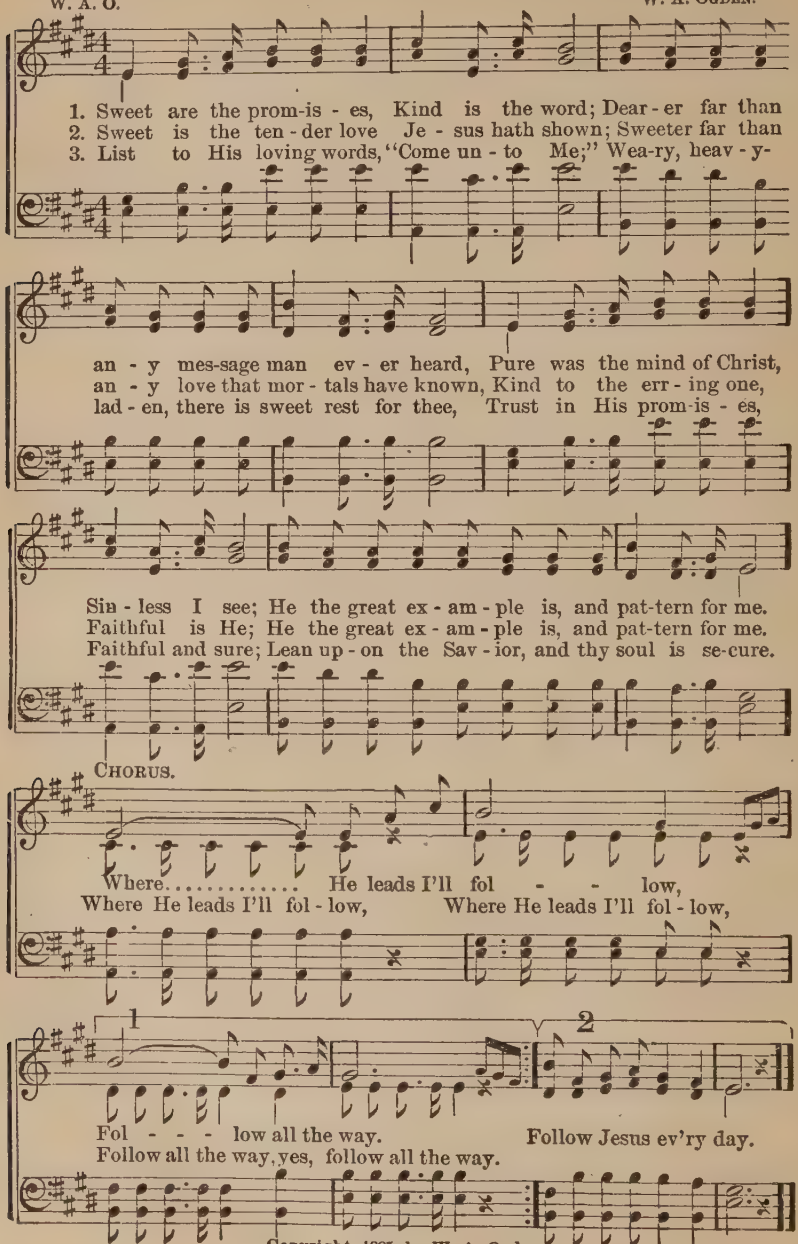
C. C. L. C. C. Luther.

1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gateway to-night, Fac - es all shin-ing with
2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life, its de-
3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call-ing O
4. Beck-on-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watching and wait-ing the
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen-ter of all, and the
ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en - ly home,
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
moth-er for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd dar - ling, the light of the home,
lov'd one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend,
theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav - ior, the pierc-ed one stands,
Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come." Beau - ti ful hands,
Beck - on up high - er the wait-ing ones here. Beau - ti-ful hands,
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on-ing "come." Beau - ti-ful hands,
Out from the gate - way to - night they ex-tend. Beau - ti-ful hands,
Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck-on - ing hands. Beau - ti-ful hands,
beck - on - ing hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

Copyright, 1883, by C. C. Luther.

36 Where He Leads I'll Follow.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

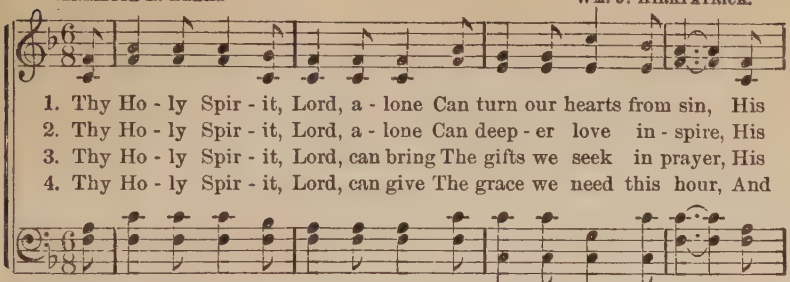
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

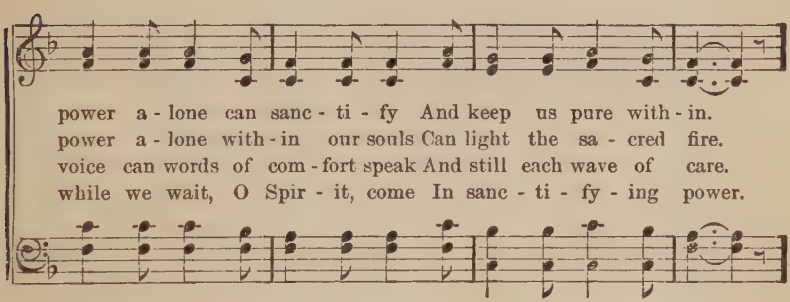

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His loving words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea-ry, heav - y-
an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es,
Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faithful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.
Chorus.
Where..... He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,
1
2
Fol - - - low all the way. Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden.

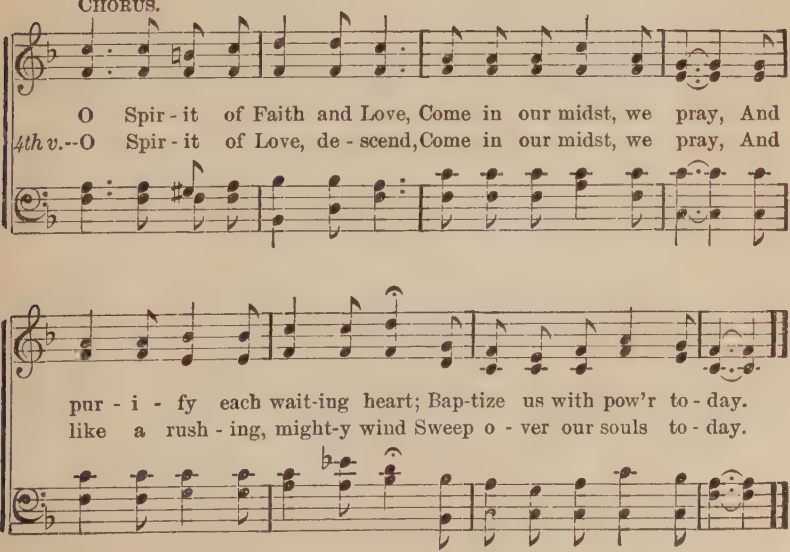
37 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin, His
2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire, His
3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer, His
4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour, And

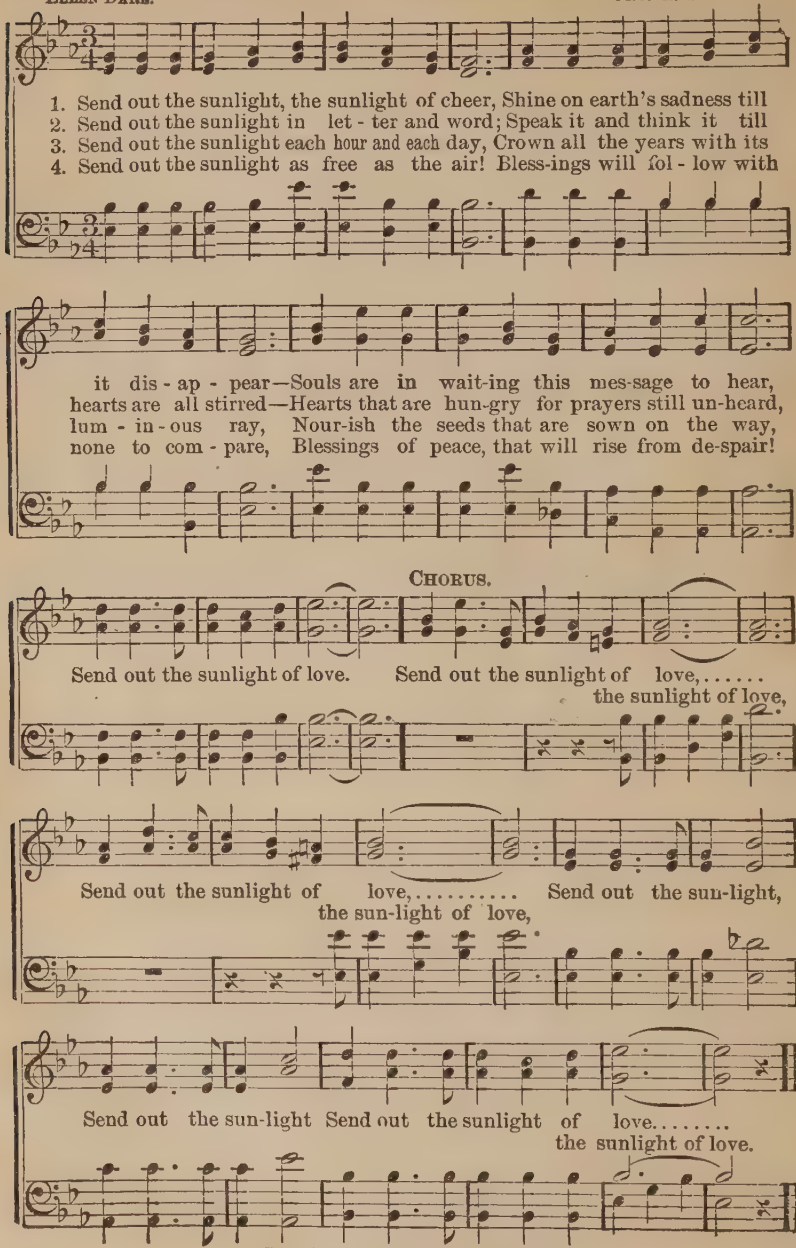

power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.


O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
4th v.--O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And
pur - i - fy each wait-ing heart; Bap-tize us with pow'r to - day.
like a rush - ing, might-y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

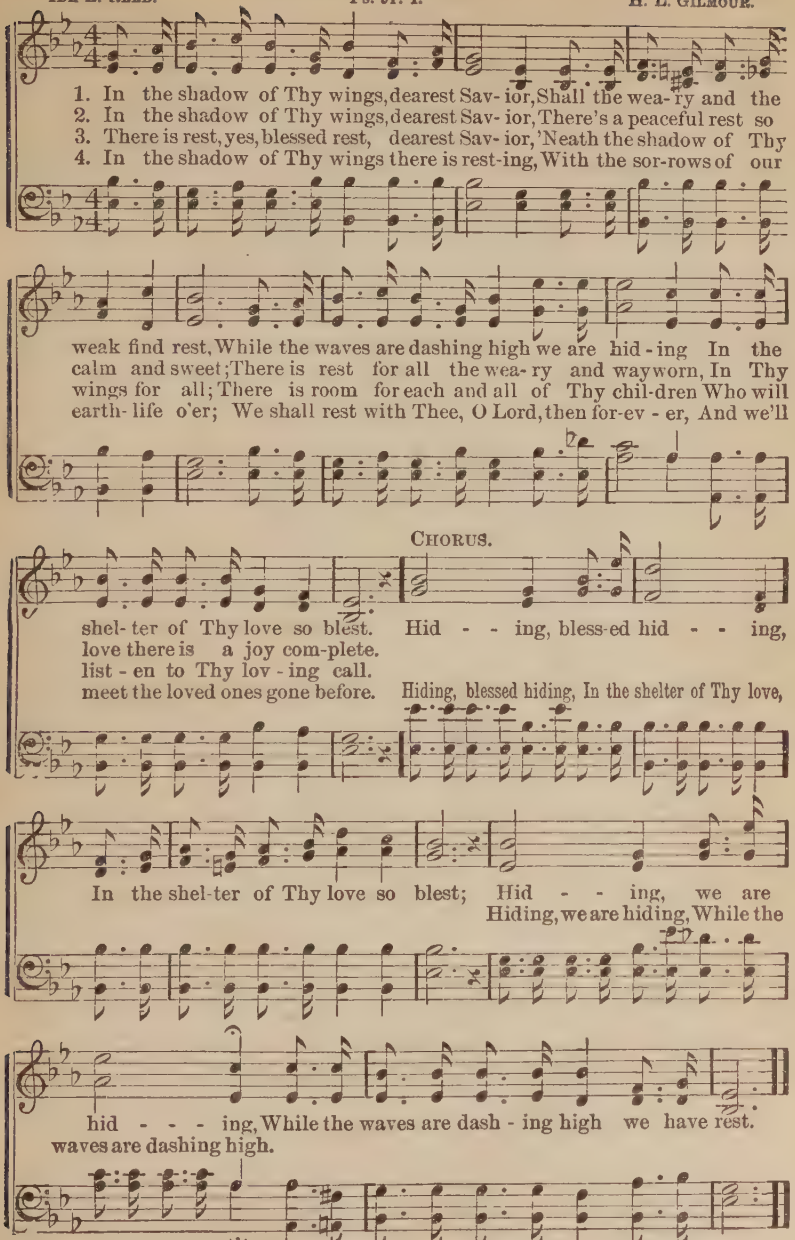
Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it dis - ap - pear—Souls are in wait-ing this mes-sage to hear,
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun-gry for prayers still un-heard,
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day, Crown all the years with its lum - in - ous ray, Nour-ish the seeds that are sown on the way,
4. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Bless-ings will fol - low with none to com - pare, Blessings of peace, that will rise from de-spair!
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love,.....
the sunlight of love,
Send out the sunlight of love,..... Send out the sun-light,
the sun-light of love,
Send out the sun-light Send out the sunlight of love.....
the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

39 Blessed Hiding.

IDA L. REED. Ps. 91: 1. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. In the shadow of Thy wings, dearest Sav- ior, Shall the wea- ry and the
2. In the shadow of Thy wings, dearest Sav- ior, There's a peaceful rest so
3. There is rest, yes, blessed rest, dearest Sav- ior, 'Neath the shadow of Thy
4. In the shadow of Thy wings there is rest-ing, With the sor-rows of our
weak find rest, While the waves are dashing high we are hid - ing In the
calm and sweet; There is rest for all the wea- ry and way worn, In Thy
wings for all; There is room for each and all of Thy chil-dren Who will
earth- life o'er; We shall rest with Thee, O Lord, then for-ev - er, And we'll
CHORUS.
shel- ter of Thy love so blest. Hid - - ing, bless-ed hid - - ing,
love there is a joy com-plete.
list - en to Thy lov - ing call.
meet the loved ones gone before. Hiding, blessed hiding, In the shelter of Thy love,
In the shel-ter of Thy love so blest; Hid - - ing, we are
Hiding, we are hiding, While the
hid - - - ing, While the waves are dash - ing high we have rest.
waves are dashing high.

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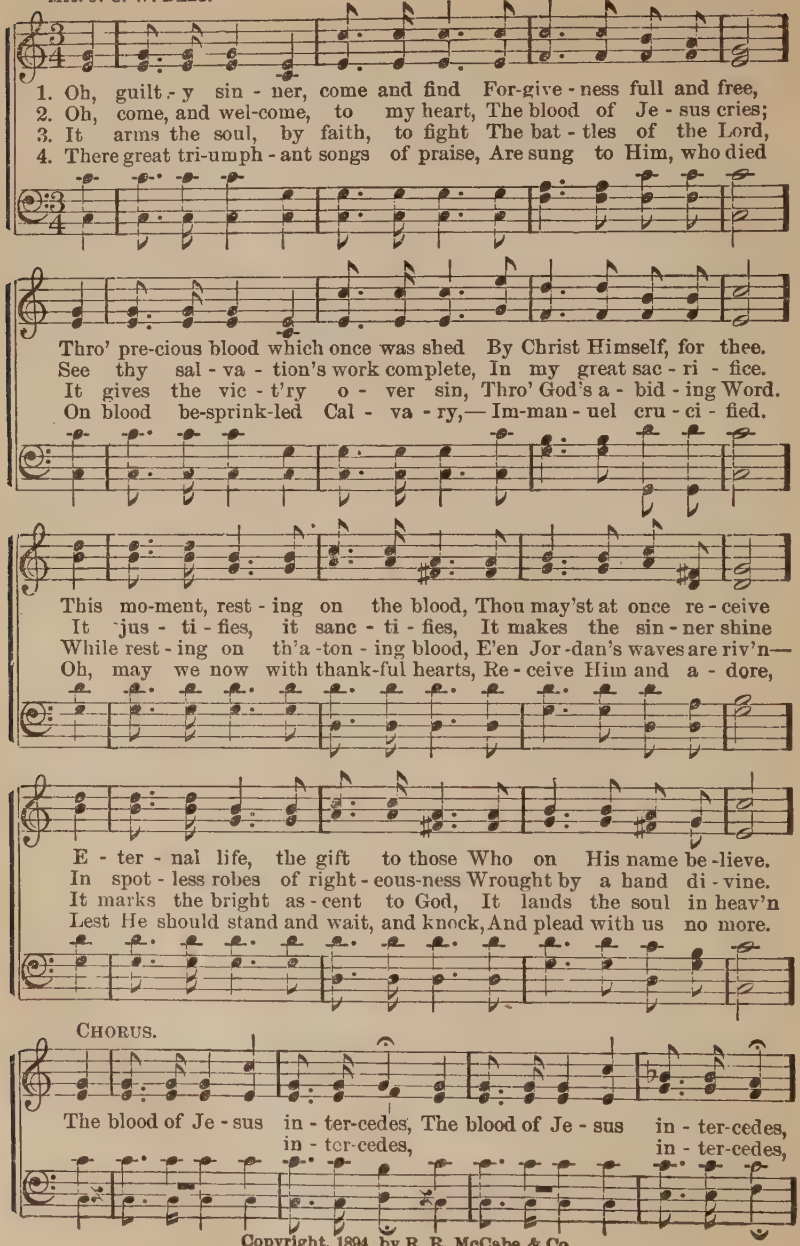
The Precious Blood.

Mrs. J. C. W. Daly. J. M. Whyte.


1. Oh, guilt - y sin - ner, come and find For-give - ness full and free,
2. Oh, come, and wel-come, to my heart, The blood of Je - sus cries;
3. It arms the soul, by faith, to fight The bat - tles of the Lord,
4. There great tri-umph - ant songs of praise, Are sung to Him, who died
Thro' pre-cious blood which once was shed By Christ Himself, for thee.
See thy sal - va - tion's work complete, In my great sac - ri - fice.
It gives the vic - t'ry o - ver sin, Thro' God's a - bid - ing Word.
On blood be-sprink-led Cal - va - ry,— Im-man - uel cru - ci - fied.
This mo-ment, rest - ing on the blood, Thou may'st at once re - ceive
It jus - ti - fies, it sanc - ti - fies, It makes the sin - ner shine
While rest - ing on th'a-ton - ing blood, E'en Jor-dan's waves are riv'n—
Oh, may we now with thank-ful hearts, Re - ceive Him and a - dore,
E - ter - nal life, the gift to those Who on His name be-lieve.
In spot - less robes of right - eous-ness Wrought by a hand di - vine.
It marks the bright as - cent to God, It lands the soul in heav'n
Lest He should stand and wait, and knock, And plead with us no more.
Chorus.
The blood of Je - sus in - ter-cedes, The blood of Je - sus in - ter-cedes,
in - ter-cedes, in - ter-cedes,

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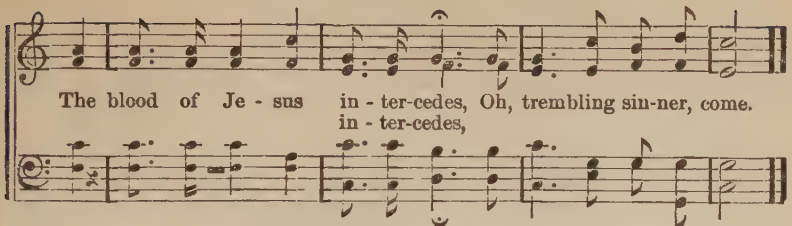
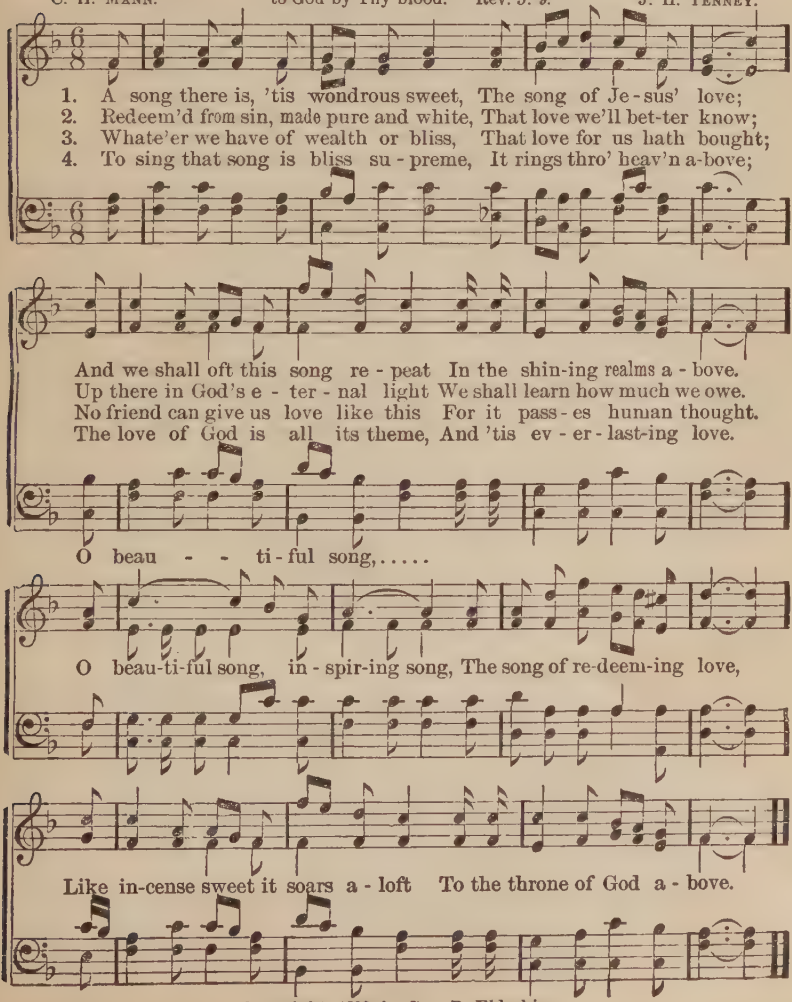


41 A Song There is.

"And they sung a new song, saying .... Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Rev. 5: 9.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. A song there is, 'tis wondrous sweet, The song of Je - sus' love;
2. Redeem'd from sin, made pure and white, That love we'll bet-ter know;
3. Whate'er we have of wealth or bliss, That love for us hath bought;
4. To sing that song is bliss su - preme, It rings thro' heav'n a-bove;
And we shall oft this song re - peat In the shin-ing realms a - bove.
Up there in God's e - ter - nal light We shall learn how much we owe.
No friend can give us love like this For it pass - es human thought.
The love of God is all its theme, And 'tis ev - er - last-ing love.
O beau - - ti - ful song, ...
O beau-ti-ful song, in - spir-ing song, The song of re-deem-ing love,
Like in-cense sweet it soars a - loft To the throne of God a - bove.

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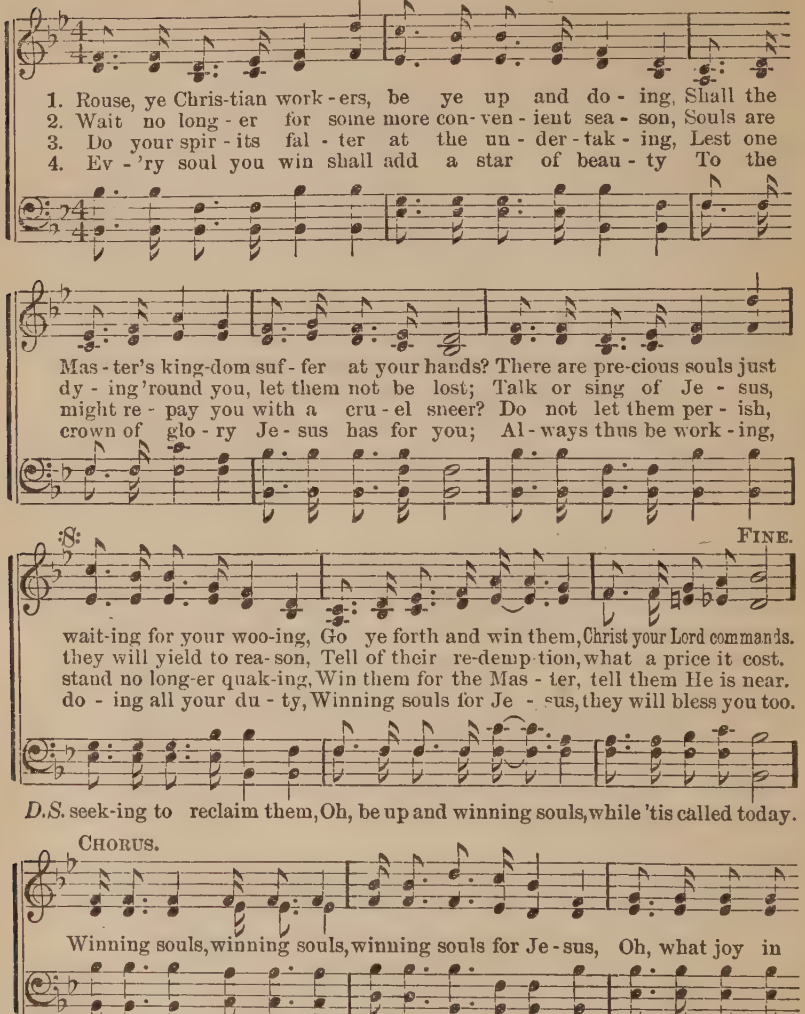
42 Winning Souls for Jesus.

J. B M. "He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. 14: 30. J. B. MACKAY.


1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work-ers, be ye up and do-ing, Shall the
2. Wait no long-er for some more con-ven-ient sea-son, Souls are
3. Do your spir-its fal-ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one
4. Ev-'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the
Mas-ter's king-dom suf-fer at your hands? There are pre-cious souls just
dy-ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus,
might re-pay you with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish,
crown of glo-ry Je-sus has for you; Al-ways thus be work-ing,
FINE.
wait-ing for your woo-ing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
they will yield to rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.
stand no long-er quak-ing, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them He is near.
do-ing all your du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.
D.S. seek-ing to reclaim them, Oh, be up and winning souls, while 'tis called today.
CHORUS.
Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je-sus, Oh, what joy in
D.S.
win-ning souls from the downward way; Out up-on the high-ways

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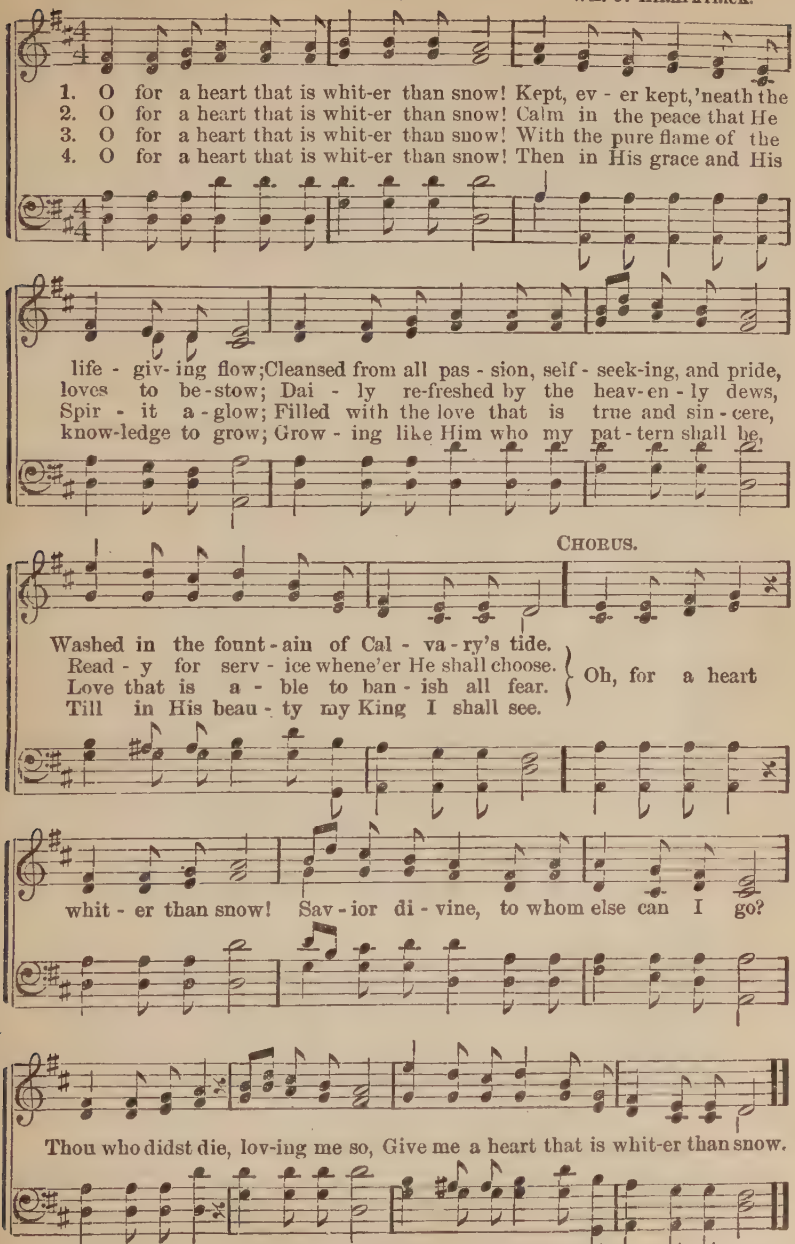
43 O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept,'neath the
2. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His
life - giv- ing flow;Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
Spir - it a-glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
know-ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be.
Chorus.
Washed in the fount-ain of Cal - va-ry's tide.
Read - y for serv - ice whene'er He shall choose.
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.
Oh, for a heart
whit - er than snow! Sav - ior di - vine, to whom else can I go?
Thou who didst die, lov-ing me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.

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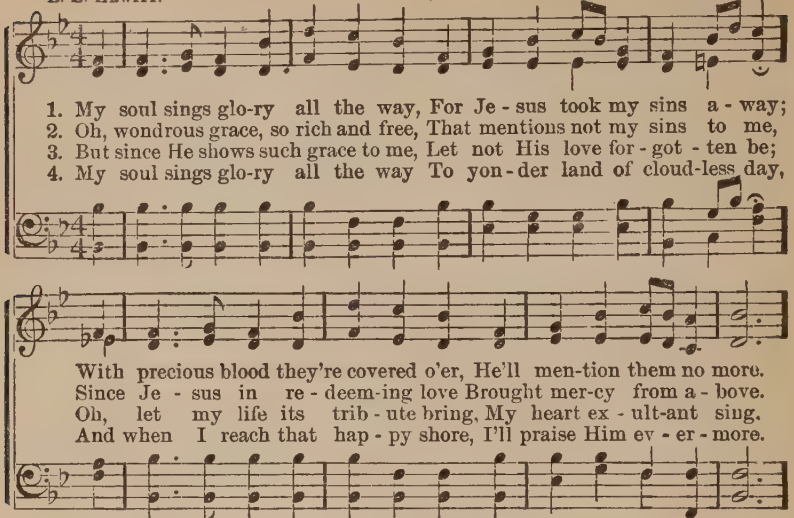
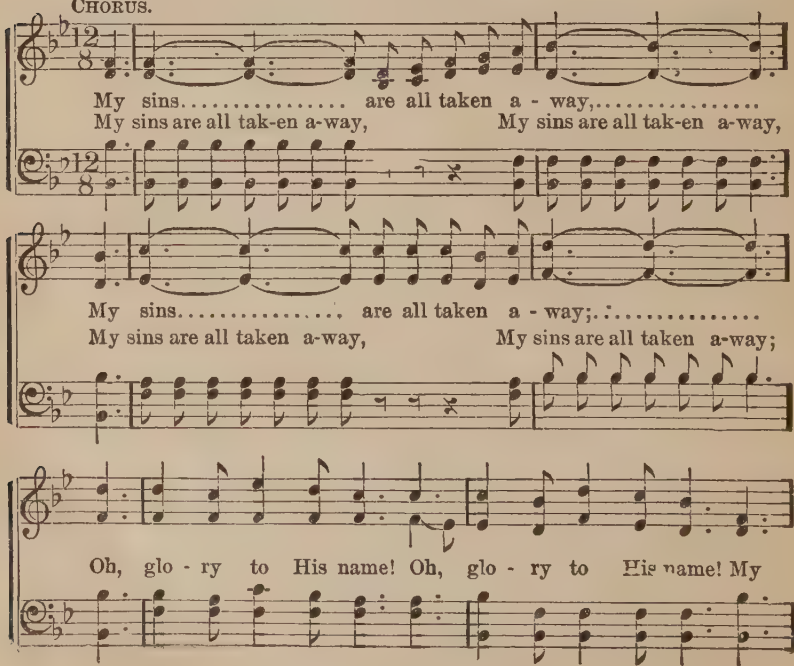
44 He'll Mention Them No More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. 17: 22.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. My soul sings glo-ry all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since He shows such grace to me, Let not His love for - got - ten be;
4. My soul sings glo-ry all the way To yon - der land of cloud-less day,
With precious blood they're covered o'er, He'll men-tion them no more.
Since Je - sus in re - deem-ing love Brought mer-cy from a - bove.
Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ult-ant sing.
And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise Him ev - er - more.

Chorus.


My sins..... are all taken a - way,.....
My sins are all tak-en a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way,
My sins..... are all taken a - way;.....
My sins are all taken a-way, My sins are all taken a-way;
Oh, glo - ry to His name! Oh, glo - ry to His name! My

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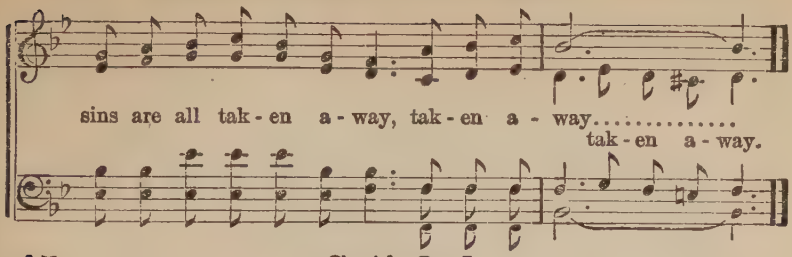
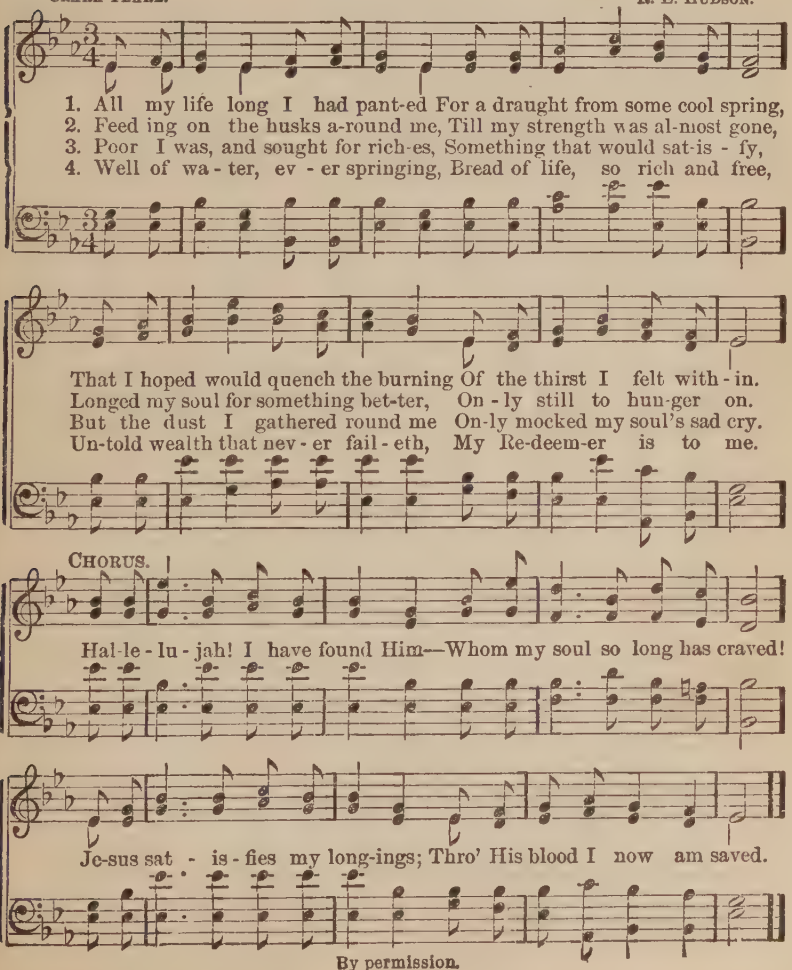


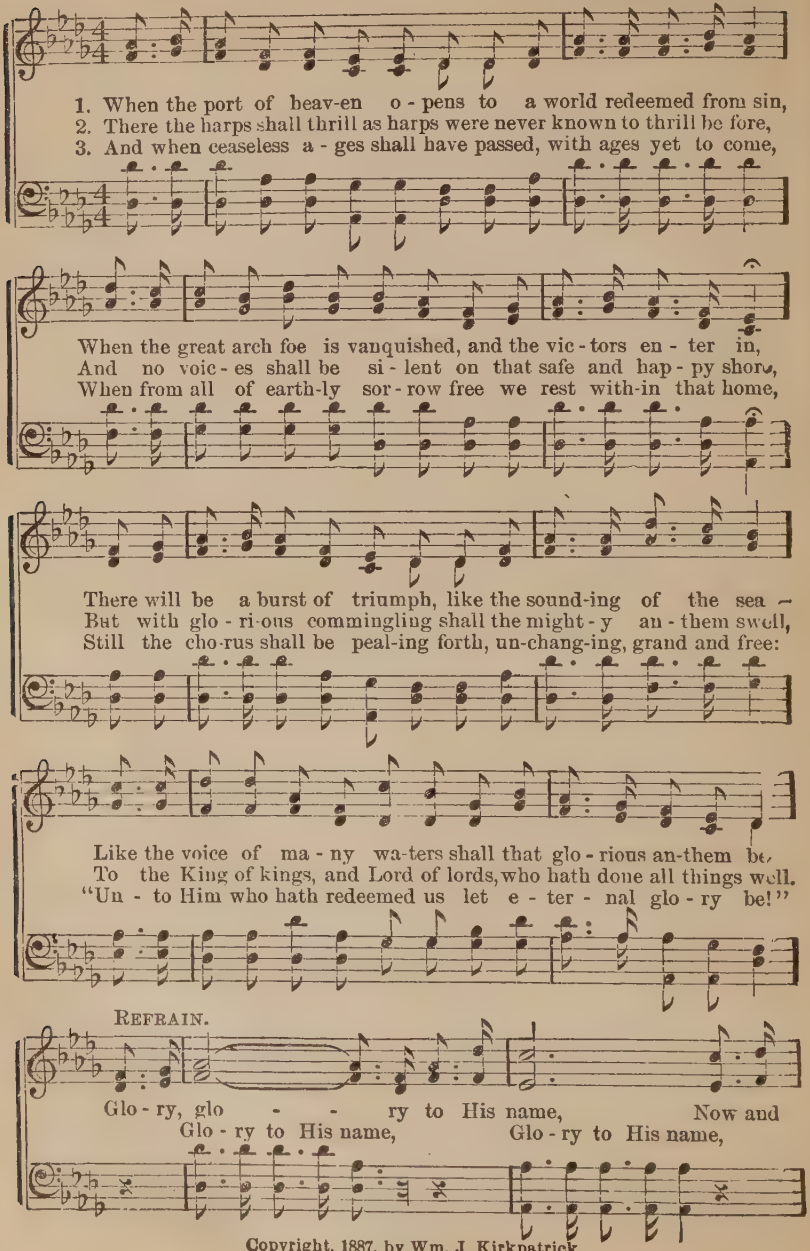
45 Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE. R. E. HUDSON.


1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feed ing on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat-is-fy,
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,
That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
Longed my soul for something bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has craved!
Je-sus sat-is-fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

The Everlasting Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When the port of heav-en o - pens to a world redeemed from sin,
2. There the harps shall thrill as harps were never known to thrill be fore,
3. And when ceaseless a - ges shall have passed, with ages yet to come,
When the great arch foe is vanquished, and the vic - tors en - ter in,
And no voic - es shall be si - lent on that safe and hap - py shore,
When from all of earth-ly sor - row free we rest with-in that home,
There will be a burst of triumph, like the sound-ing of the sea –
But with glo - ri-ous commingling shall the might - y an - them swell,
Still the cho-rus shall be peal-ing forth, un-chang-ing, grand and free:
Like the voice of ma - ny wa-ters shall that glo - rious an-them be,
To the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who hath done all things well.
"Un - to Him who hath redeemed us let e - ter - nal glo - ry be!"
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry, glo - - - ry to His name, Now and
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

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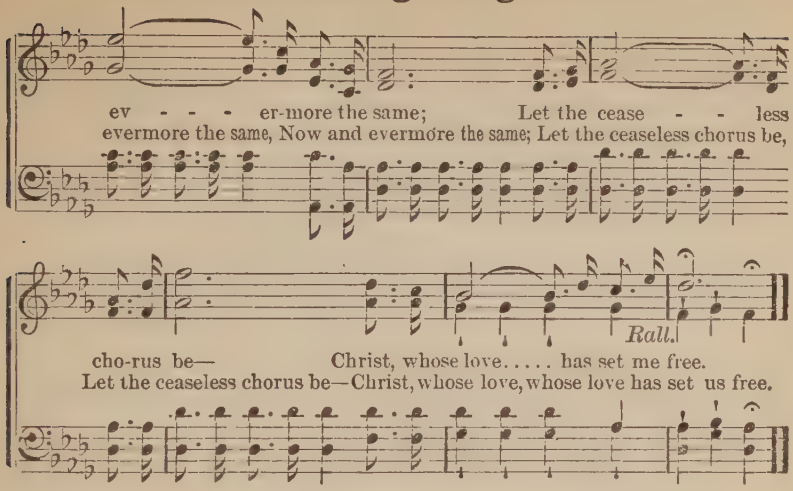
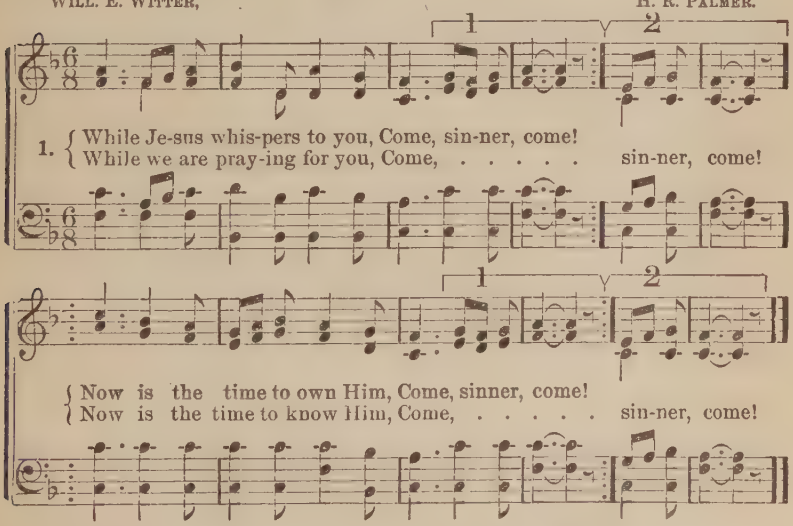
The Everlasting Song. Concluded.


ev - - - er-more the same; Let the cease - - less
evermore the same, Now and evermore the same; Let the ceaseless chorus be,
Rall.
cho-rus be— Christ, whose love..... has set me free.
Let the ceaseless chorus be—Christ, whose love, whose love has set us free.

47 While Jesus Whispers.

WILL. E. WITTER, H. R. PALMER.


1
2
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come, ... sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, Come, ... sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come, and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

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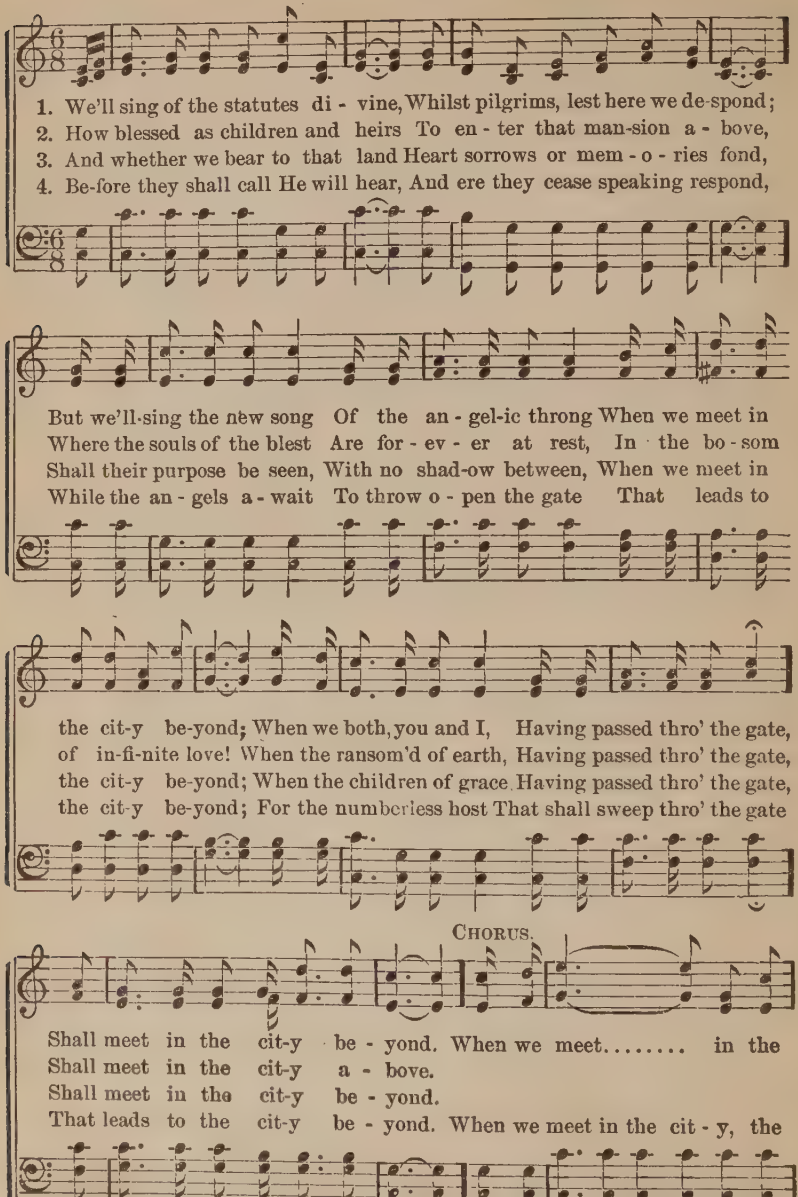
The City Beyond.

Mrs. Thos. May Peirce. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We'll sing of the statutes di - vine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we de-spond;
2. How blessed as children and heirs To en - ter that man-sion a - bove,
3. And whether we bear to that land Heart sorrows or mem - o - ries fond,
4. Be-fore they shall call He will hear, And ere they cease speaking respond,
But we'll sing the new song Of the an - gel-ic throng When we meet in
Where the souls of the blest Are for - ev - er at rest, In the bo - som
Shall their purpose be seen, With no shad-ow between, When we meet in
While the an - gels a - wait To throw o - pen the gate That leads to
the cit-y be-yond; When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate,
of in-fi-nite love! When the ransom'd of earth, Having passed thro' the gate,
the cit-y be-yond; When the children of grace Having passed thro' the gate,
the cit-y be-yond; For the numberless host That shall sweep thro' the gate
Chorus.
Shall meet in the cit-y be - yond. When we meet..... in the
Shall meet in the cit-y a - bove.
Shall meet in the cit-y be - yond.
That leads to the cit-y be - yond. When we meet in the cit - y, the

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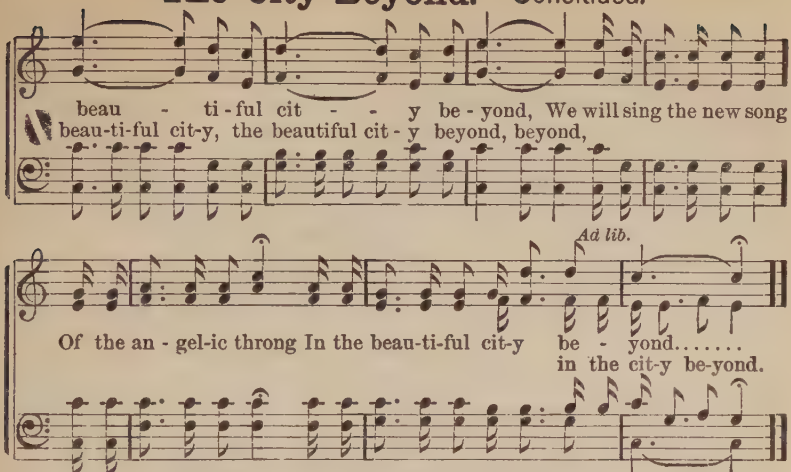
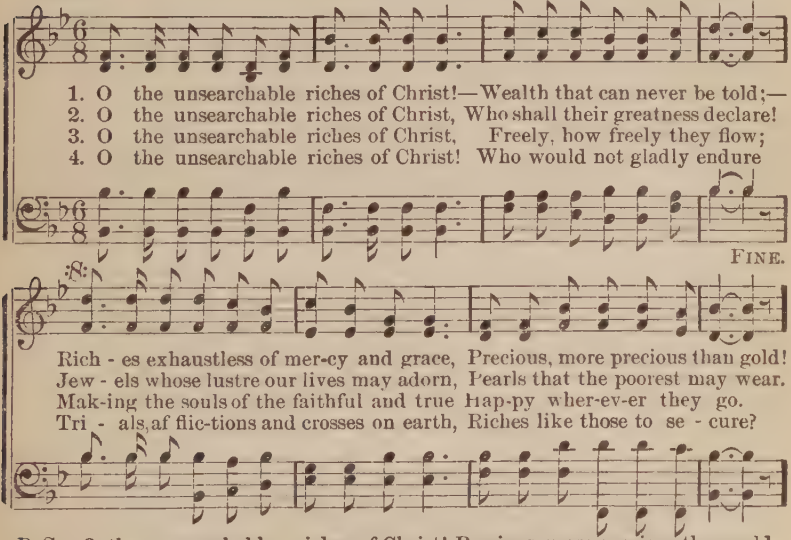
The City Beyond. Concluded.


beau - ti-ful cit - - y be-yond, We will sing the new song
beau-ti-ful cit-y, the beautiful cit-y beyond, beyond,
Ad lib.
Of the an-gel-ic throng In the beau-ti-ful cit-y be - yond.....
in the cit-y be-yond.

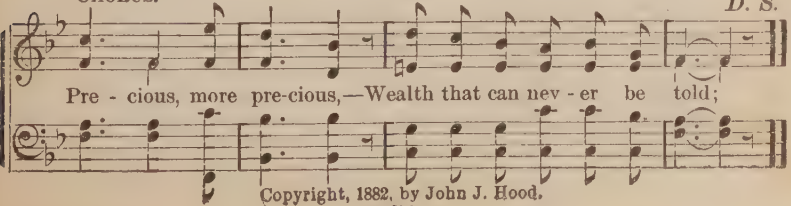
49 Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearchable riches of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who would not gladly endure
FINE.
Rich-es exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jew-els whose lustre our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
Tri-als, af flic-tions and crosses on earth, Riches like those to se-cure?

D.S.—O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



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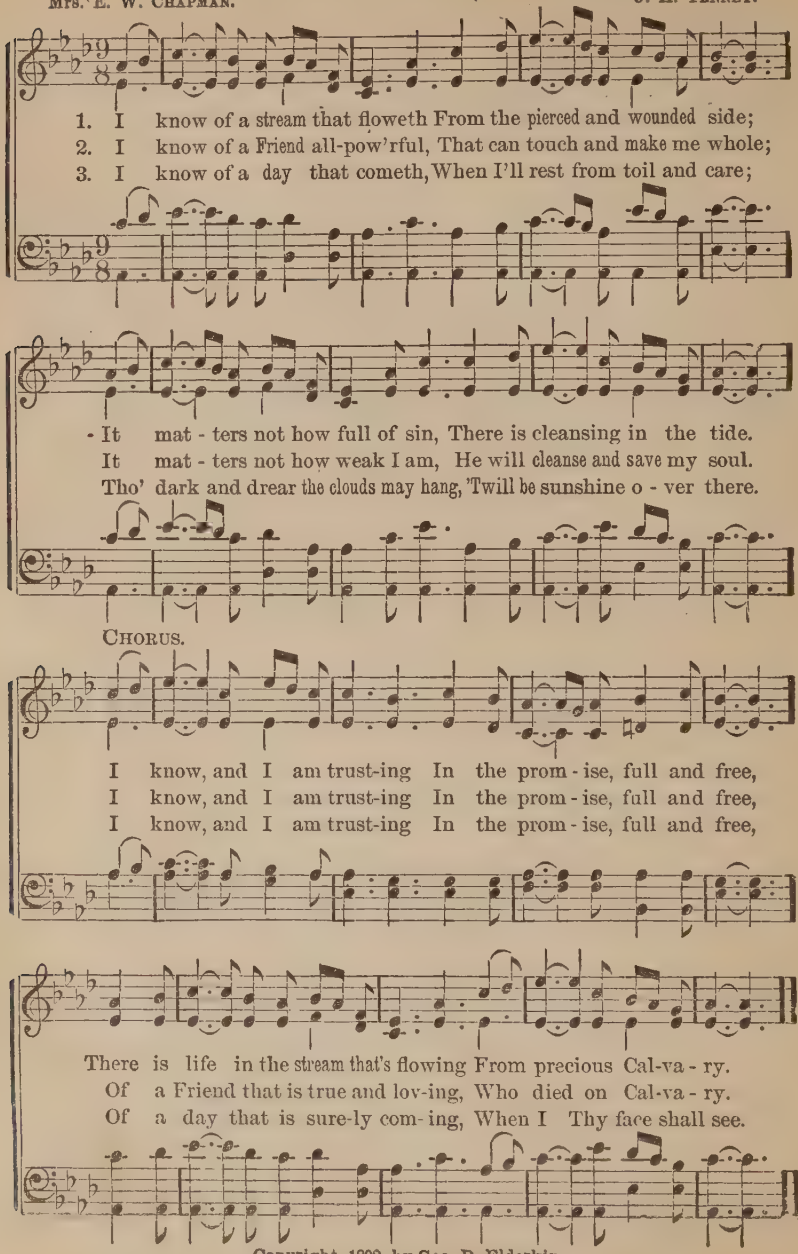
50 I Know, and I am Trusting.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


1. I know of a stream that floweth From the pierced and wounded side;
2. I know of a Friend all-pow'rful, That can touch and make me whole;
3. I know of a day that cometh, When I'll rest from toil and care;
- It mat - ters not how full of sin, There is cleansing in the tide.
It mat - ters not how weak I am, He will cleanse and save my soul.
Tho' dark and drear the clouds may hang, 'Twill be sunshine o - ver there.
Chorus.
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
I know, and I am trust-ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
There is life in the stream that's flowing From precious Cal-va - ry.
Of a Friend that is true and lov-ing, Who died on Cal-va - ry.
Of a day that is sure-ly com-ing, When I Thy face shall see.

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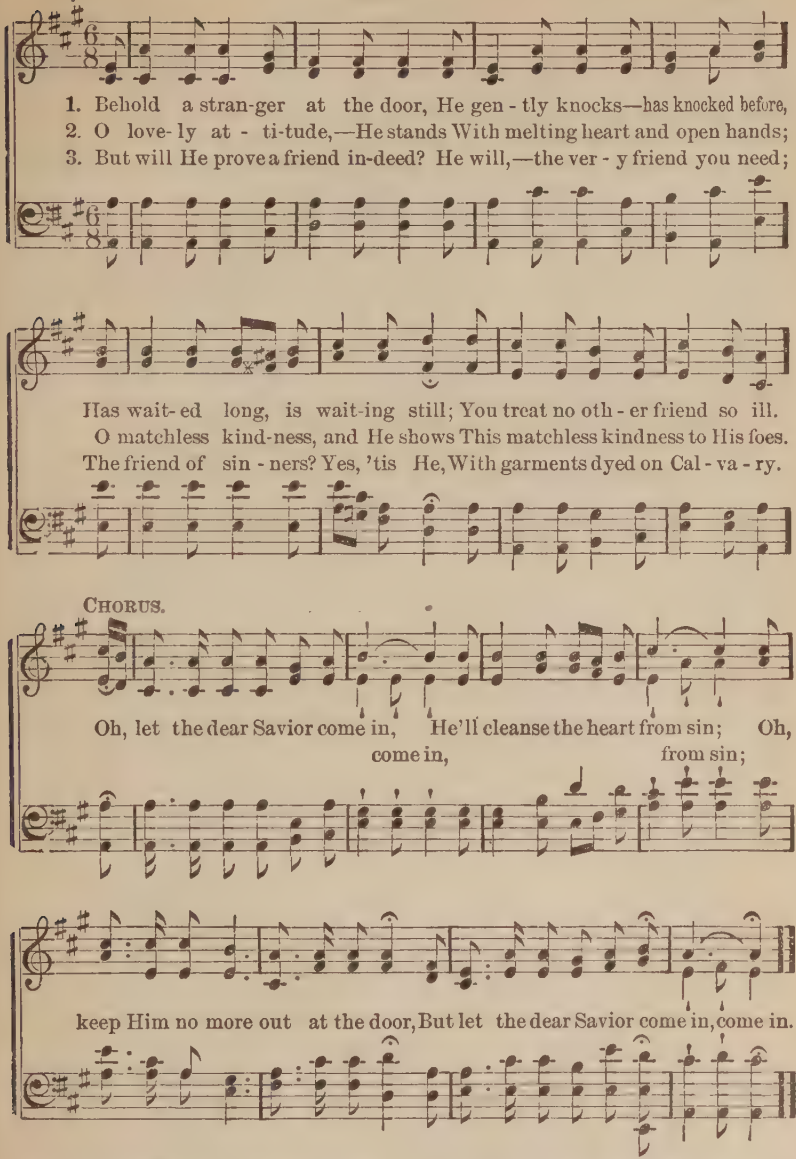
51 The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. 3: 20. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Behold a stran-ger at the door, He gen - tly knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love- ly at - ti-tude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will,—the ver - y friend you need;
Has wait- ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, come in, from sin;
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in, come in.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

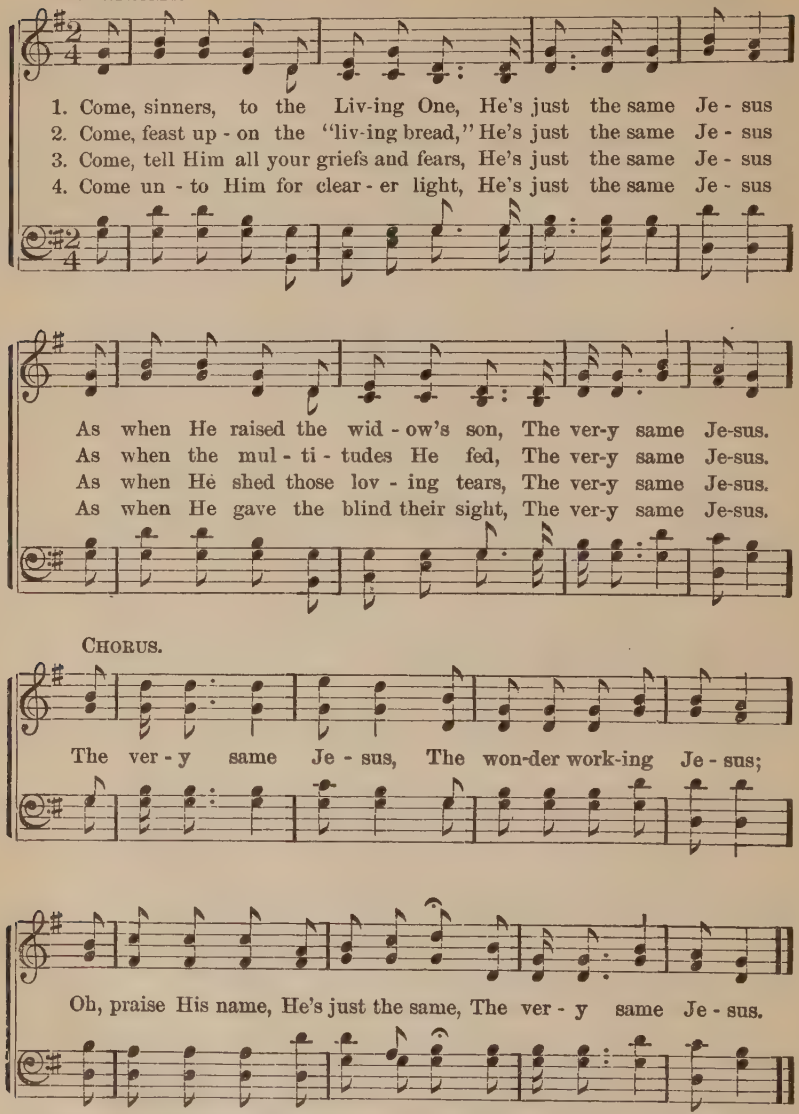
5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

By permission.

The Very Same Jesus.

"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 2.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus
As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver-y same Je-sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver-y same Je-sus.
CHORUS.
The ver - y same Je - sus, The won-der work-ing Je - sus;
Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

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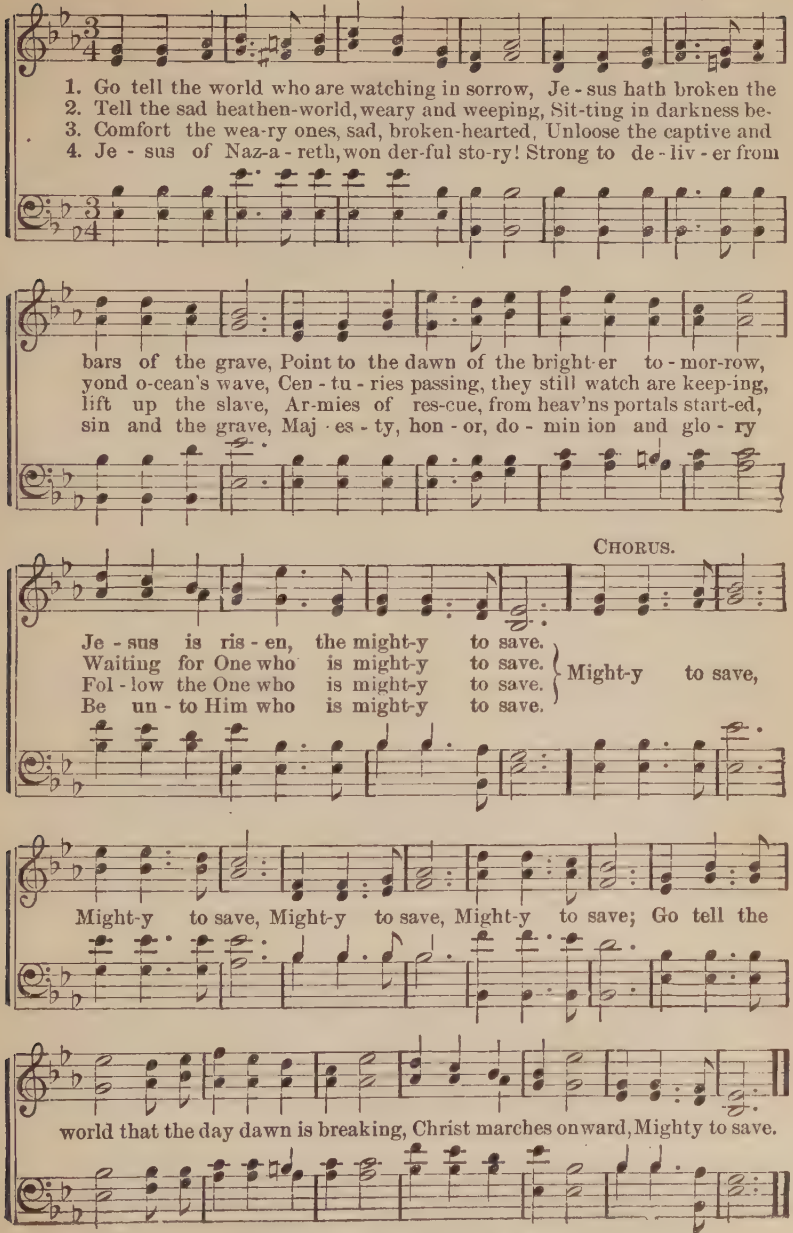
53 Mighty to Save.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.


1. Go tell the world who are watching in sorrow, Je - sus hath broken the
2. Tell the sad heathen-world, weary and weeping, Sit-ting in darkness be-
3. Comfort the wea-ry ones, sad, broken-hearted, Unloose the captive and
4. Je - sus of Naz-a - reth, won der-ful sto-ry! Strong to de - liv - er from
bars of the grave, Point to the dawn of the bright-er to - mor-row,
yond o-cean's wave, Cen - tu - ries passing, they still watch are keep-ing,
lift up the slave, Ar-mies of res-cue, from heav'ns portals start-ed,
sin and the grave, Maj - es - ty, hon - or, do - min ion and glo - ry
Chorus.
Je - sus is ris - en, the might-y to save.
Waiting for One who is might-y to save.
Fol - low the One who is might-y to save.
Be un - to Him who is might-y to save.
Might-y to save,
Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save; Go tell the
world that the day dawn is breaking, Christ marches onward, Mighty to save.

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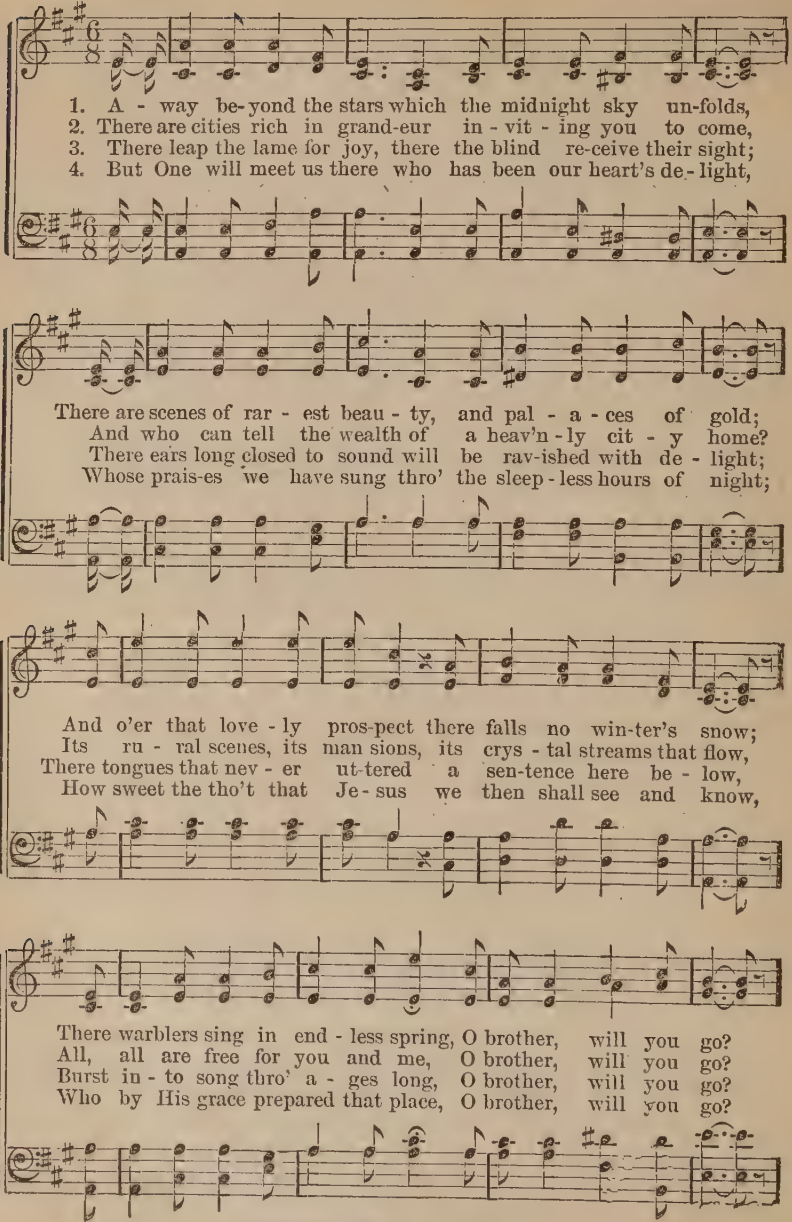
54 Brother, will You Go?

Wm. Woodward. Mrs. W. V. Baker.


1. A - way be-yond the stars which the midnight sky un-folds,
2. There are cities rich in grand-eur in - vit - ing you to come,
3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind re-ceive their sight;
4. But One will meet us there who has been our heart's de - light,
There are scenes of rar - est beau - ty, and pal - a - ces of gold;
And who can tell the wealth of a heav'n - ly cit - y home?
There ears long closed to sound will be rav-ished with de - light;
Whose prais-es we have sung thro' the sleep - less hours of night;
And o'er that love - ly pros-pect there falls no win-ter's snow;
Its ru - ral scenes, its man sions, its crys - tal streams that flow,
There tongues that nev - er ut-tered a sen-tence here be - low,
How sweet the tho't that Je - sus we then shall see and know,
There warblers sing in end - less spring, O brother, will you go?
All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
Burst in - to song thro' a - ges long, O brother, will you go?
Who by His grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

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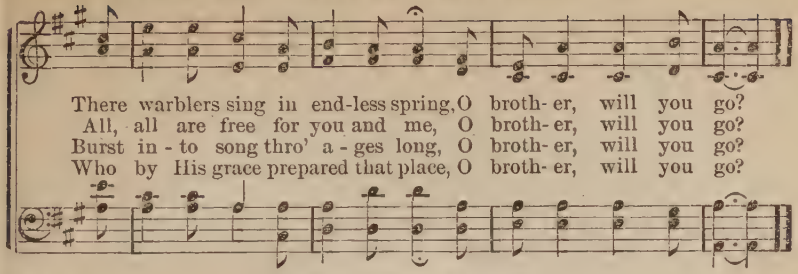
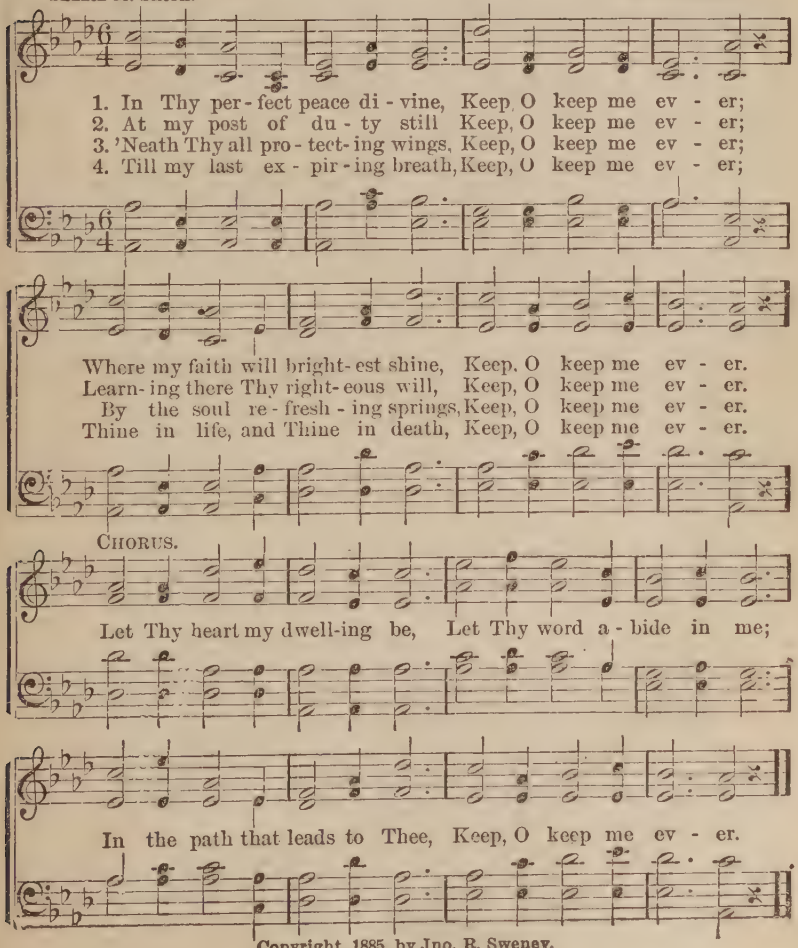
Brother, will You Go? Concluded.


There warblers sing in end-less spring, O broth-er, will you go?
All, all are free for you and me, O broth-er, will you go?
Burst in-to song thro' a-ges long, O broth-er, will you go?
Who by His grace prepared that place, O broth-er, will you go?

55 Keep me Ever.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. In Thy per-fect peace di-vine, Keep, O keep me ev-er;
2. At my post of du-ty still Keep, O keep me ev-er;
3. 'Neath Thy all pro-tect-ing wings, Keep, O keep me ev-er;
4. Till my last ex-pir-ing breath, Keep, O keep me ev-er;
Where my faith will bright-est shine, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
Learn-ing there Thy right-eous will, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
By the soul re-fresh-ing springs, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
Thine in life, and Thine in death, Keep, O keep me ev-er.
CHORUS.
Let Thy heart my dwell-ing be, Let Thy word a-bide in me;
In the path that leads to Thee, Keep, O keep me ev-er.

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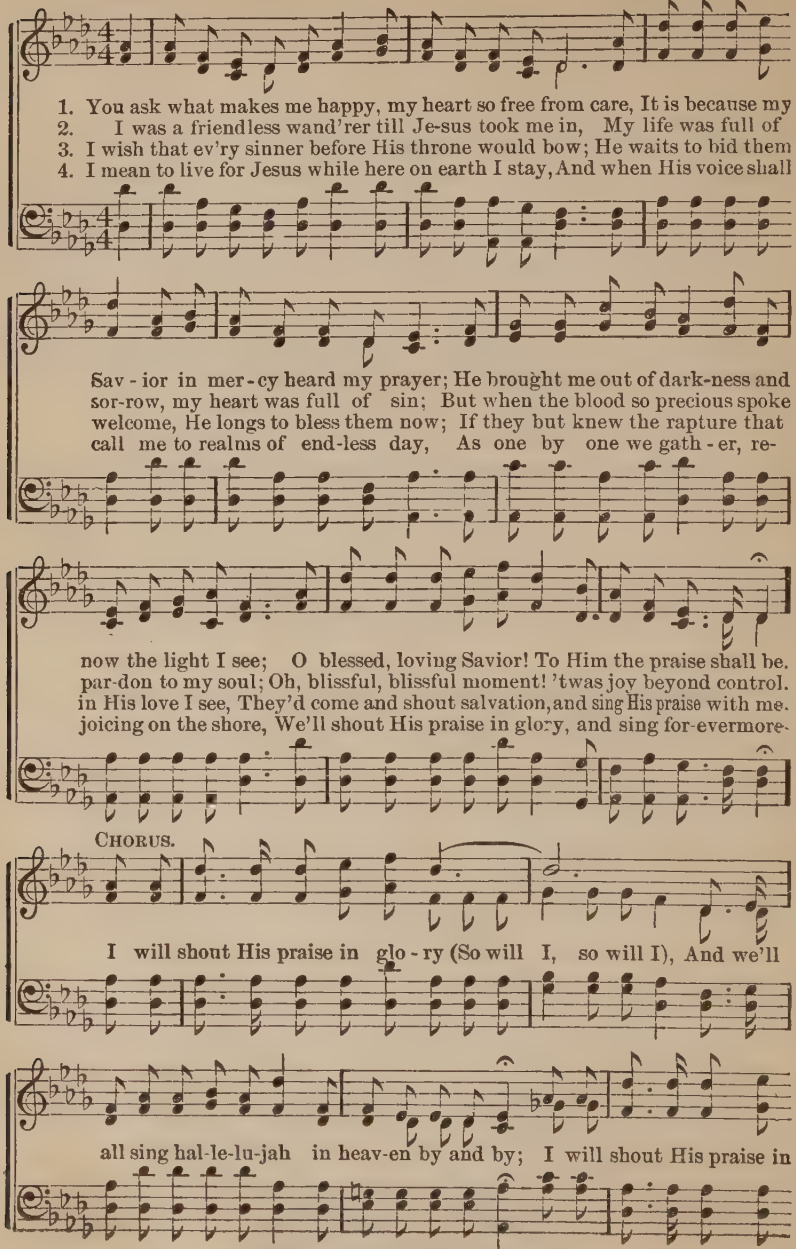
56 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall
Sav - ior in mer - cy heard my prayer; He brought me out of dark-ness and
sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er, re-
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Savior! To Him the praise shall be.
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-evermore.
CHORUS.
I will shout His praise in glo - ry (So will I, so will I), And we'll
all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

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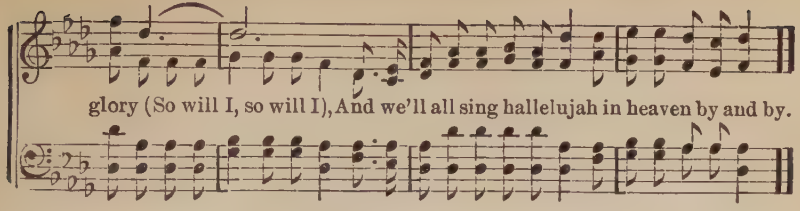
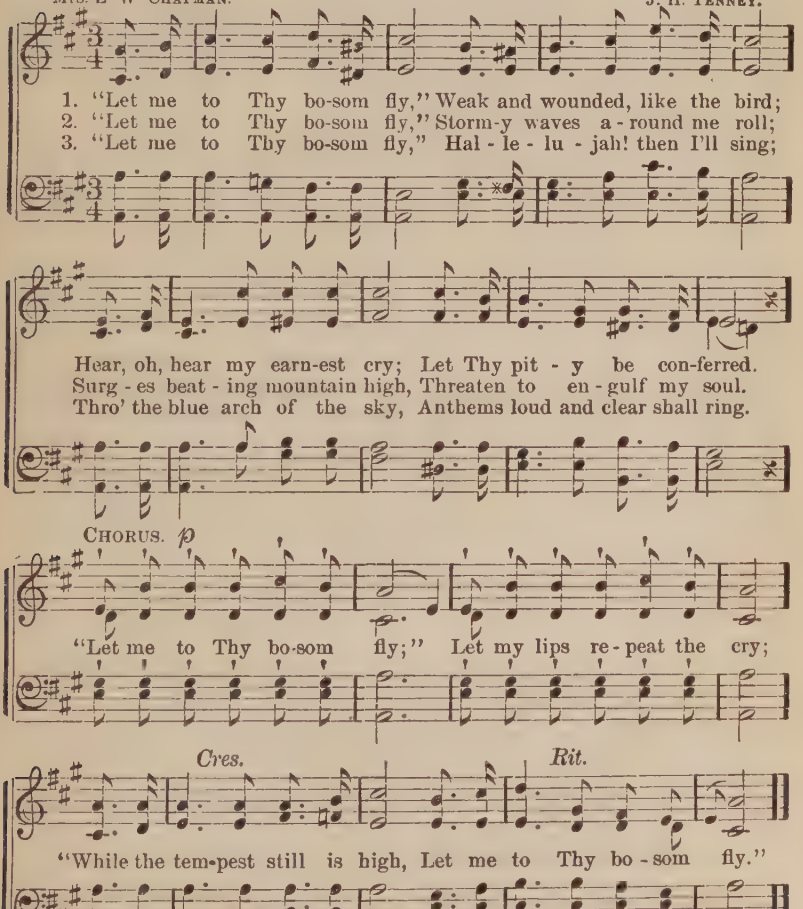
I will Shout His Praise. Concluded.



57 Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge."—Ps. 57: 1.

Mrs. E W CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Weak and wounded, like the bird;
2. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Storm-y waves a-round me roll;
3. "Let me to Thy bo-som fly," Hal-le-lu-jah! then I'll sing;
Hear, oh, hear my earn-est cry; Let Thy pit-y be con-ferred.
Surg-es beat-ing mountain high, Threaten to en-gulf my soul.
Thro' the blue arch of the sky, Anthems loud and clear shall ring.
CHORUS. p
"Let me to Thy bo-som fly;" Let my lips re-peat the cry;
Cres.
Rit.
"While the tem-pest still is high, Let me to Thy bo-som fly."

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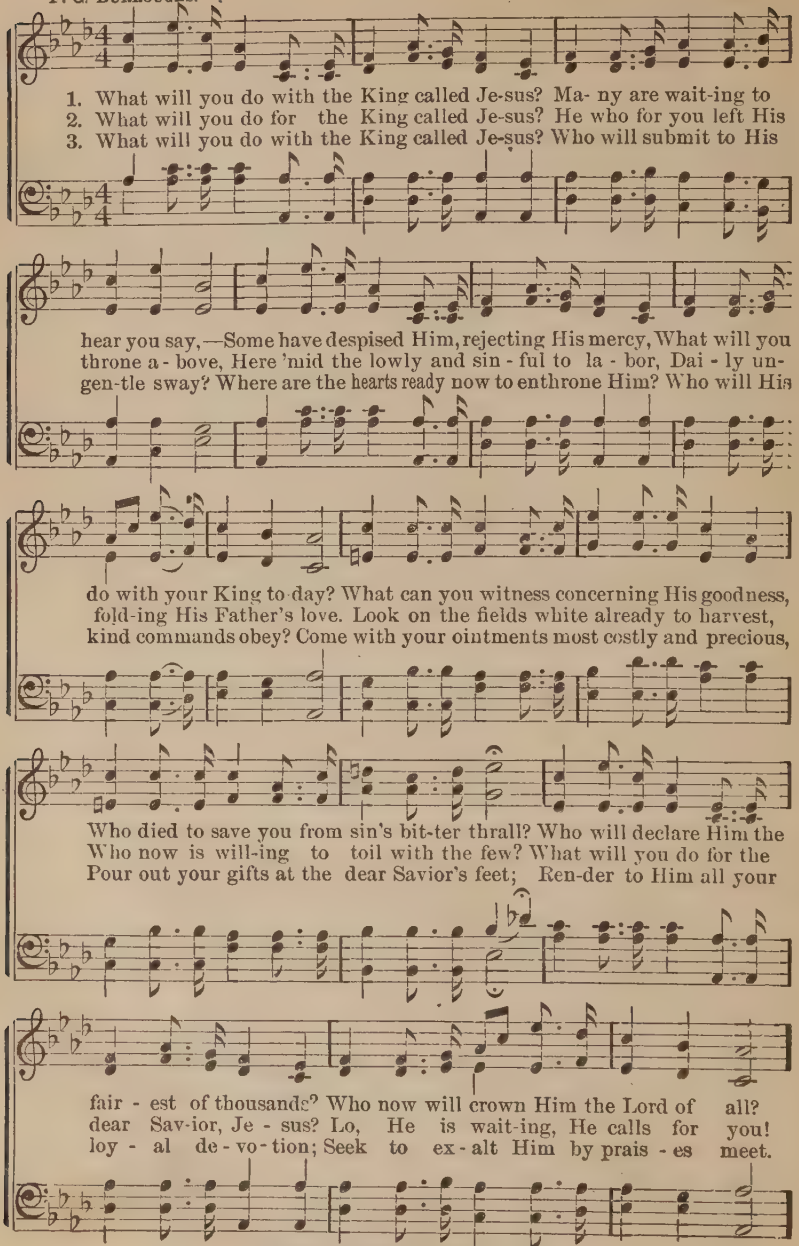
What will You Do?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.


1. What will you do with the King called Je-sus? Ma- ny are wait-ing to
2. What will you do for the King called Je-sus? He who for you left His
3. What will you do with the King called Je-sus? Who will submit to His
hear you say,—Some have despised Him, rejecting His mercy, What will you
throne a - bove, Here 'mid the lowly and sin - ful to la - bor, Dai - ly un-
gen-tle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone Him? Who will His
do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning His goodness,
fold-ing His Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,
Who died to save you from sin's bit-ter thrall? Who will declare Him the
Who now is will-ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Savior's feet; Ren-der to Him all your
fair - est of thousands? Who now will crown Him the Lord of all?
dear Sav-ior, Je - sus? Lo, He is wait-ing, He calls for you!
loy - al de - vo - tion; Seek to ex-alt Him by prais - es meet.

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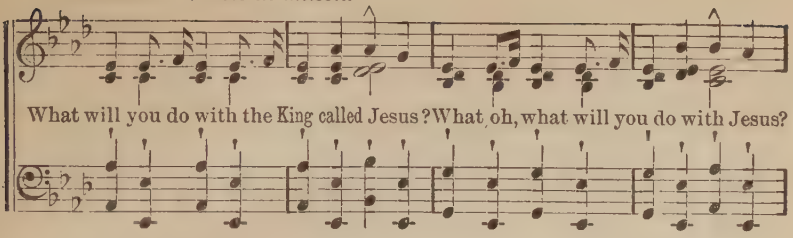
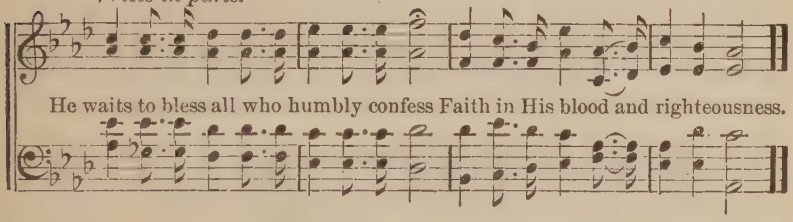
What will You Do? Concluded.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*



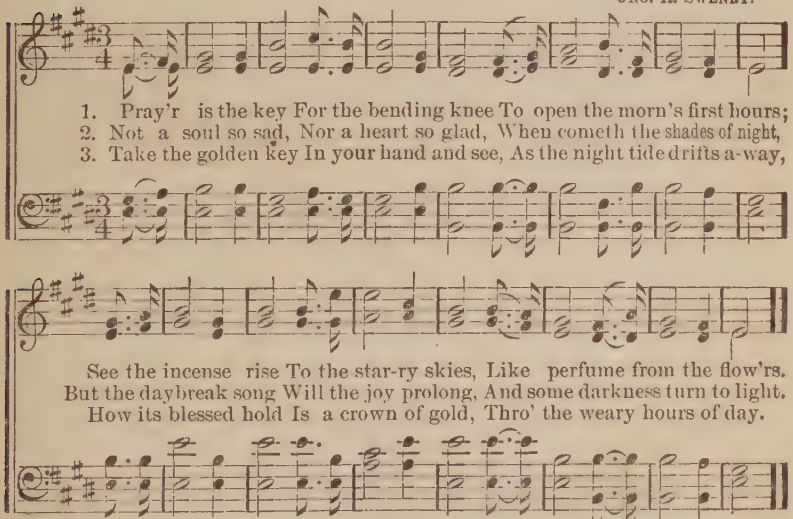
Voices in parts.



59 The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Pray'r is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a-way,
See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

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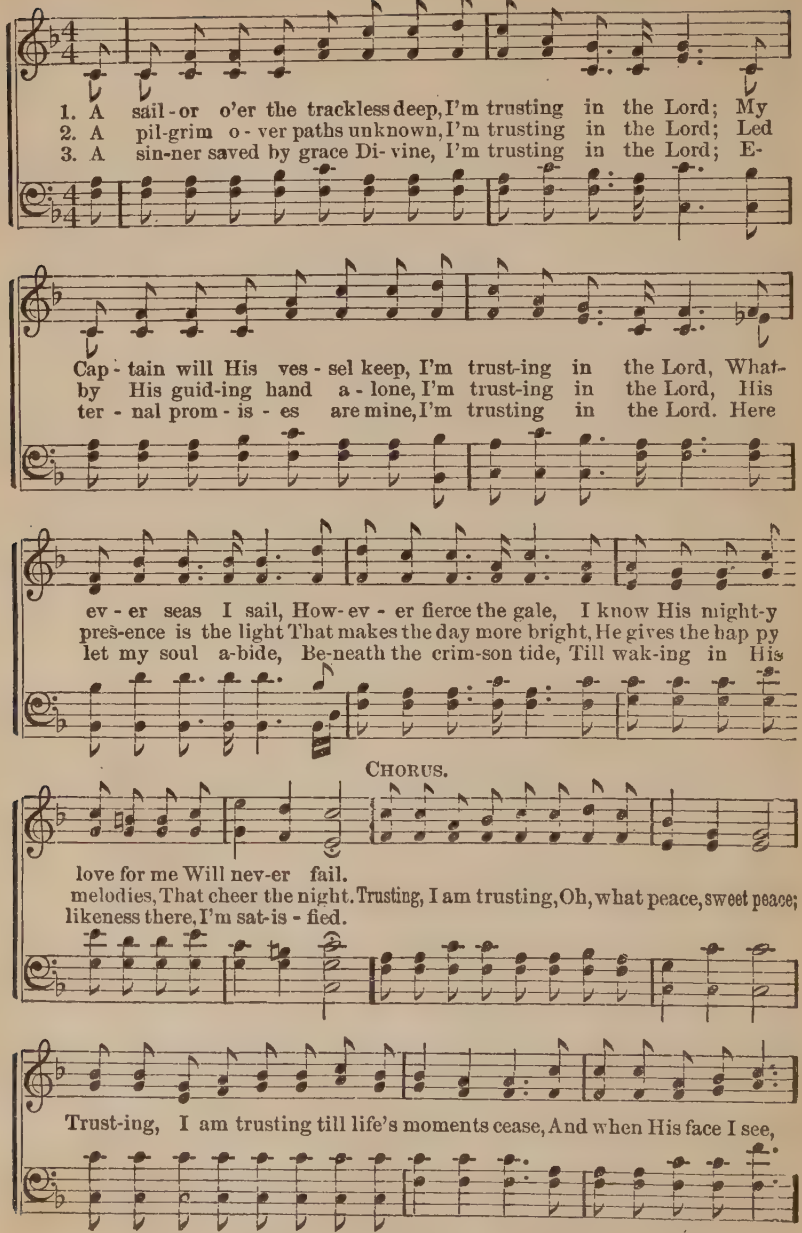
60 Trusting, O What Peace!

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A sail-or o'er the trackless deep, I'm trusting in the Lord; My
2. A pil-grim o-ver paths unknown, I'm trusting in the Lord; Led
3. A sin-ner saved by grace Di-vine, I'm trusting in the Lord; E-
Cap-tain will His ves-sel keep, I'm trust-ing in the Lord, What-
by His guid-ing hand a-lone, I'm trust-ing in the Lord, His
ter-nal prom-is-es are mine, I'm trusting in the Lord. Here
ev-er seas I sail, How-ev-er fierce the gale, I know His might-y
pres-ence is the light That makes the day more bright, He gives the hap-py
let my soul a-bide, Be-neath the crim-son tide, Till wak-ing in His
Chorus.
love for me Will nev-er fail.
melodies, That cheer the night. Trusting, I am trusting, Oh, what peace, sweet peace;
likeness there, I'm sat-is-fied.
Trust-ing, I am trusting till life's moments cease, And when His face I see,

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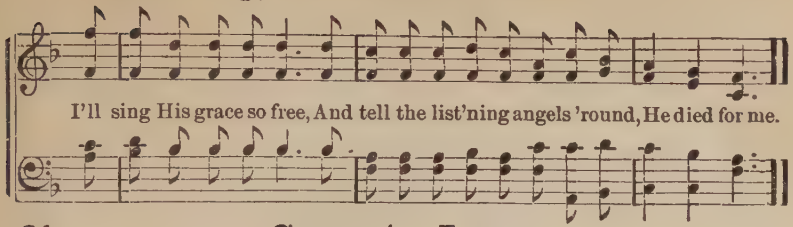
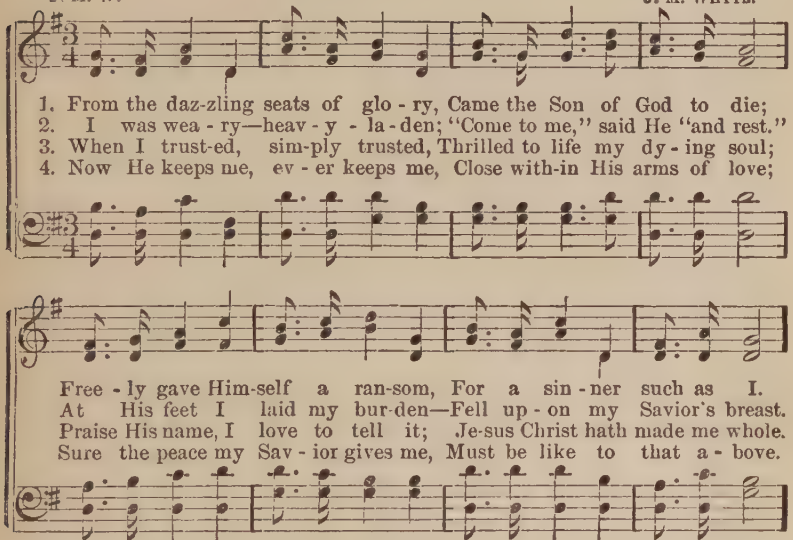
Trusting, O What Peace! Concluded.

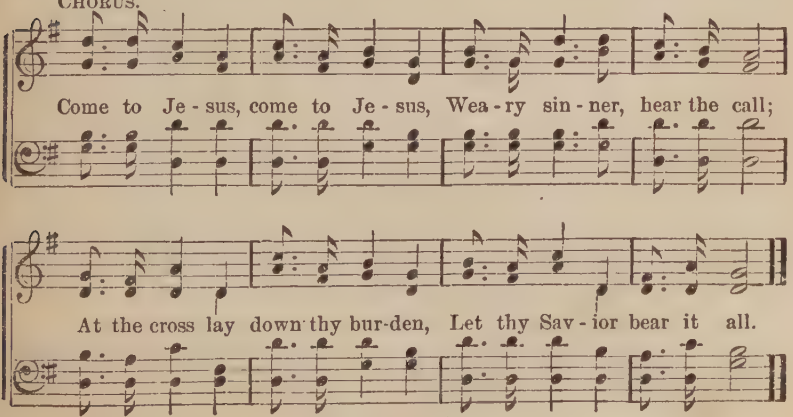


61 Come to Jesus.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. From the daz-zling seats of glo - ry, Came the Son of God to die;
2. I was wea - ry—heav - y - la - den; "Come to me," said He "and rest."
3. When I trust-ed, sim-ply trusted, Thrilled to life my dy - ing soul;
4. Now He keeps me, ev - er keeps me, Close with-in His arms of love;
Free - ly gave Him-self a ran-som, For a sin - ner such as I.
At His feet I laid my bur-den—Fell up - on my Savior's breast.
Praise His name, I love to tell it; Je-sus Christ hath made me whole.
Sure the peace my Sav - ior gives me, Must be like to that a - bove.

CHORUS.



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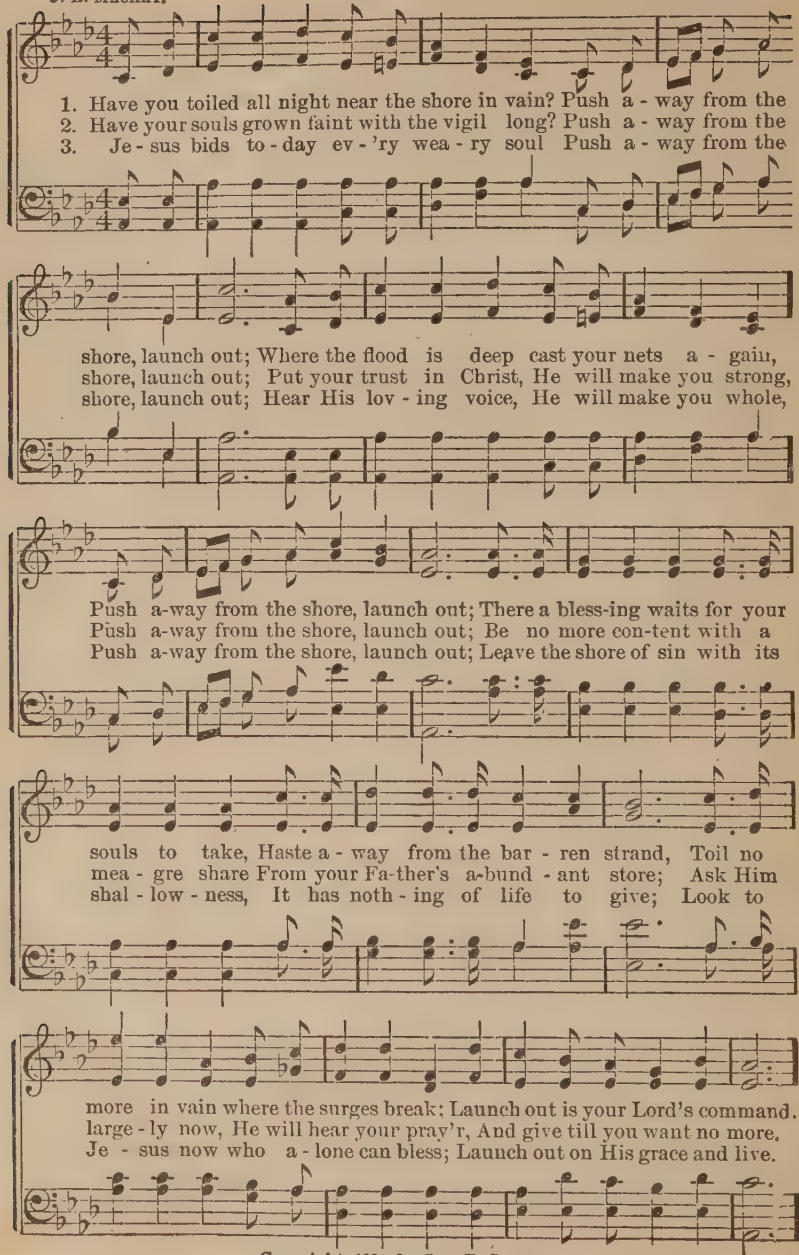
Launch Out.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Have you toiled all night near the shore in vain? Push a - way from the
2. Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long? Push a - way from the
3. Je - sus bids to - day ev - 'ry wea - ry soul Push a - way from the
shore, launch out; Where the flood is deep cast your nets a - gain,
shore, launch out; Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong,
shore, launch out; Hear His lov - ing voice, He will make you whole,
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; There a bless-ing waits for your
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; Be no more con-tent with a
Push a-way from the shore, launch out; Leave the shore of sin with its
souls to take, Haste a - way from the bar - ren strand, Toil no
mea - gre share From your Fa-ther's a-bund - ant store; Ask Him
shal - low - ness, It has noth - ing of life to give; Look to
more in vain where the surges break; Launch out is your Lord's command.
large - ly now, He will hear your pray'r, And give till you want no more.
Je - sus now who a - lone can bless; Launch out on His grace and live.

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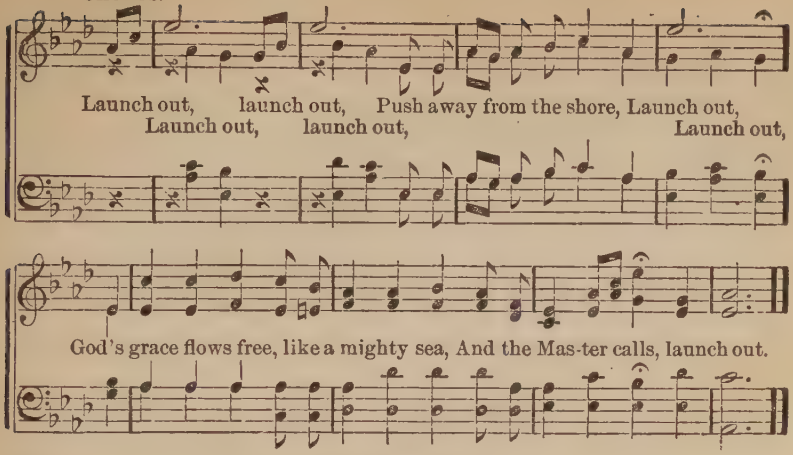
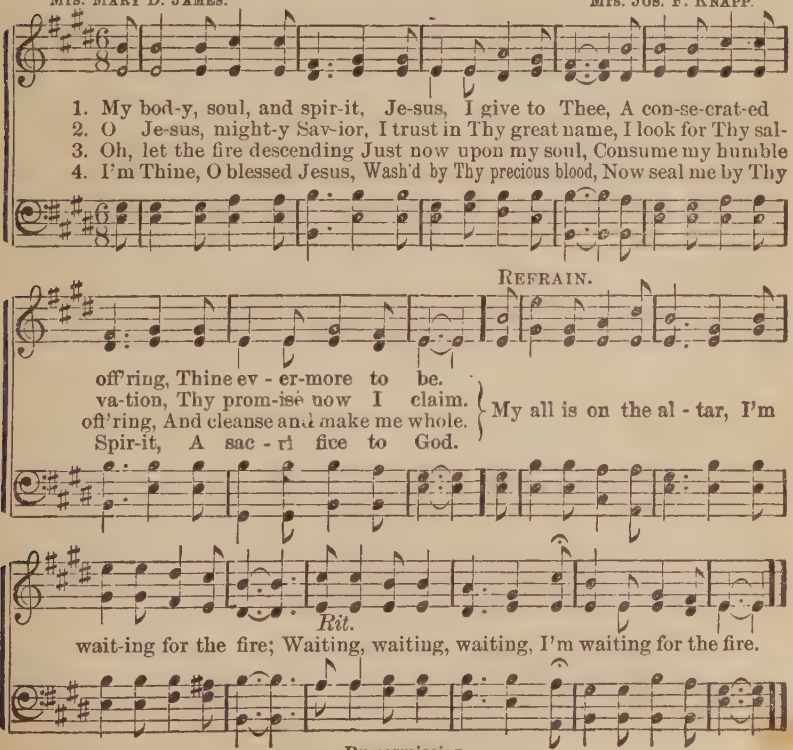
Launch Out. Concluded.

CHORUS.


Launch out, launch out, Push away from the shore, Launch out,
Launch out, launch out, Launch out,
God's grace flows free, like a mighty sea, And the Mas-ter calls, launch out.

63 Consecration.

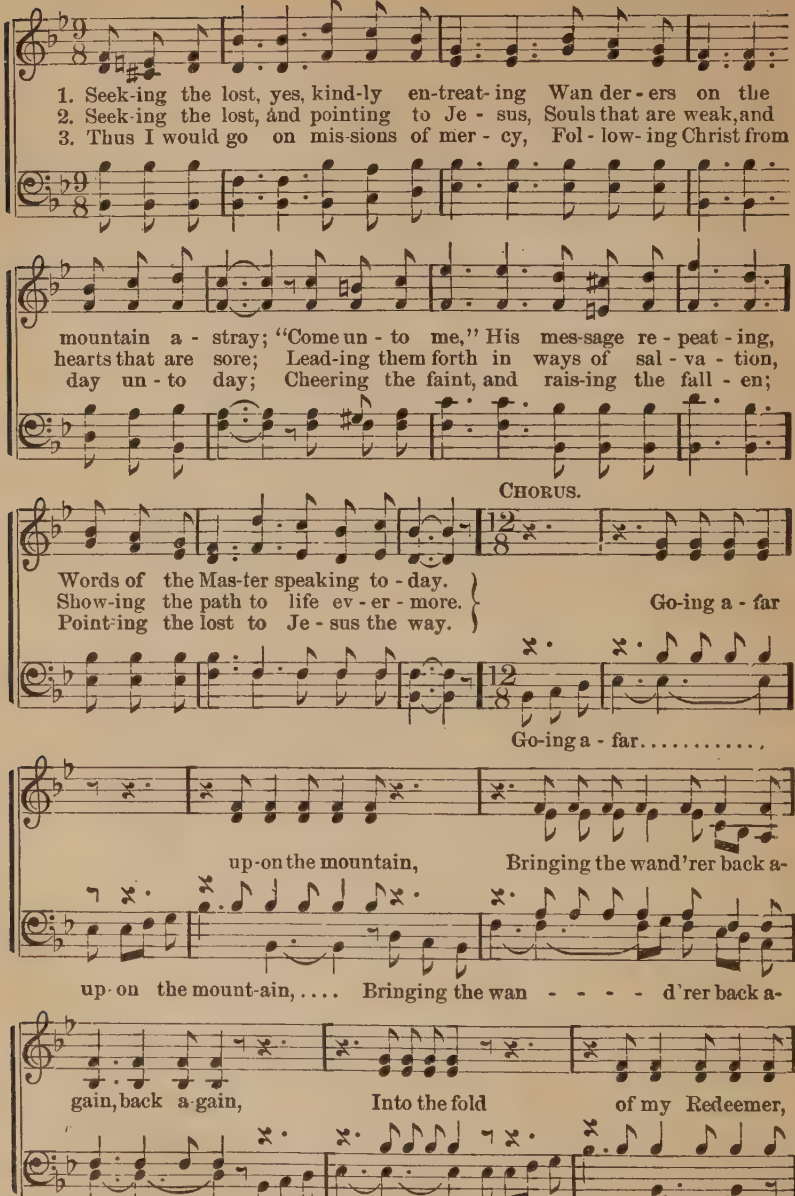
MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. My bod-y, soul, and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-crat-ed
2. O Je-sus, might-y Sav-ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy
REFRAIN.
off'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac - ri fice to God.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm
Rit.
wait-ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

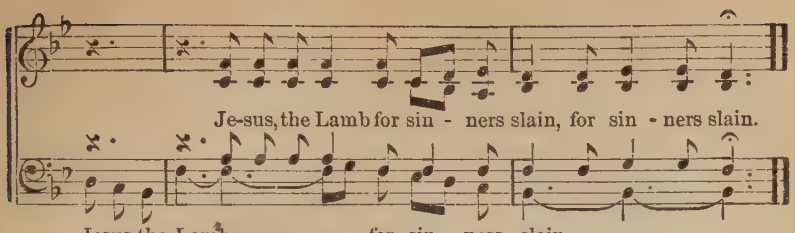
By permission.

Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

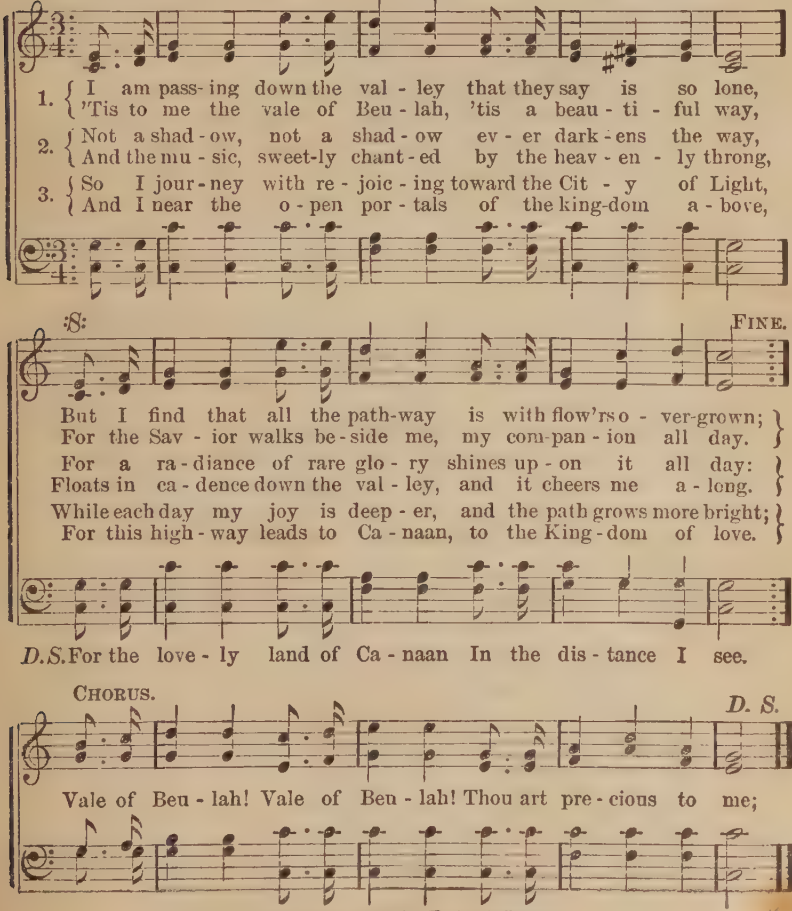

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low-ing Christ from
mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re - peat - ing,
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;
Chorus.
Words of the Mas-ter speaking to - day.
Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.
Go-ing a - far
Go-ing a - far.....
up-on the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a-
up-on the mount-ain,.... Bringing the wan - - - - d'rer back a-
gain, back a-gain, Into the fold of my Redeemer,
gain..... Into the fold..... of my Re-deem - er.....

By permission.



65 Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON.


1. I am pass-ing down the val-ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beu-lah, 'tis a beau-ti-ful way,
2. Not a shad-ow, not a shad-ow ev-er dark-ens the way,
And the mu-sic, sweet-ly chant-ed by the heav-en-ly throng,
3. So I jour-ney with re-joic-ing toward the Cit-y of Light,
And I near the o-pen por-tals of the king-dom a-bove,
:S:
FINE.
But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-ver-grown;
For the Sav-ior walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion all day.
For a ra-diance of rare glo-ry shines up-on it all day:
Floats in ca-dence down the val-ley, and it cheers me a-long.
While each day my joy is deep-er, and the path grows more bright;
For this high-way leads to Ca-naan, to the King-dom of love.
D.S. For the love-ly land of Ca-naan In the dis-tance I see.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Vale of Beu-lah! Vale of Beu-lah! Thou art pre-cious to me;

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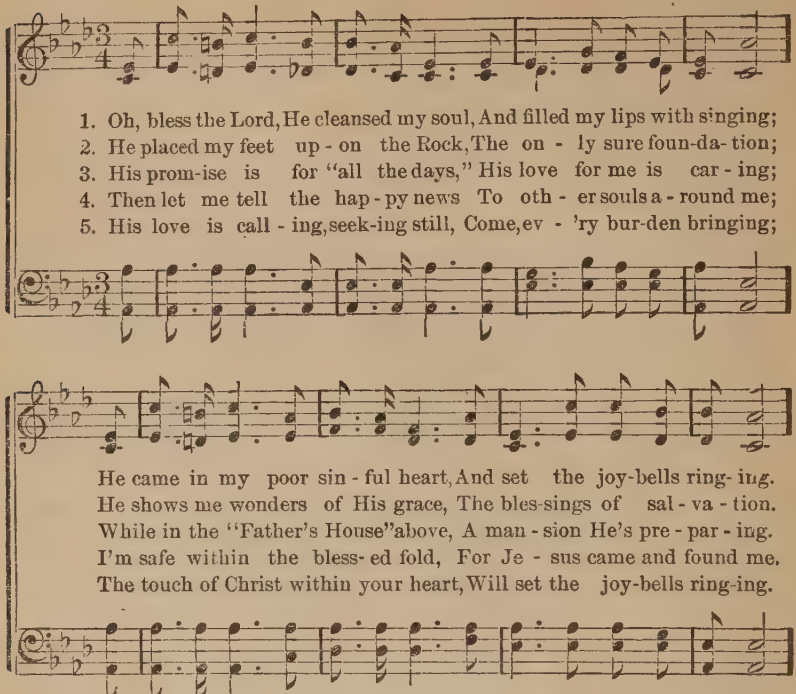
He Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, He cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foun-da- tion;
3. His prom-ise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls a - round me;
5. His love is call - ing, seek-ing still, Come, ev - 'ry bur-den bringing;
He came in my poor sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring- ing.
He shows me wonders of His grace, The bles-sings of sal - va - tion.
While in the "Father's House" above, A man - sion He's pre - par - ing.
I'm safe within the bless- ed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
The touch of Christ within your heart, Will set the joy-bells ring-ing.
CHORUS.
Oh, praise the Lord, He first loved me, I feel new life up-springing;
He came in my poor sin- ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring-ing.

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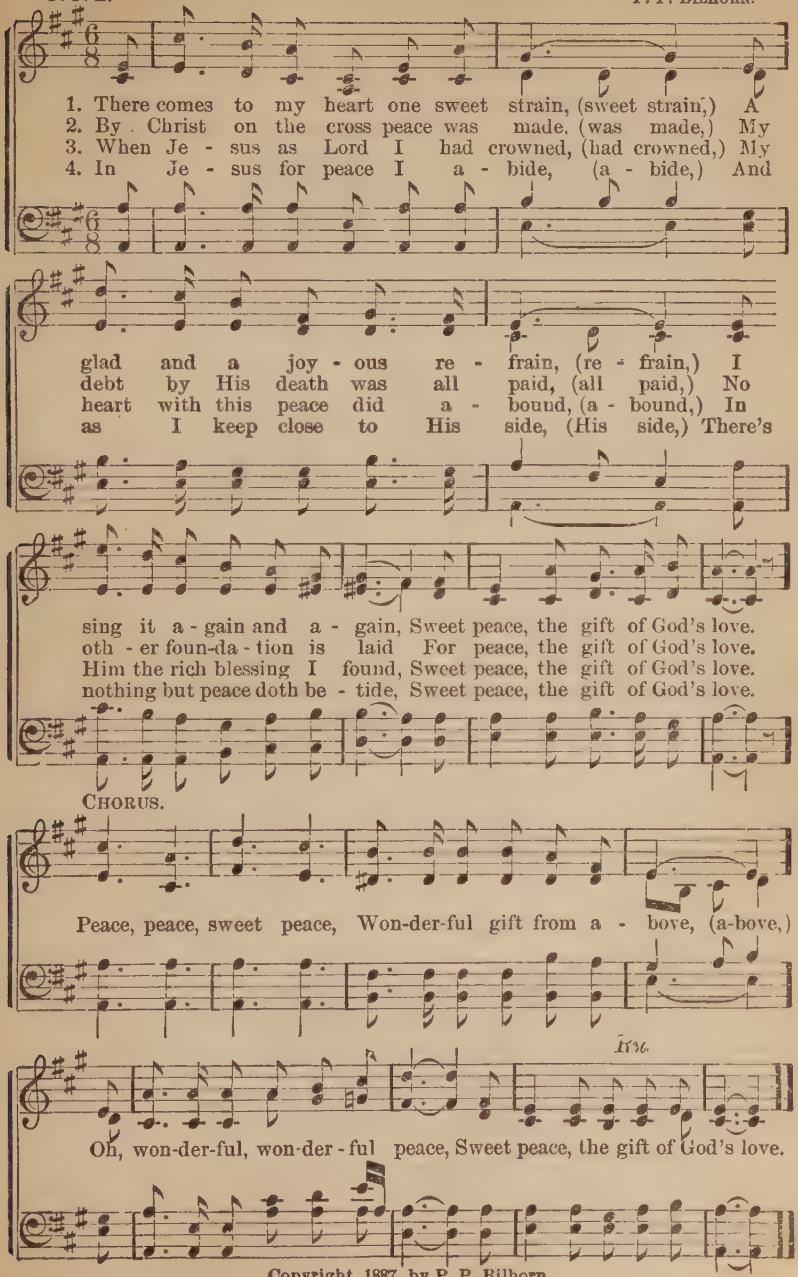
67 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's
sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
Chorus.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a - bove, (a-bove,)
Fine.
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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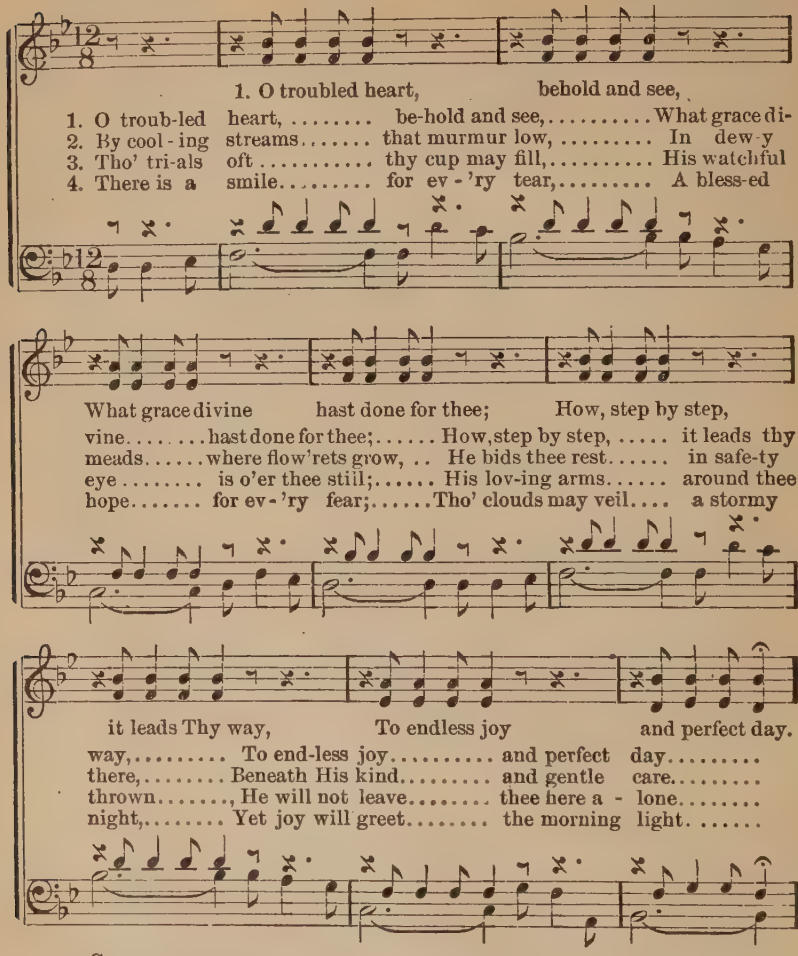
Thy Dearest Friend.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. O troubled heart, behold and see,
1. O troub-led heart, ... be-hold and see,..... What grace di-
2. By cool-ing streams..... that murmur low, ... In dew-y
3. Tho' tri-als oft ..... thy cup may fill,..... His watchful
4. There is a smile..... for ev-'ry tear,..... A bless-ed
What grace divine hast done for thee; How, step by step,
vine.....hast done for thee;..... How, step by step, ... it leads thy
meads.....where flow'rets grow, .. He bids thee rest..... in safe-ty
eye ..... is o'er thee still;..... His lov-ing arms..... around thee
hope..... for ev-'ry fear;.....Tho' clouds may veil.... a stormy
it leads Thy way, To endless joy and perfect day.
way,..... To end-less joy..... and perfect day.....
there,..... Beneath His kind..... and gentle care.....
thrown....., He will not leave..... thee here a - lone.....
night,..... Yet joy will greet..... the morning light.....
CHORUS.
Look up and praise ..... in new made songs,..... Thy God to
Look up and praise in new made songs, Thy God to

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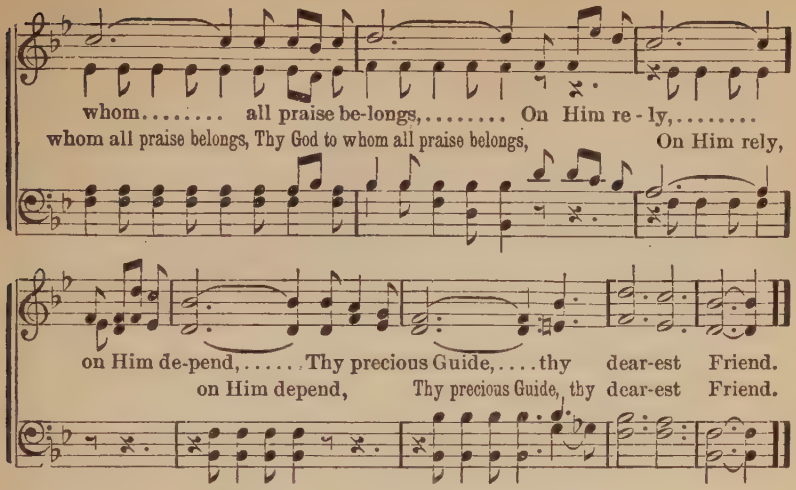
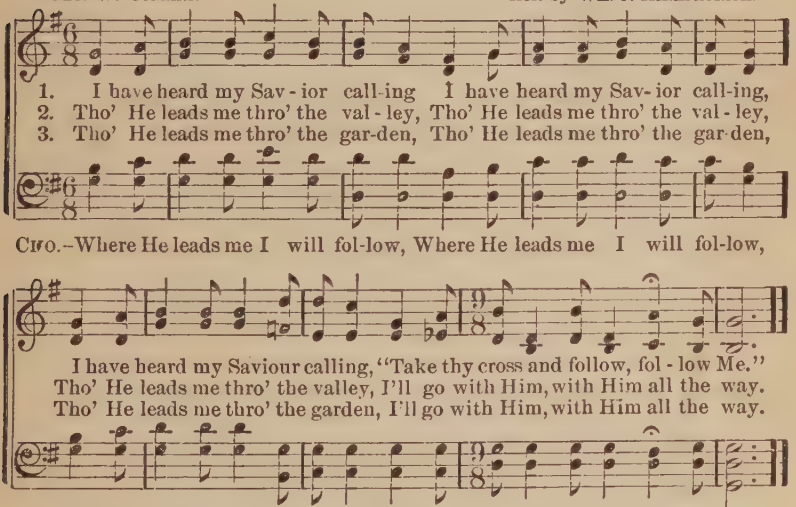
Thy Dearest Friend. Concluded.


whom..... all praise be-longs,..... On Him re-ly,.....
whom all praise belongs, Thy God to whom all praise belongs, On Him rely,
on Him de-pend,..... Thy precious Guide,.... thy dear-est Friend.
on Him depend, Thy precious Guide, thy dear-est Friend.

69 Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den,
CHO.–Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low Me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He leads through fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

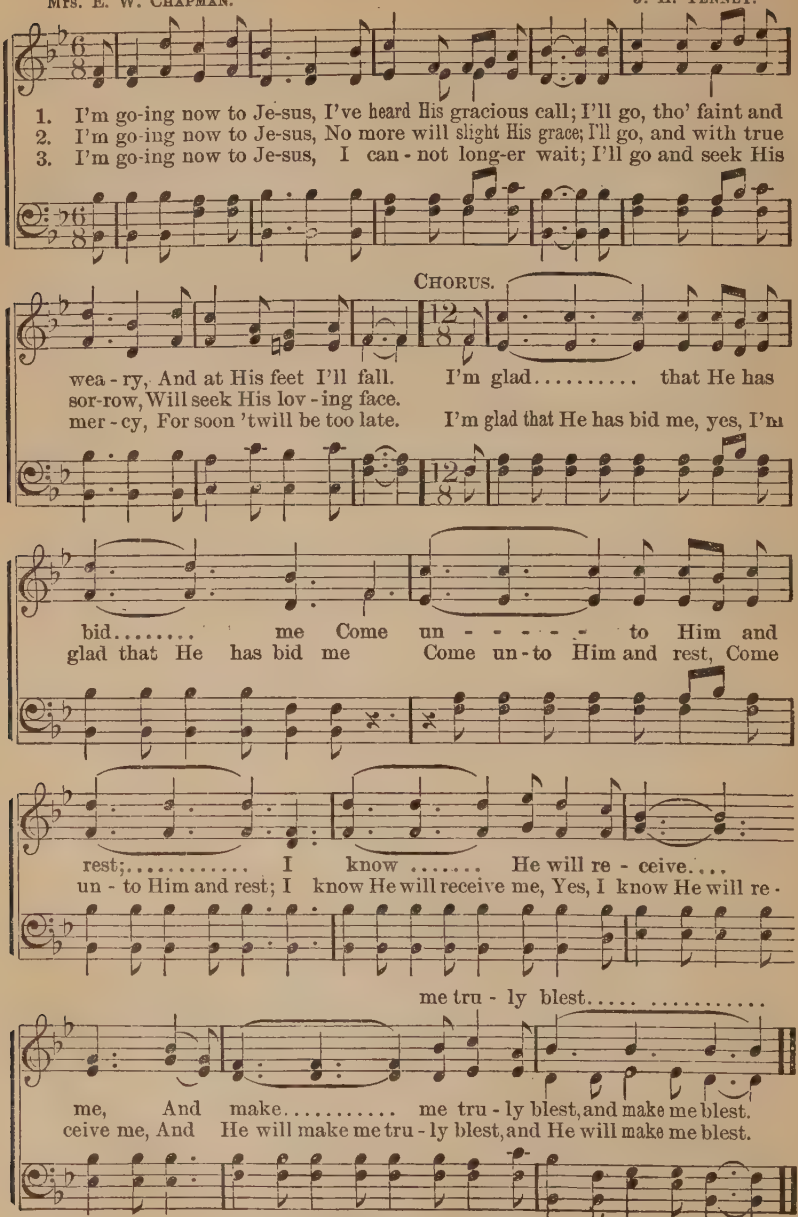
7 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

70 I'm Going Now to Jesus.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


1. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, I've heard His gracious call; I'll go, tho' faint and
2. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, No more will slight His grace; I'll go, and with true
3. I'm go-ing now to Je-sus, I can-not long-er wait; I'll go and seek His
Chorus.
wea-ry, And at His feet I'll fall. I'm glad..... that He has
sor-row, Will seek His lov-ing face.
mer-cy, For soon 'twill be too late. I'm glad that He has bid me, yes, I'm
bid..... me Come un - - - - - to Him and
glad that He has bid me Come un-to Him and rest, Come
rest;..... I know ..... He will re - ceive....
un - to Him and rest; I know He will receive me, Yes, I know He will re -
me tru - ly blest.....
me, And make..... me tru - ly blest, and make me blest.
ceive me, And He will make me tru - ly blest, and He will make me blest.

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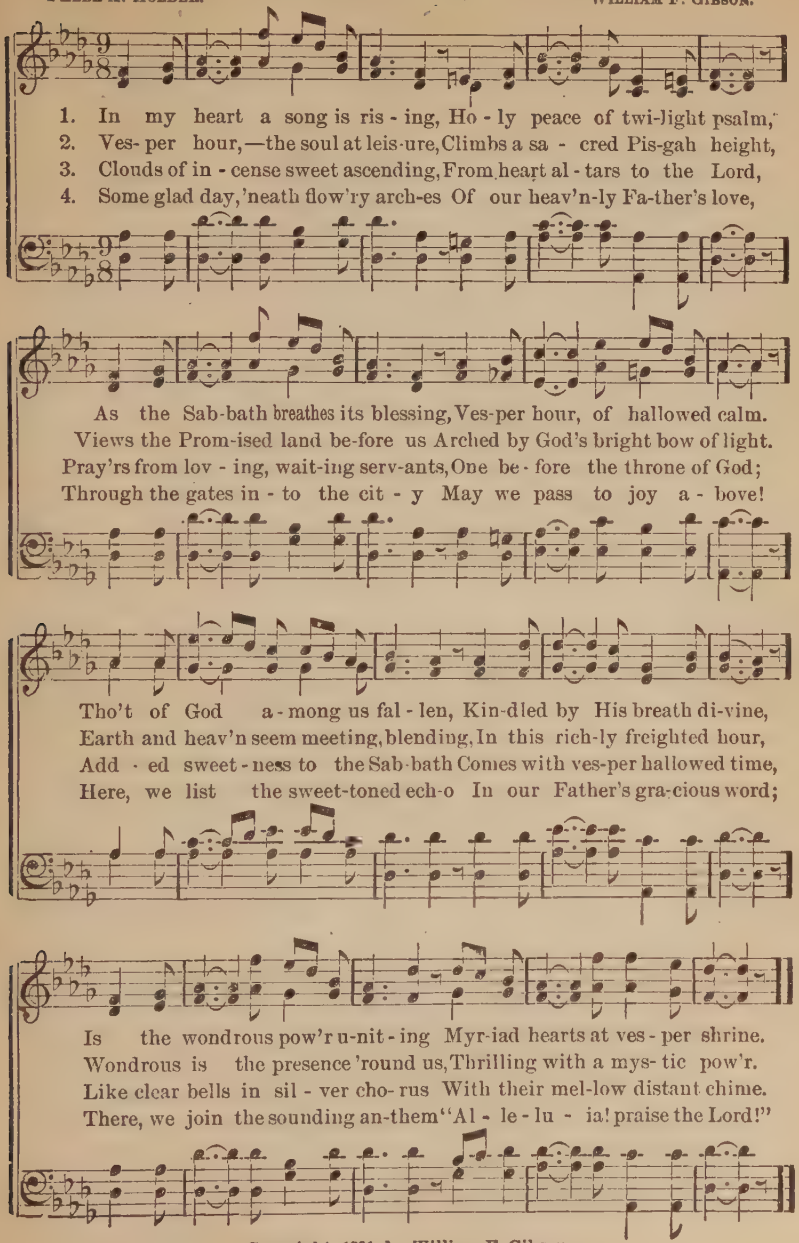
71 The Sabbath Vesper Hour.

PHEBE A. HOLDER. WILLIAM F. GIBSON.


1. In my heart a song is ris - ing, Ho - ly peace of twi-light psalm,
2. Ves- per hour,—the soul at leis-ure, Climbs a sa - cred Pis-gah height,
3. Clouds of in - cense sweet ascending, From heart al - tars to the Lord,
4. Some glad day, 'neath flow'ry arch-es Of our heav'n-ly Fa-ther's love,
As the Sab-bath breathes its blessing, Ves-per hour, of hallowed calm.
Views the Prom-ised land be-fore us Arched by God's bright bow of light.
Pray'rs from lov - ing, wait-ing serv-ants, One be - fore the throne of God;
Through the gates in - to the cit - y May we pass to joy a - bove!
Tho't of God a - mong us fal - len, Kin-dled by His breath di-vine,
Earth and heav'n seem meeting, blending, In this rich-ly freighted hour,
Add - ed sweet - ness to the Sab-bath Comes with ves-per hallowed time,
Here, we list the sweet-toned ech-o In our Father's gra-cious word;
Is the wondrous pow'r u-nit - ing Myr-iad hearts at ves - per shrine.
Wondrous is the presence 'round us, Thrilling with a mys- tic pow'r.
Like clear bells in sil - ver cho- rus With their mel-low distant chime.
There, we join the sounding an-them "Al - le - lu - ia! praise the Lord!"

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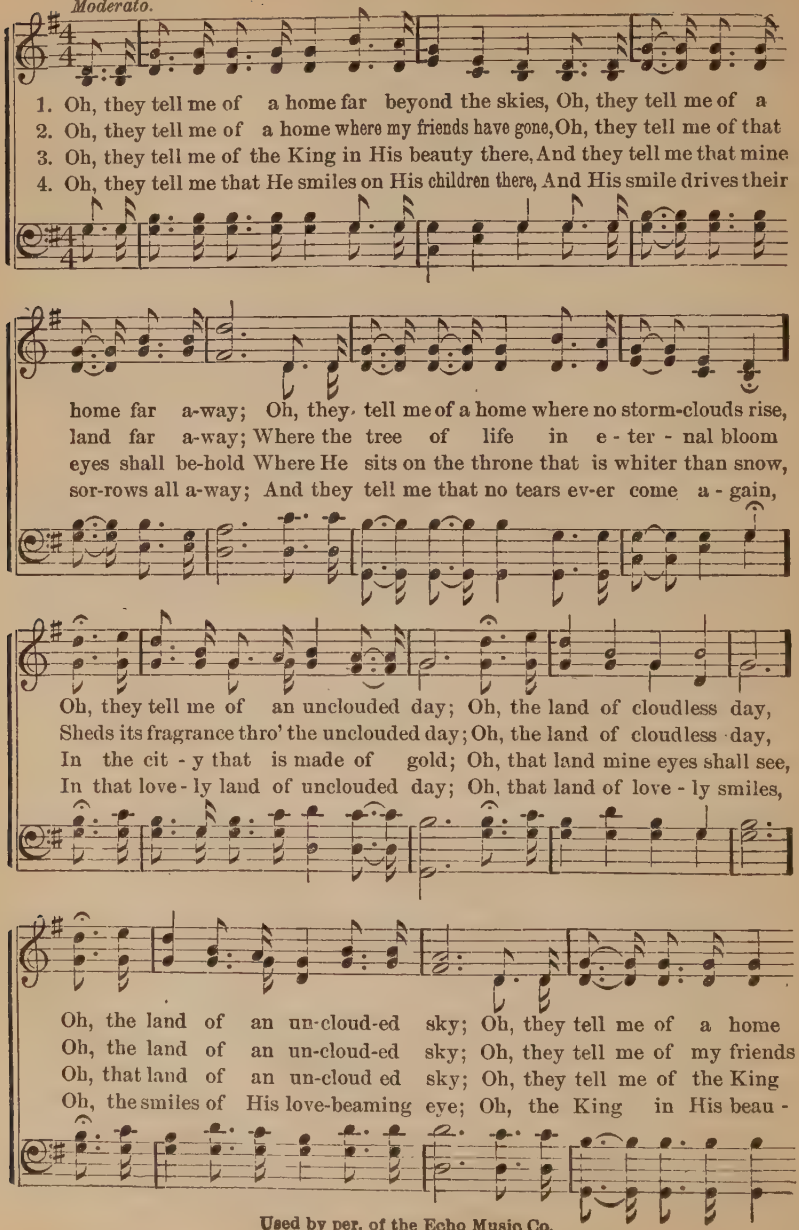
72 The Unclouded Day.

Rev. J. K. Alwood. (*May be used as a solo.*) J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato.


1. Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beauty there, And they tell me that mine
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their
home far a-way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain,
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of love - ly smiles,
Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a home
Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my friends
Oh, that land of an un-cloud ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the King
Oh, the smiles of His love-beaming eye; Oh, the King in His beau -

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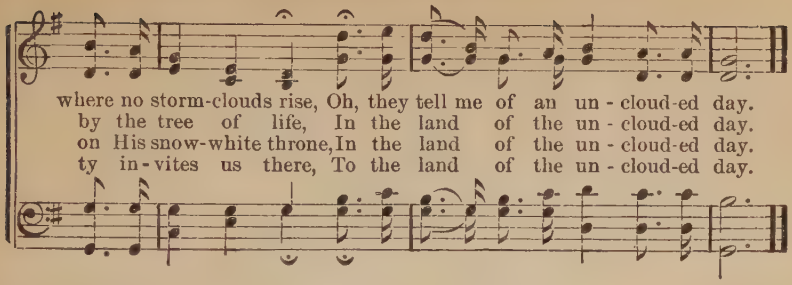
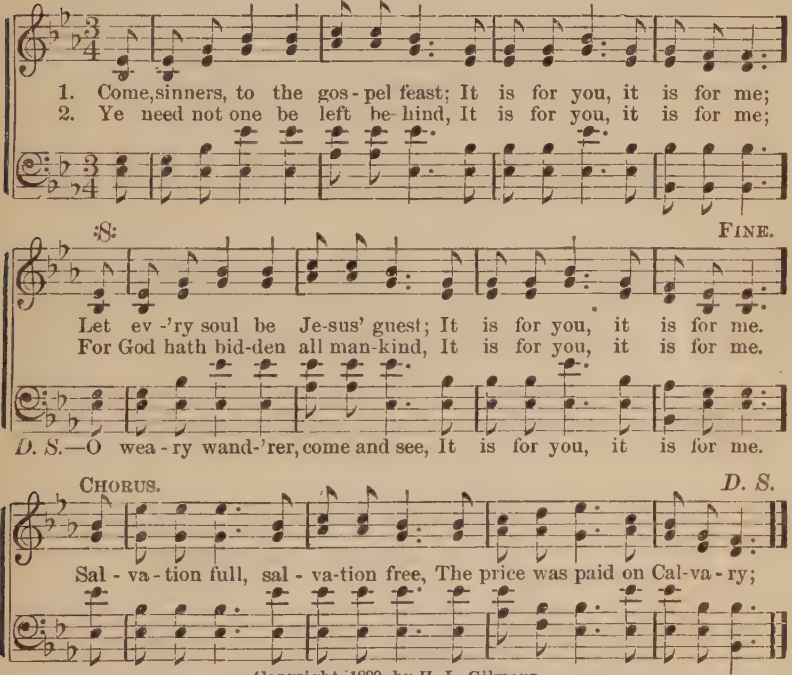
The Unclouded Day. Concluded.


where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
by the tree of life, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
ty in-vites us there, To the land of the un - cloud-ed day.

73 The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY. "Come, for all things are ready." H. L. GILMOUR.
Cho. by H. L. G. Luke 14; 16.


1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be-hind, It is for you, it is for me;
:S:
FINE.
Let ev -'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind, It is for you, it is for me.
D. S.—O wea - ry wand-'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Sal - va-tion full, sal - va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal-va - ry;

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

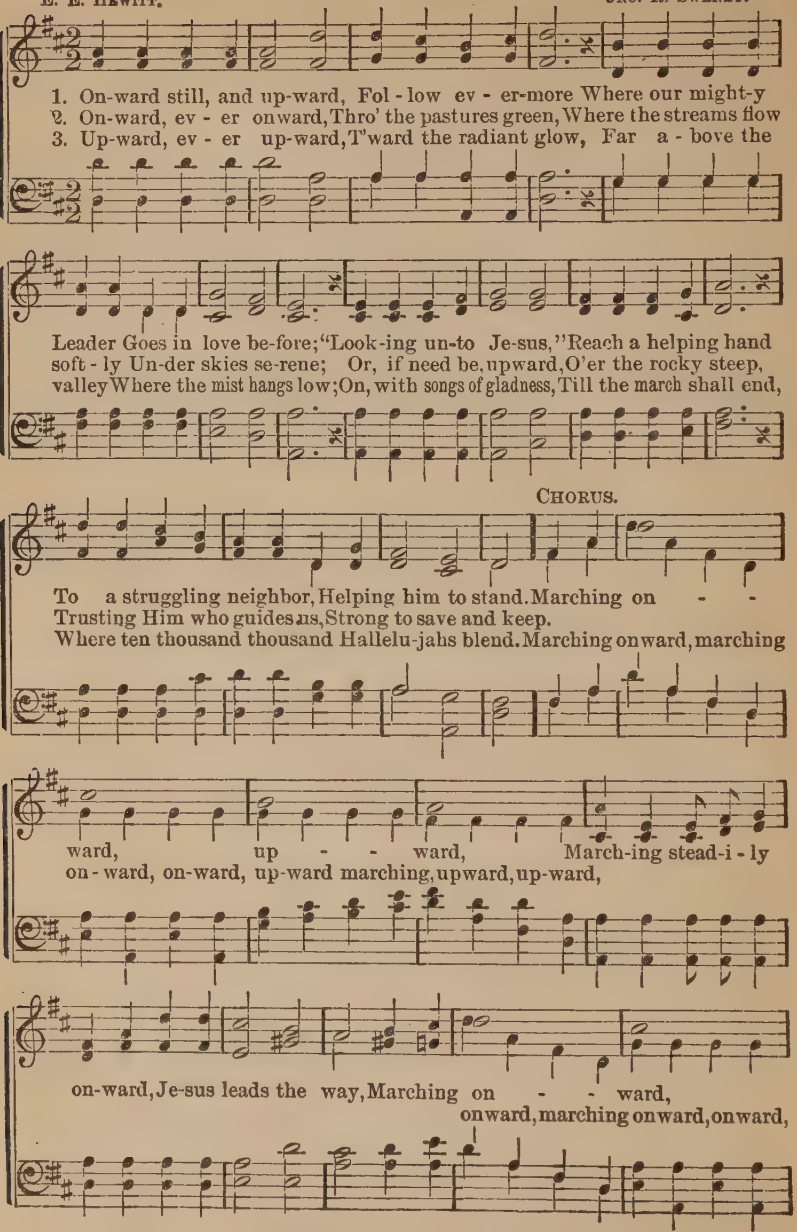
8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

74 Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On-ward still, and up-ward, Fol - low ev - er-more Where our might-y
2. On-ward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Up-ward, ev - er up-ward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the
Leader Goes in love be-fore; "Look-ing un-to Je-sus," Reach a helping hand
soft - ly Un-der skies se-rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
valley Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end,
Chorus.
To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
Where ten thousand thousand Hallelu-jahs blend. Marching onward, marching
ward, up - - ward, March-ing stead-i - ly
on - ward, on-ward, up-ward marching, upward, up-ward,
on-ward, Je-sus leads the way, Marching on - - ward,
onward, marching onward, onward,

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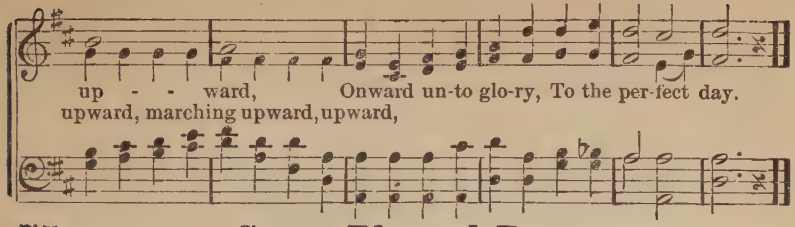
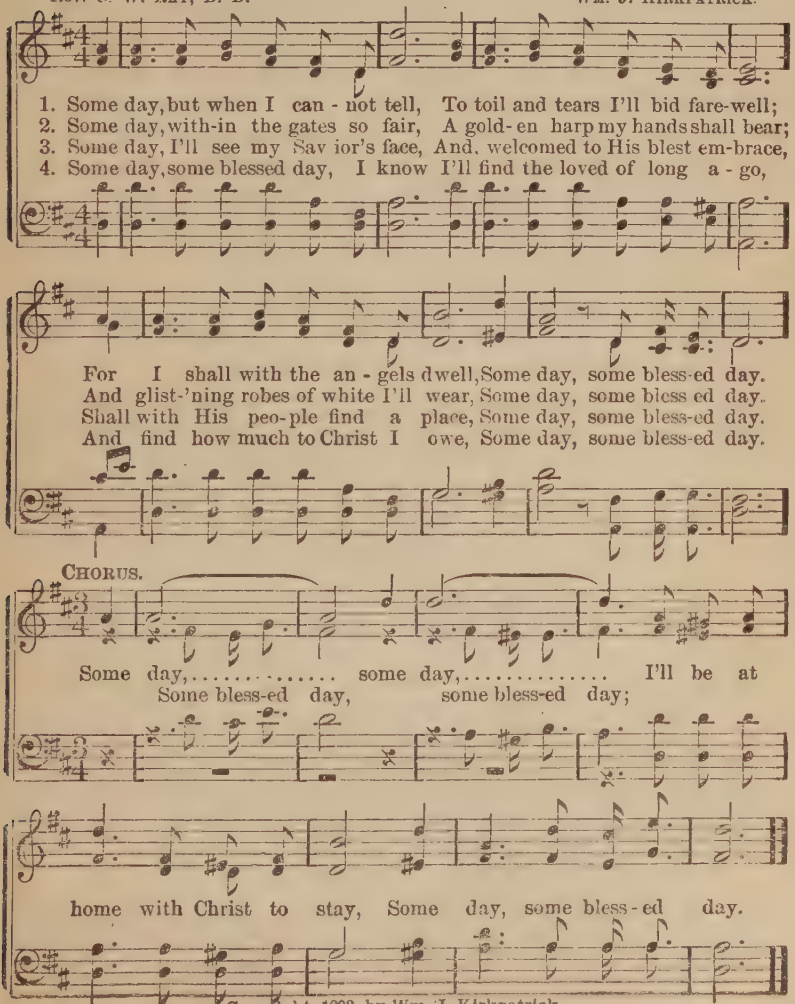


75 Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Some day, but when I can - not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare-well;
2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A gold-en harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Sav ior's face, And, welcomed to His blest em-brace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a - go,
For I shall with the an - gels dwell, Some day, some bless-ed day.
And glist-'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some bless ed day.
Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some bless-ed day.
And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some bless-ed day.
Chorus.
Some day, ... some day, ... I'll be at
Some bless-ed day, some bless-ed day;
home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

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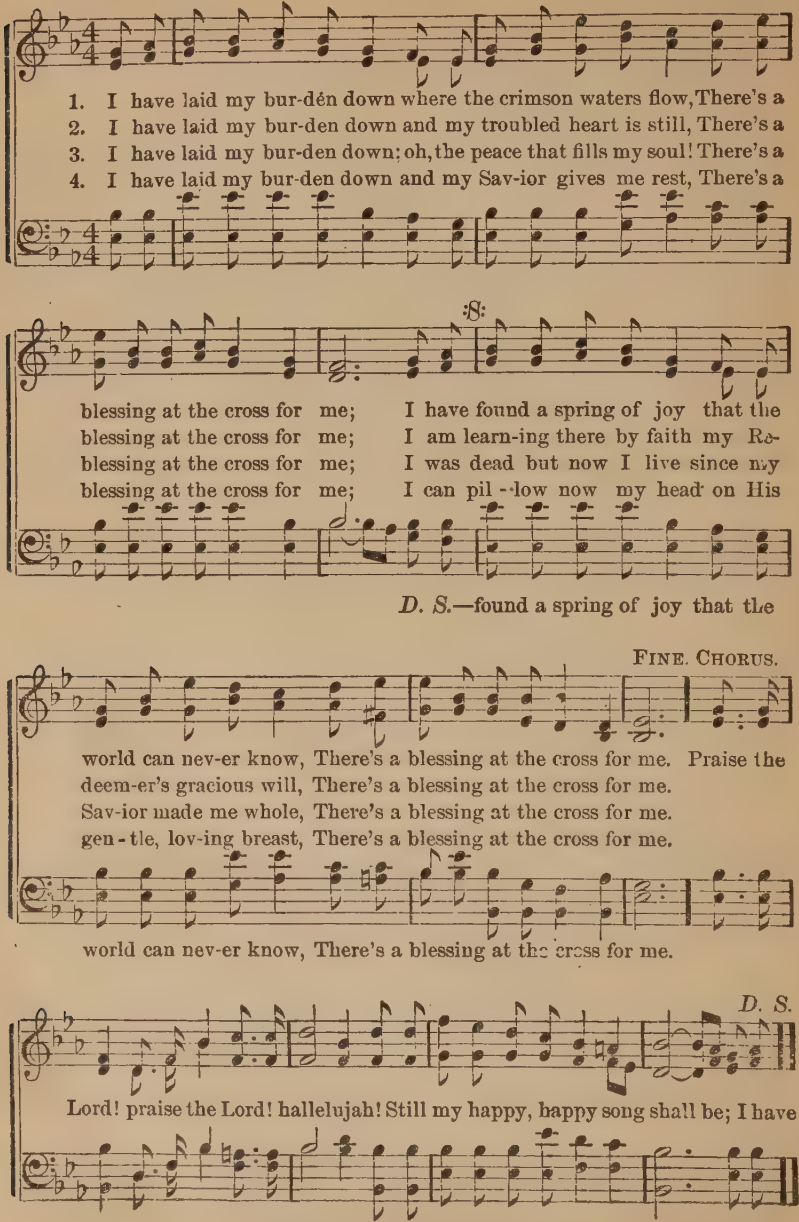
76 There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I have laid my bur-dén down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my bur-den down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my bur-den down; oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my bur-den down and my Sav-ior gives me rest, There's a
:S:
blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
blessing at the cross for me; I am learn-ing there by faith my Re-
blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
blessing at the cross for me; I can pil--low now my head on His
D. S.—found a spring of joy that the
FINE. CHORUS.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
deem-er's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
Sav-ior made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
gen-tle, lov-ing breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
D. S.
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

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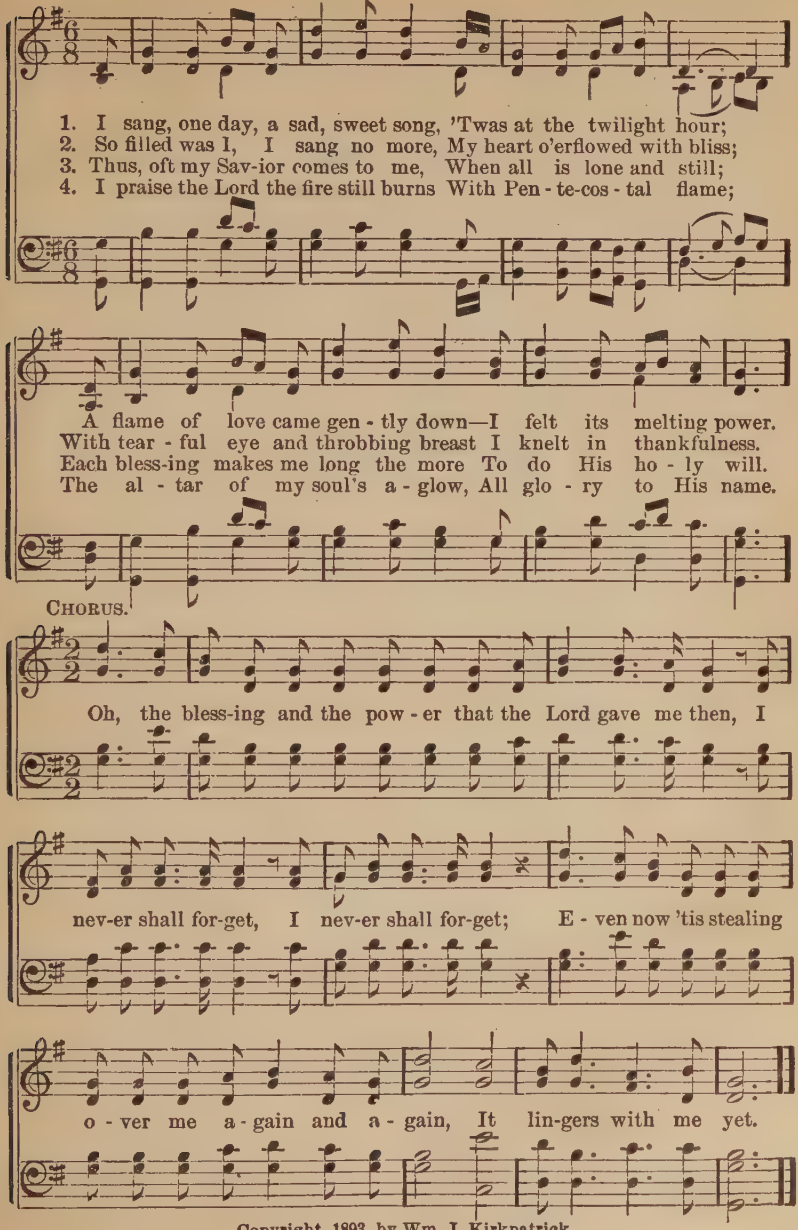
77 Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by Geo. L. Brown. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twilight hour;
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Sav-ior comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord the fire still burns With Pen - te-cos - tal flame;
A flame of love came gen - tly down—I felt its melting power.
With tear - ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thankfulness.
Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His ho - ly will.
The al - tar of my soul's a - glow, All glo - ry to His name.
Chorus.
Oh, the bless-ing and the pow - er that the Lord gave me then, I
nev-er shall for-get, I nev-er shall for-get; E - ven now 'tis stealing
o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin-gers with me yet.

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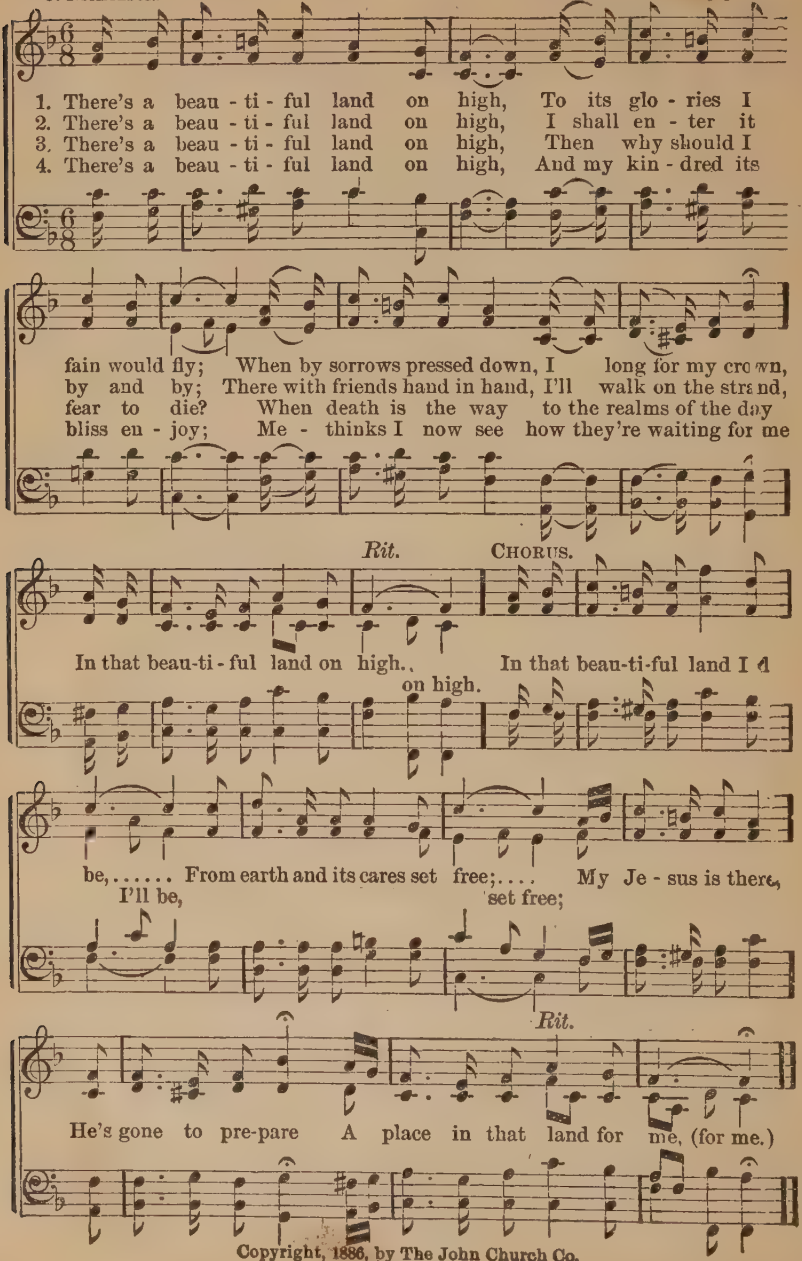
78 Beautiful Land on High.

J. NICHOLSON. C. A. HAVENS. By per


1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I
4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kin - dred its
fain would fly; When by sorrows pressed down, I long for my crown,
by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I'll walk on the strand,
fear to die? When death is the way to the realms of the day
bliss en - joy; Me - thinks I now see how they're waiting for me
Rit.
CHORUS.
In that beau-ti - ful land on high.. In that beau-ti-ful land I'd
on high.
be,..... From earth and its cares set free;.... My Je - sus is there,
I'll be, set free;
Rit.
He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me, (for me.)

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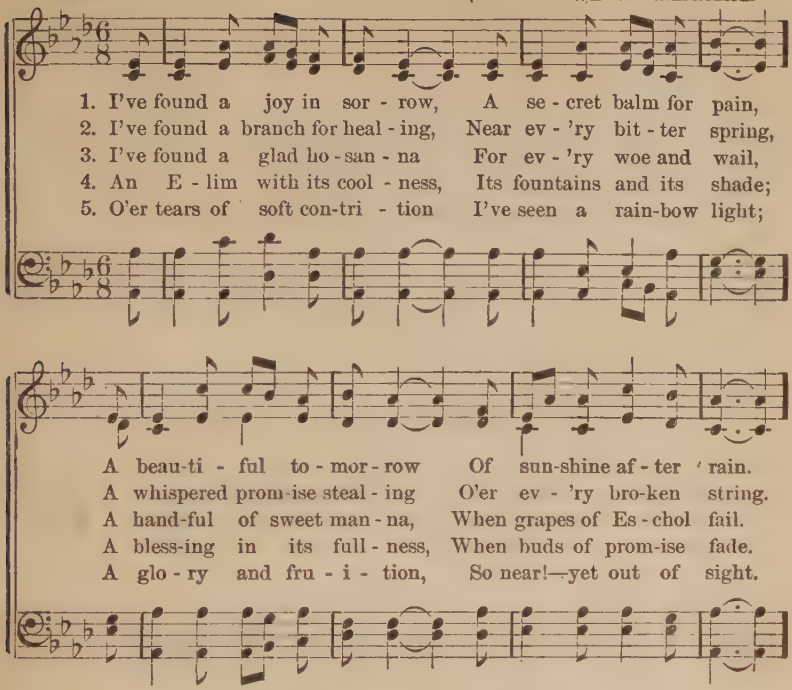
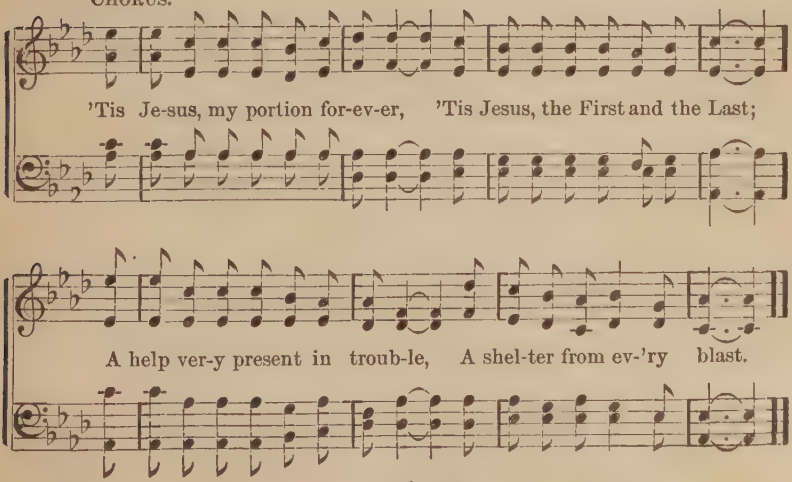
79 Jesus, my Joy.

Mrs. J. F. Crewdson. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain,
2. I've found a branch for heal - ing, Near ev - 'ry bit - ter spring,
3. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev - 'ry woe and wail,
4. An E - lim with its cool - ness, Its fountains and its shade;
5. O'er tears of soft con-tri - tion I've seen a rain-bow light;
A beau-ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun-shine af - ter rain.
A whispered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - 'ry bro-ken string.
A hand-ful of sweet man - na, When grapes of Es - chol fail.
A bless-ing in its full - ness, When buds of prom-ise fade.
A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near!—yet out of sight.

Chorus.



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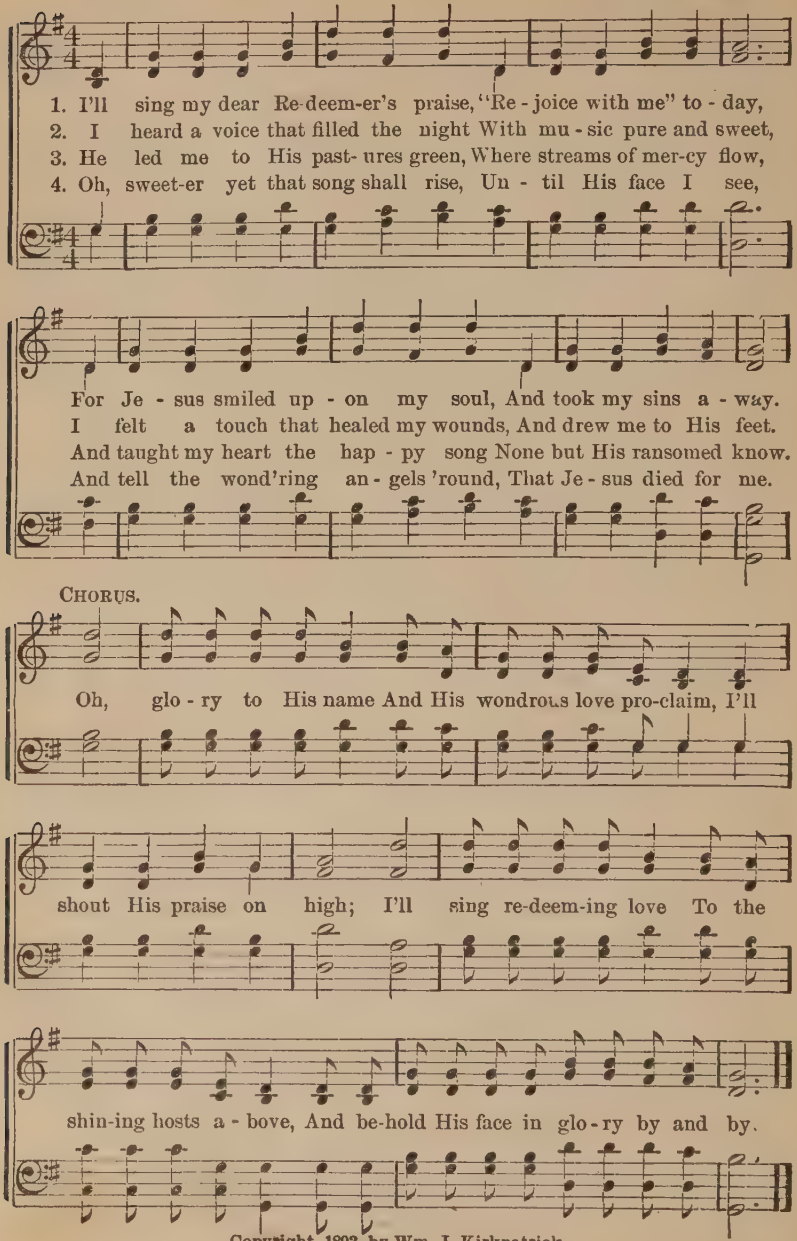
80 I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll sing my dear Re-deem-er's praise, "Re - joice with me" to - day,
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With mu - sic pure and sweet,
3. He led me to His past- ures green, Where streams of mer-cy flow,
4. Oh, sweet-er yet that song shall rise, Un - til His face I see,
For Je - sus smiled up - on my soul, And took my sins a - way.
I felt a touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to His feet.
And taught my heart the hap - py song None but His ransomed know.
And tell the wond'ring an - gels 'round, That Je - sus died for me.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo - ry to His name And His wondrous love pro-claim, I'll
shout His praise on high; I'll sing re-deem-ing love To the
shin-ing hosts a - bove, And be-hold His face in glo - ry by and by.

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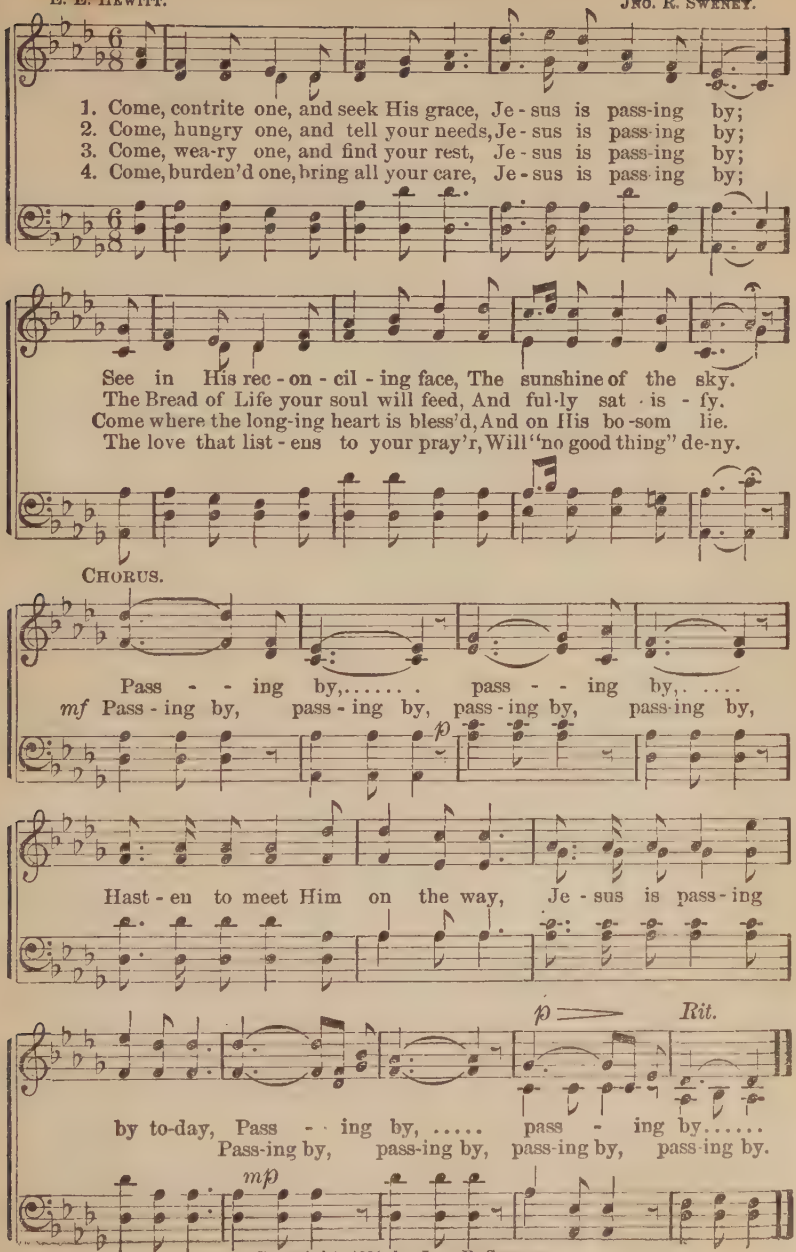
81 Jesus Is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Come, contrite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your needs, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, wea-ry one, and find your rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
See in His rec - on - cil - ing face, The sunshine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat - is - fy.
Come where the long-ing heart is bless'd, And on His bo-som lie.
The love that list - ens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" de-ny.
Chorus.
Pass - - ing by, ... pass - - ing by, ...
mf Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass-ing by,
p
Hast - en to meet Him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing
p
Rit.
by to-day, Pass - - ing by, ... pass - ing by. . . . . .
Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
mp

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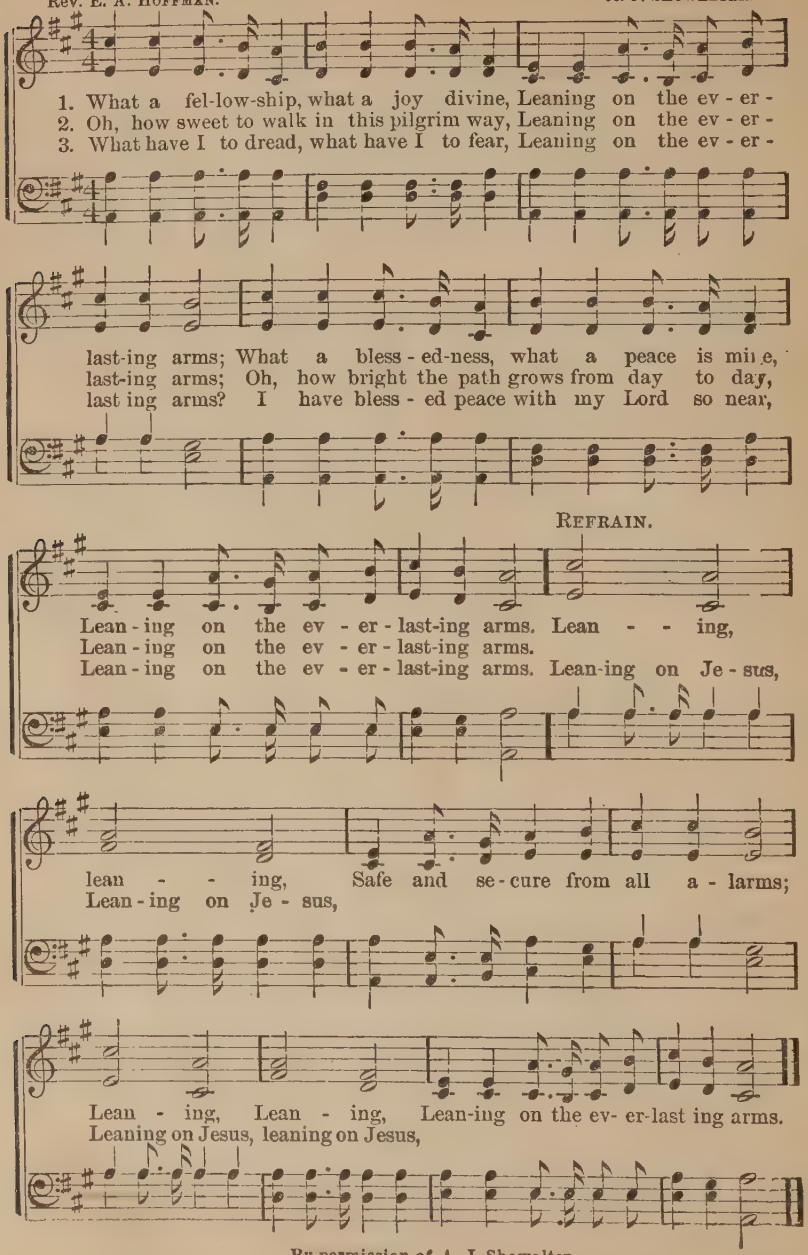
82 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -
last-ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,
lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev- er-last ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

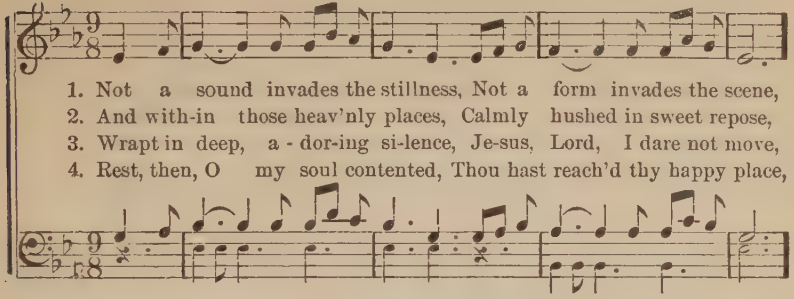
By permission of A. J. Showalter.

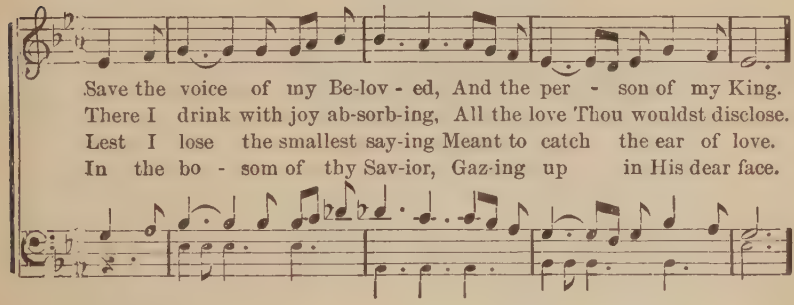
Whisperings of Jesus.

"I will betroth thee unto me forever."—Hosea 2: 19.

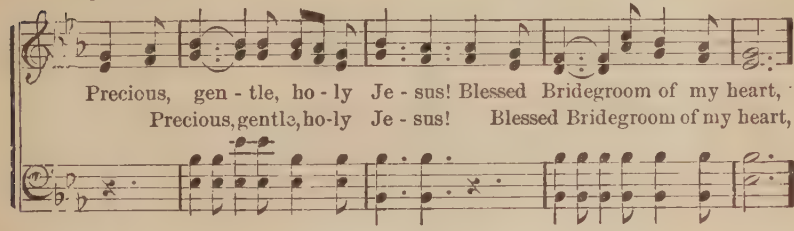
D. K. W.
With expression.

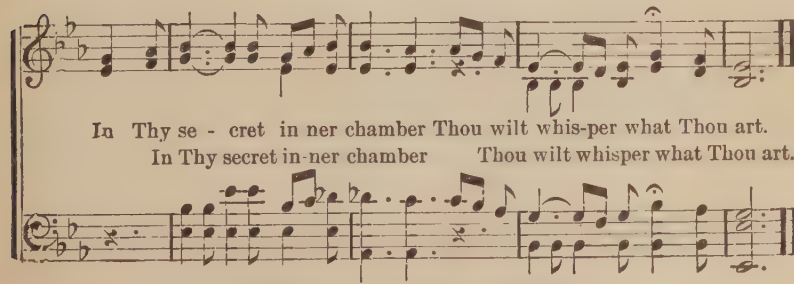
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet repose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je-sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul contented, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,


Save the voice of my Be-lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo - som of thy Sav-ior, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.

Chorus.





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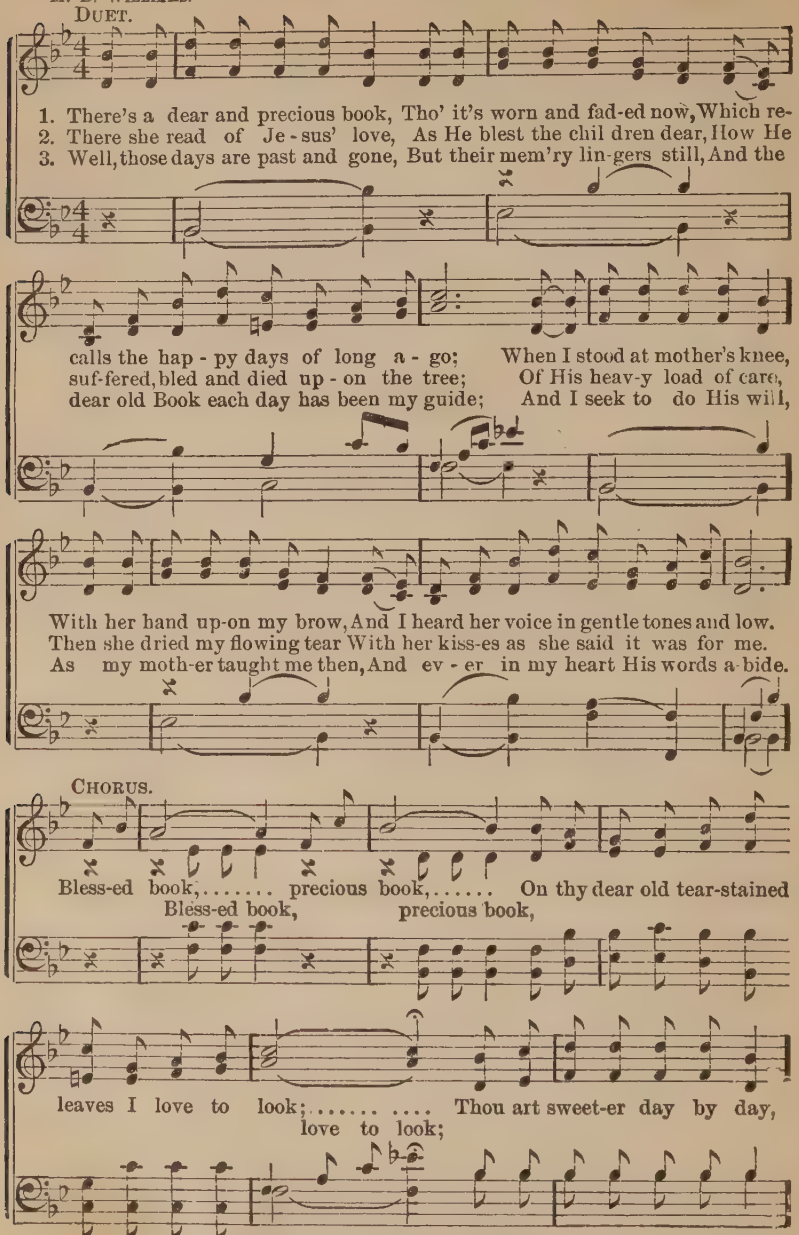
My Mother's Bible.

M. B. Williams. C. D. Tillman.


Duet.
1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the
calls the hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at mother's knee,
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.
Chorus.
Bless-ed book,..... precious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, precious book,
leaves I love to look;..... .... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;

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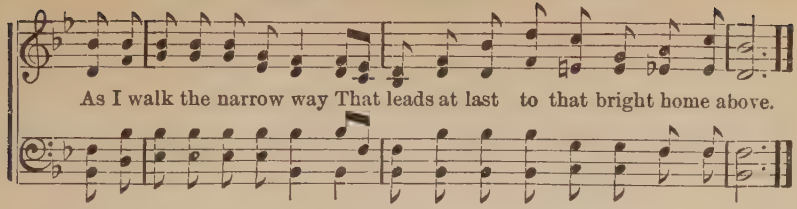
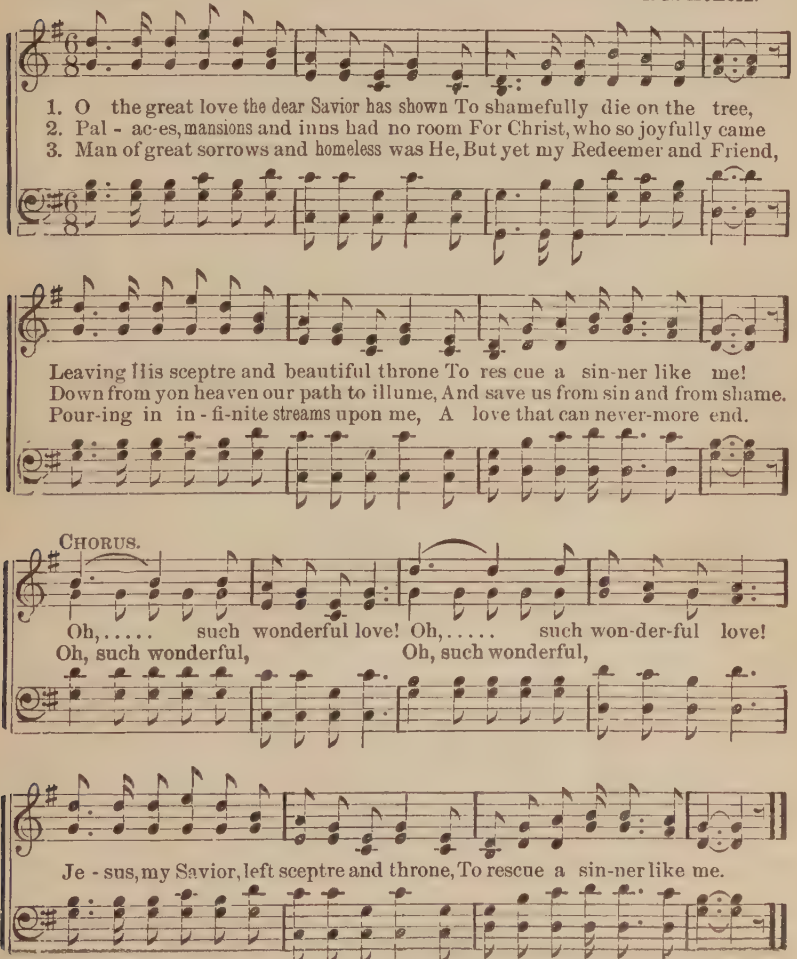
My Mother's Bible. Concluded.



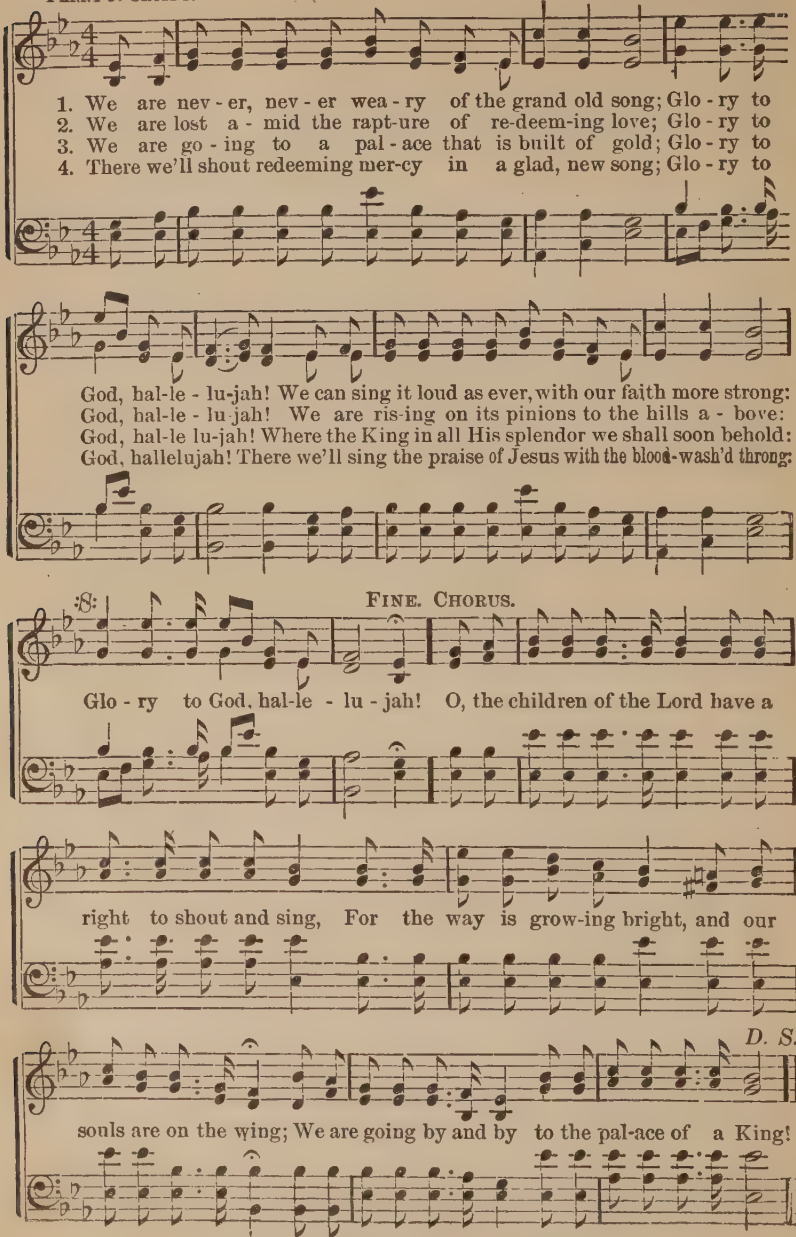
85 Oh, such Wonderful Love!

I. N. McHose. Alt. I. N. McHose.

1. O the great love the dear Savior has shown To shamefully die on the tree,
2. Pal - ac-es, mansions and inns had no room For Christ, who so joyfully came
3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was He, But yet my Redeemer and Friend,
Leaving His sceptre and beautiful throne To res cue a sin-ner like me!
Down from yon heaven our path to illume, And save us from sin and from shame.
Pour-ing in in - fi-nite streams upon me, A love that can never-more end.
Chorus.
Oh,..... such wonderful love! Oh,..... such won-der-ful love!
Oh, such wonderful, Oh, such wonderful,
Je - sus, my Savior, left sceptre and throne, To rescue a sin-ner like me.

By per. Henry Date, owner of copyright.

86 Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song; Glo - ry to
2. We are lost a - mid the rapt-ure of re-deem-ing love; Glo - ry to
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold; Glo - ry to
4. There we'll shout redeeming mer-cy in a glad, new song; Glo - ry to
God, hal-le - lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
God, hal-le - lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
God, hal-le lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon behold:
God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:
FINE. CHORUS.
Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our
D. S.
souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

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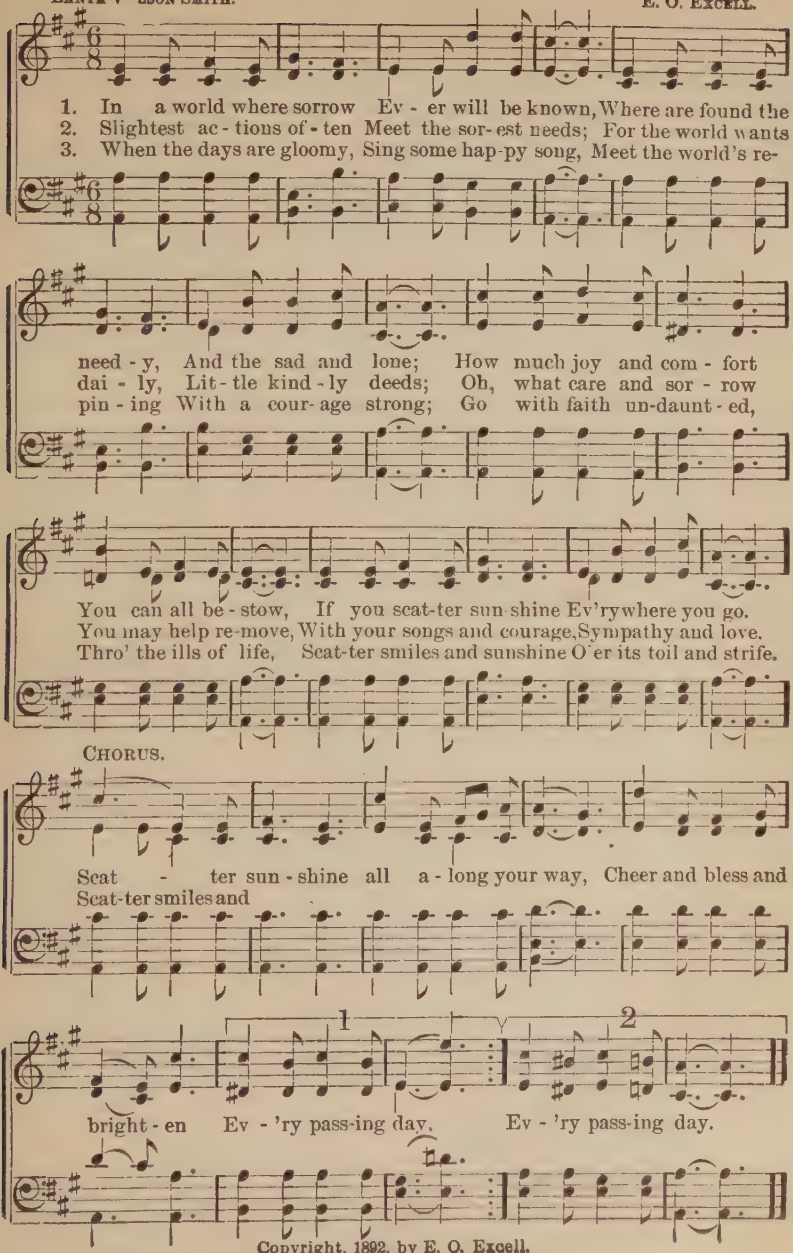
87 Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac - tions of - ten Meet the sor - est needs; For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed,
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev'rywhere you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter smiles and
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day. Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

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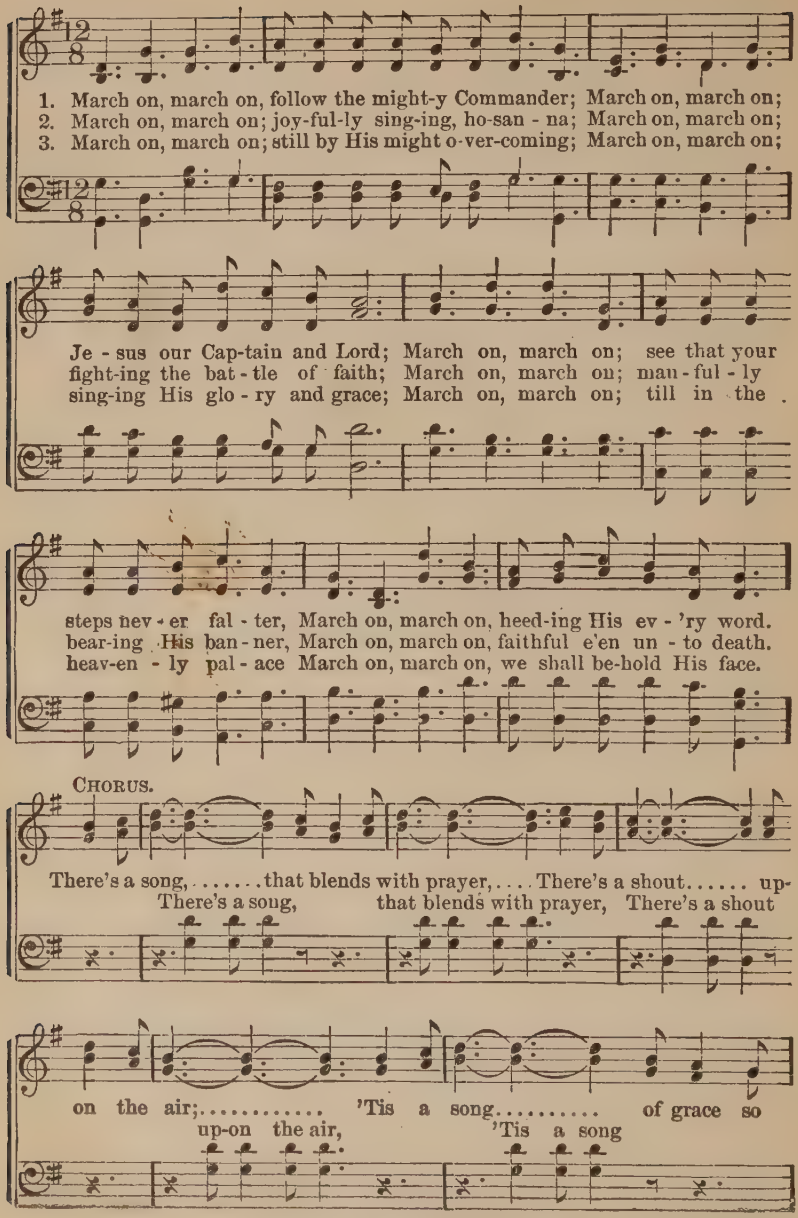
A Shout of Victory.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. March on, march on, follow the might-y Commander; March on, march on;
2. March on, march on; joy-ful-ly sing-ing, ho-san - na; March on, march on;
3. March on, march on; still by His might o-ver-coming; March on, march on;
Je - sus our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
fight-ing the bat - tle of faith; March on, march on; man-ful - ly
sing-ing His glo - ry and grace; March on, march on; till in the
steps nev - er fal - ter, March on, march on, heed-ing His ev - 'ry word.
bear-ing His ban - ner, March on, march on, faithful e'en un - to death.
heav-en - ly pal - ace March on, march on, we shall be-hold His face.
Chorus.
There's a song, ... that blends with prayer, ... There's a shout . . . . . up-
There's a song, that blends with prayer, There's a shout
on the air; . . . . . 'Tis a song . . . . . of grace so
up-on the air, 'Tis a song

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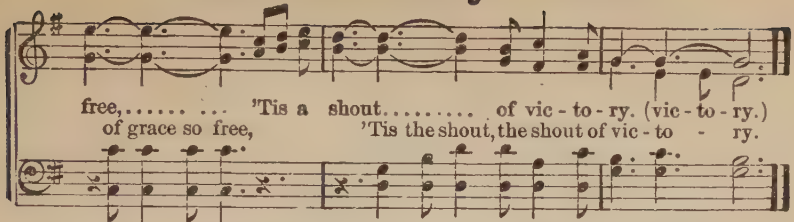
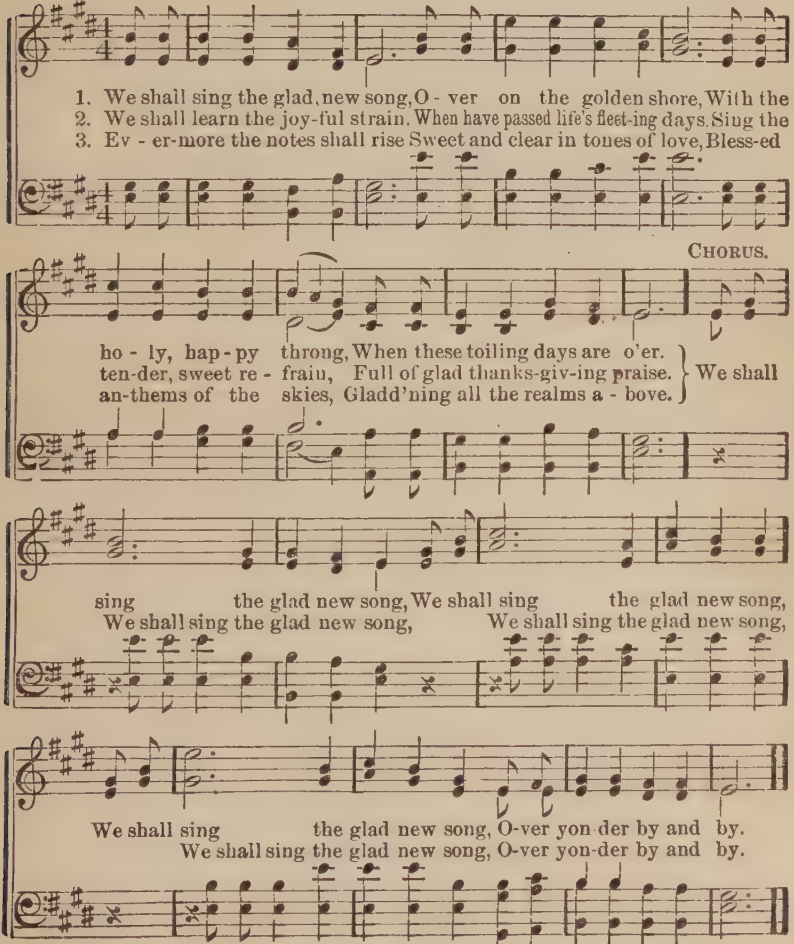
A Shout of Victory. Concluded.



89 We shall Sing the Glad New Song.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We shall sing the glad, new song, O - ver on the golden shore, With the
2. We shall learn the joy-ful strain, When have passed life's fleet-ing days. Sing the
3. Ev - er-more the notes shall rise Sweet and clear in tones of love, Bless-ed
CHORUS.
ho - ly, hap - py throng, When these toiling days are o'er.
ten-der, sweet re - frain, Full of glad thanks-giv-ing praise.
an-thems of the skies, Gladd'ning all the realms a - bove.
We shall
sing the glad new song, We shall sing the glad new song,
We shall sing the glad new song, We shall sing the glad new song,
We shall sing the glad new song, O-ver yon-der by and by.
We shall sing the glad new song, O-ver yon-der by and by.

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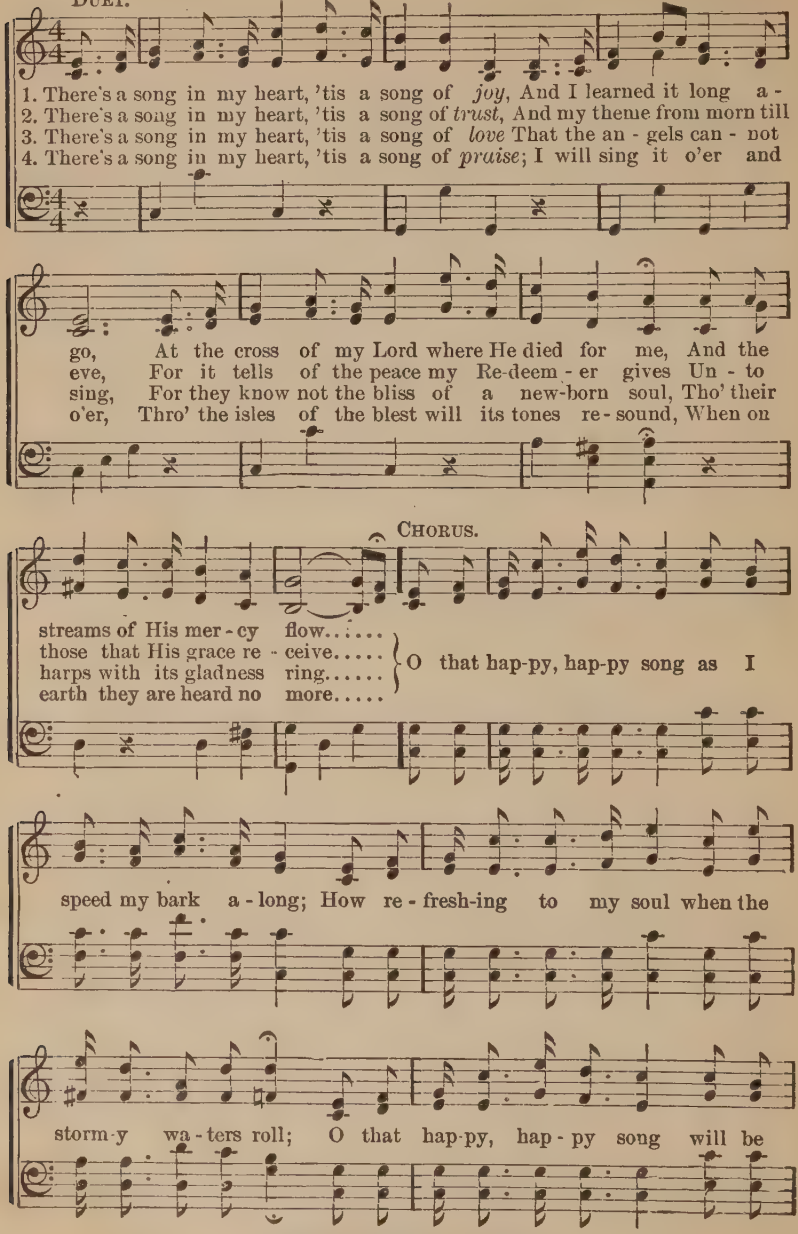
90 A Song in my Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of joy, And I learned it long a-
2. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of trust, And my theme from morn till
3. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of love That the an-gels can-not
4. There's a song in my heart, 'tis a song of praise; I will sing it o'er and
go, At the cross of my Lord where He died for me, And the
eve, For it tells of the peace my Re-deem-er gives Un-to
sing, For they know not the bliss of a new-born soul, Tho' their
o'er, Thro' the isles of the blest will its tones re-sound, When on
CHORUS.
streams of His mer-cy flow.....
those that His grace re-ceive.....
harps with its gladness ring.....
earth they are heard no more.....
O that hap-py, hap-py song as I
speed my bark a-long; How re-fresh-ing to my soul when the
storm-y wa-ters roll; O that hap-py, hap-py song will be

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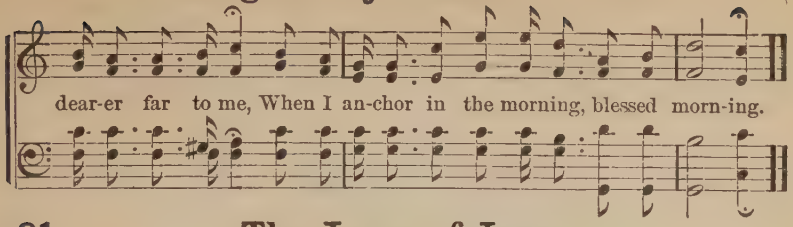
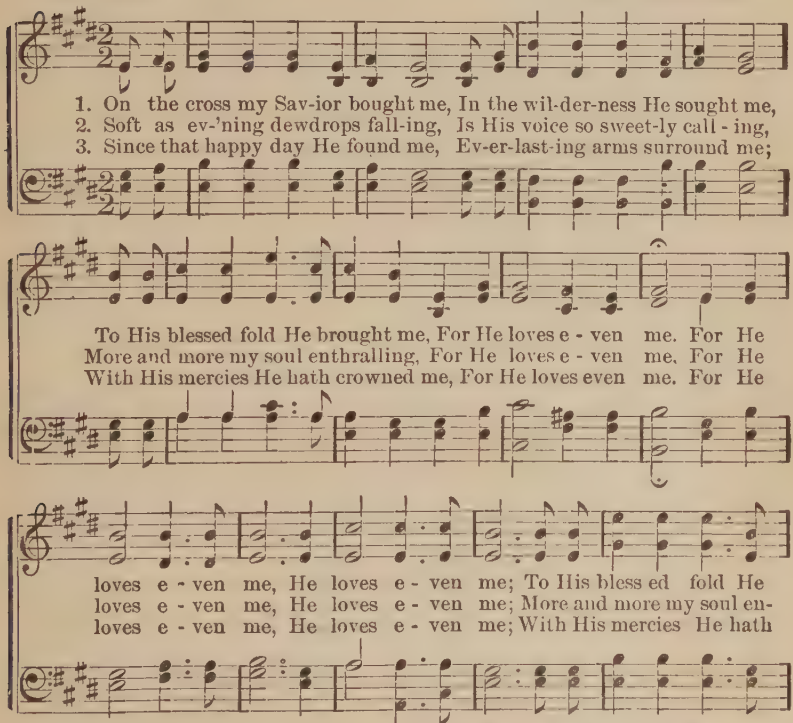
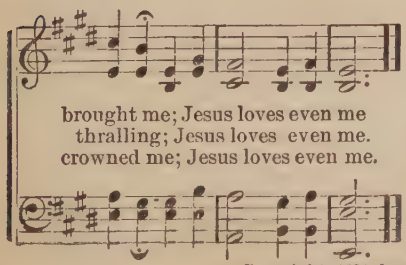
A Song in my Heart. Concluded.



91 The Love of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the cross my Sav-ior bought me, In the wil-der-ness He sought me,
2. Soft as ev-'ning dewdrops fall-ing, Is His voice so sweet-ly call - ing,
3. Since that happy day He found me, Ev-er-last-ing arms surround me;
To His blessed fold He brought me, For He loves e - ven me. For He
More and more my soul enthralling, For He loves e - ven me. For He
With His mercies He hath crowned me, For He loves even me. For He
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; To His bless ed fold He
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; More and more my soul en-
loves e - ven me, He loves e - ven me; With His mercies He hath



4 All my needs to Him I'm bringing,
To His keeping hand I'm clinging,
And my heart for joy is singing,
For He loves even me.
And my heart for joy is singing,
Jesus loves even me.

5 Though the ills of life may grieve me,
Yet I know He'll never leave me,
To His glory He'll receive me,
For He loves even me.
To His glory He'll receive me,
Jesus loves even me.

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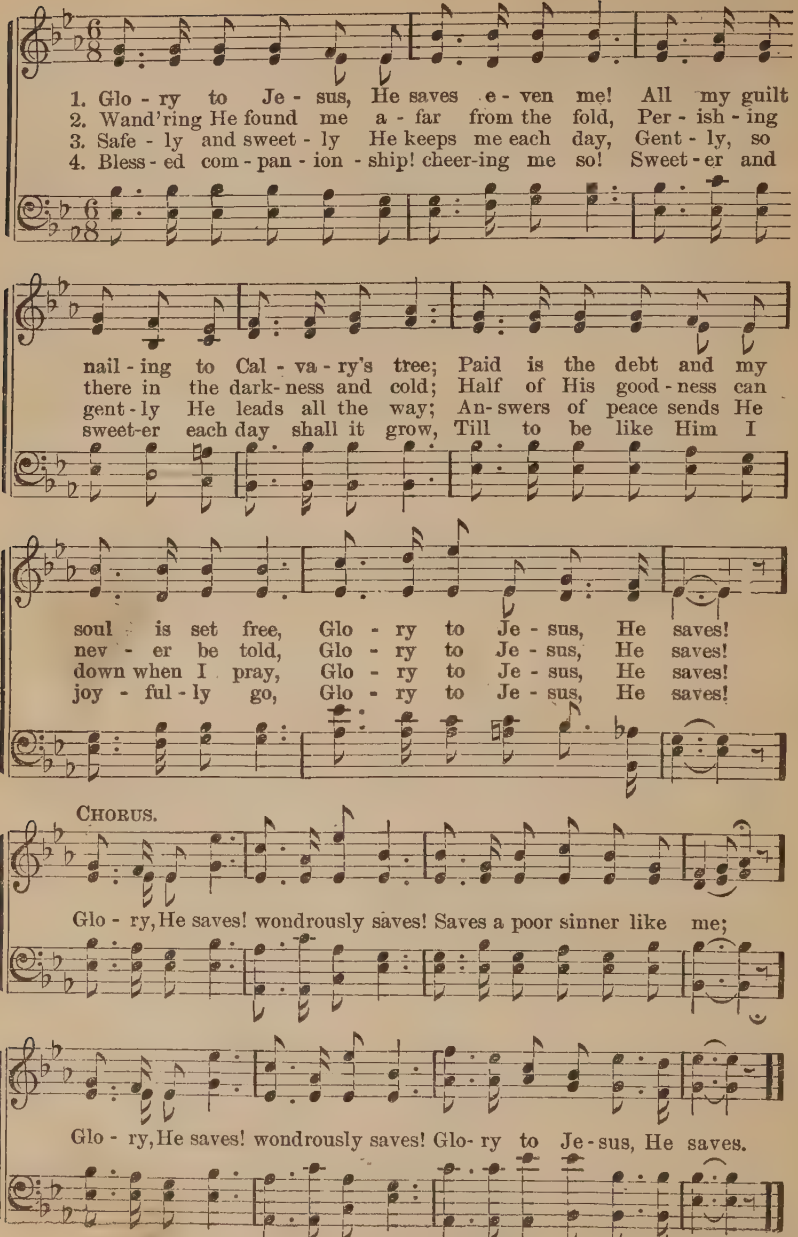
92 Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves e - ven me! All my guilt
2. Wand'ring He found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly He keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship! cheer-ing me so! Sweet - er and
nail - ing to Cal - va - ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of His good - ness can
gent - ly He leads all the way; An- swers of peace sends He
sweet-er each day shall it grow, Till to be like Him I
soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves!
Chorus.
Glo - ry, He saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;
Glo - ry, He saves! wondrously saves! Glo- ry to Je - sus, He saves.

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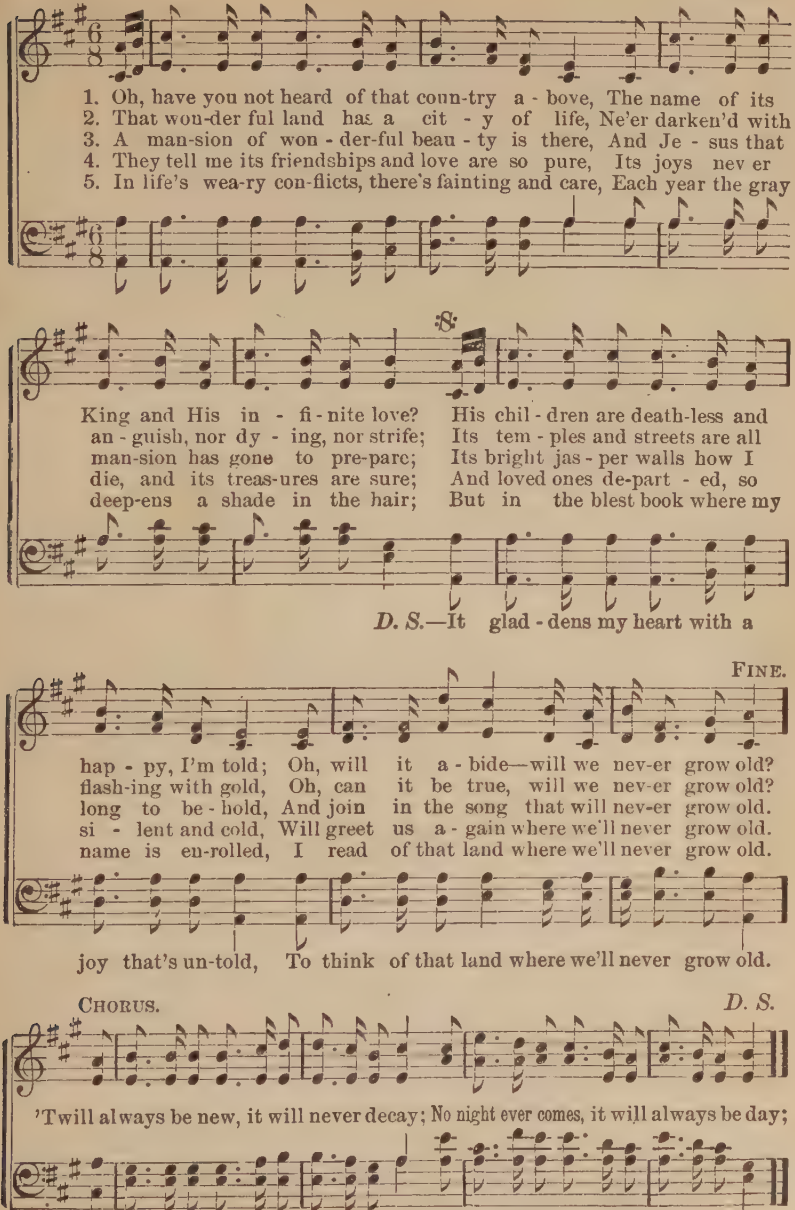
93 It Will Never Grow Old.

Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose.

1. Oh, have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. That won-der ful land has a cit - y of life, Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man-sion of won - der-ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev er
5. In life's wea-ry con-flicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray
King and His in - fi - nite love? His chil - dren are death-less and
an - guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife; Its tem - ples and streets are all
man-sion has gone to pre-pare; Its bright jas - per walls how I
die, and its treas-ures are sure; And loved ones de-part - ed, so
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my
D. S.—It glad - dens my heart with a
FINE.
hap - py, I'm told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
flash-ing with gold, Oh, can it be true, will we nev-er grow old?
long to be - hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old.
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
name is en-rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.
joy that's un-told, To think of that land where we'll never grow old.
CHORUS.
D. S.
'Twill always be new, it will never decay; No night ever comes, it will always be day;

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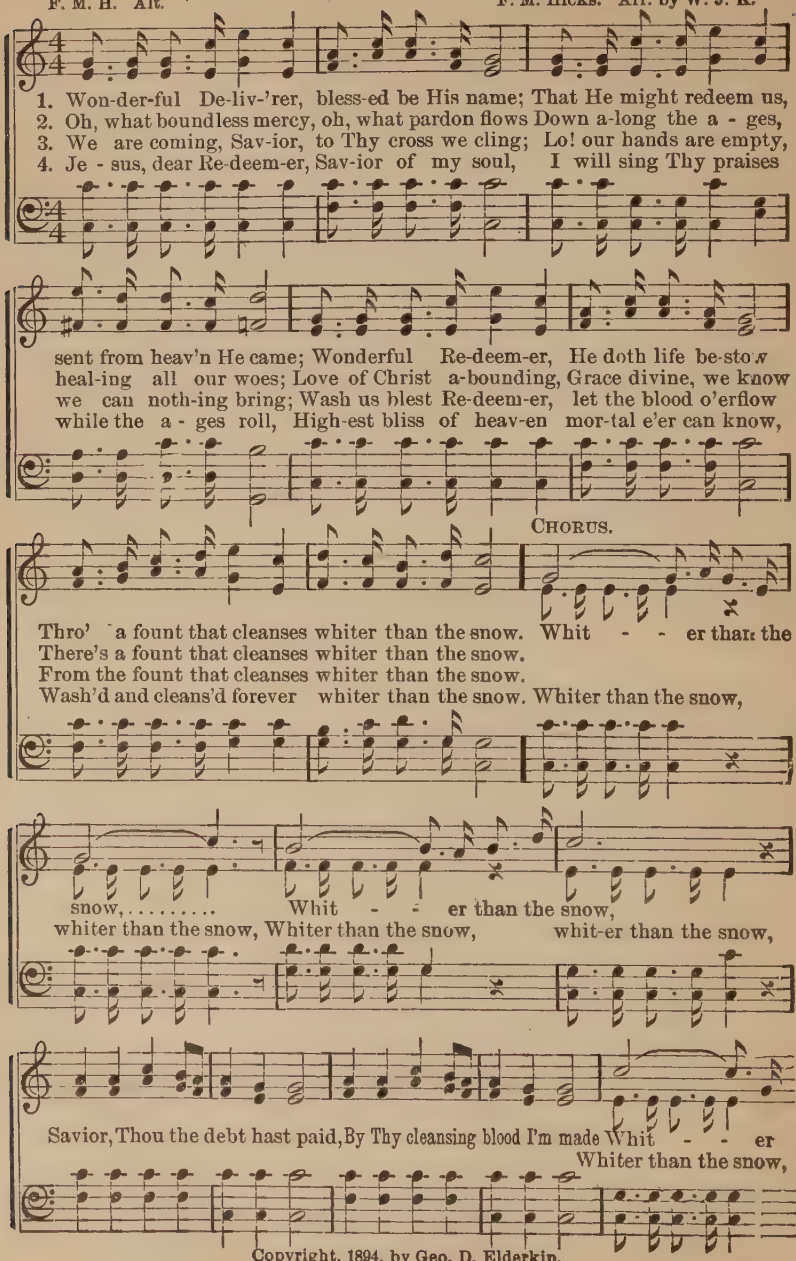
94 Wonderful Redeemer.

F. M. H. Alt. F. M. Hicks. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Won-der-ful De-liv-'rer, bless-ed be His name; That He might redeem us,
2. Oh, what boundless mercy, oh, what pardon flows Down a-long the a - ges,
3. We are coming, Sav-ior, to Thy cross we cling; Lo! our hands are empty,
4. Je - sus, dear Re-deem-er, Sav-ior of my soul, I will sing Thy praises
sent from heav'n He came; Wonderful Re-deem-er, He doth life be-stow
heal-ing all our woes; Love of Christ a-bounding, Grace divine, we know
we can noth-ing bring; Wash us blest Re-deem-er, let the blood o'erflow
while the a - ges roll, High-est bliss of heav-en mor-tal e'er can know,
Chorus.
Thro' a fount that cleanses whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the
There's a fount that cleanses whiter than the snow.
From the fount that cleanses whiter than the snow.
Wash'd and cleans'd forever whiter than the snow. Whiter than the snow,
snow, ... Whit - - er than the snow,
whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, whit-er than the snow,
Savior, Thou the debt hast paid, By Thy cleansing blood I'm made Whit - - er
Whiter than the snow,

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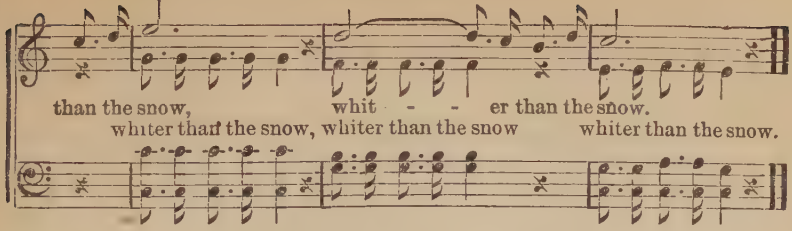
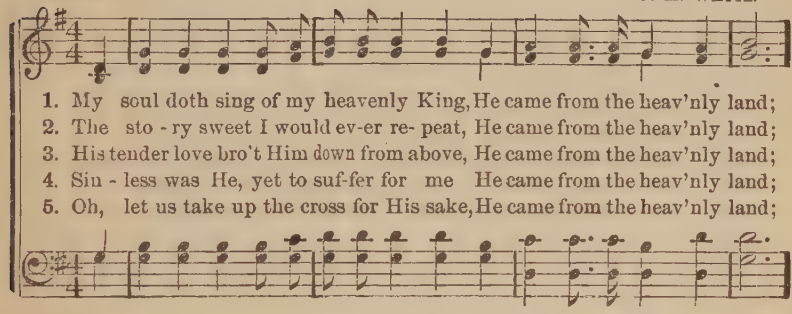
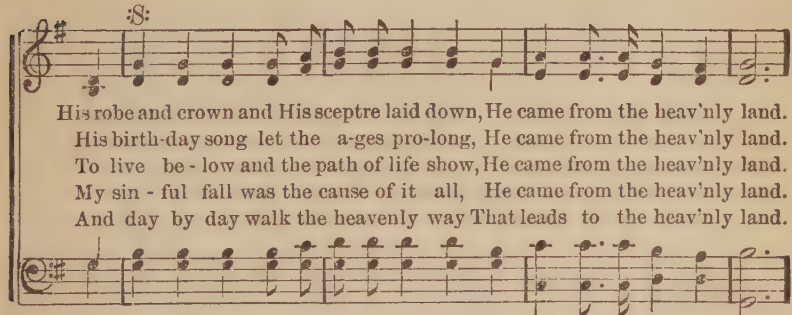
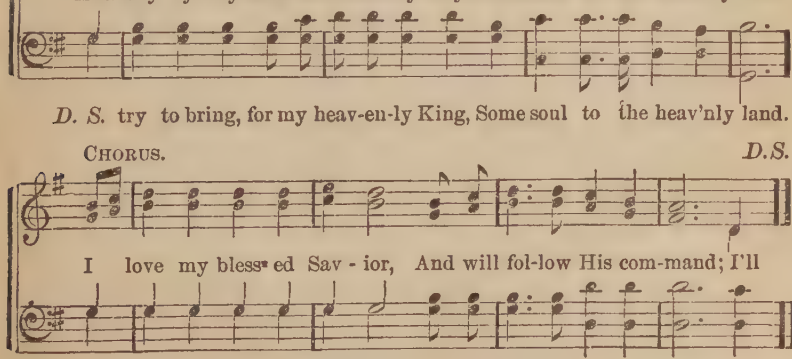


95 He Came from the Heavenly Land.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.


1. My soul doth sing of my heavenly King, He came from the heav'nly land;
2. The sto - ry sweet I would ev-er re- peat, He came from the heav'nly land;
3. His tender love bro't Him down from above, He came from the heav'nly land;
4. Sin - less was He, yet to suf-fer for me He came from the heav'nly land;
5. Oh, let us take up the cross for His sake, He came from the heav'nly land;


:S:
His robe and crown and His sceptre laid down, He came from the heav'nly land.
His birth-day song let the a-ges pro-long, He came from the heav'nly land.
To live be - low and the path of life show, He came from the heav'nly land.
My sin - ful fall was the cause of it all, He came from the heav'nly land.
And day by day walk the heavenly way That leads to the heav'nly land.


D. S. try to bring, for my heav-en-ly King, Some soul to the heav'nly land.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I love my bless- ed Sav - ior, And will fol-low His com-mand; I'll

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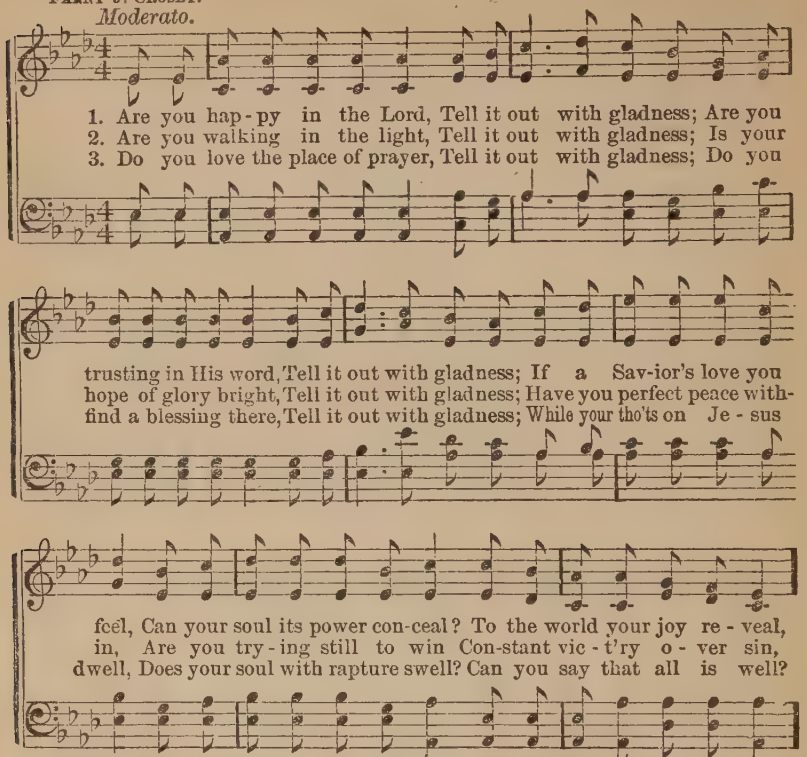
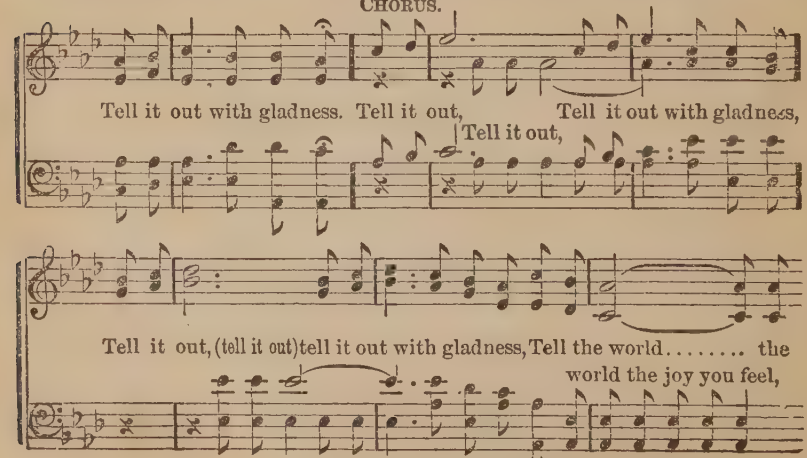
96 Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you
trusting in His word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Sav-ior's love you
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace with-
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your tho'ts on Je - sus
feel, Can your soul its power con-ceal? To the world your joy re - veal,
in, Are you try-ing still to win Con-stant vic-t'ry o - ver sin,
dwell, Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well?

CHORUS.


Tell it out with gladness. Tell it out, Tell it out with gladness,
Tell it out,
Tell it out, (tell it out) tell it out with gladness, Tell the world..... the
world the joy you feel,

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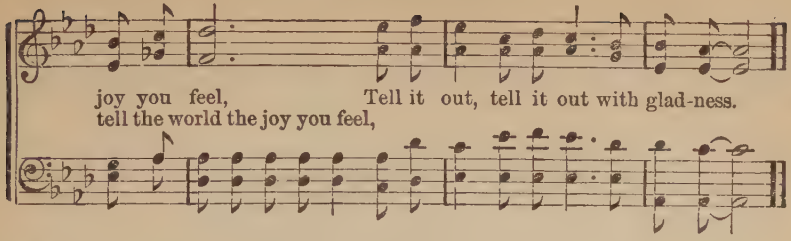
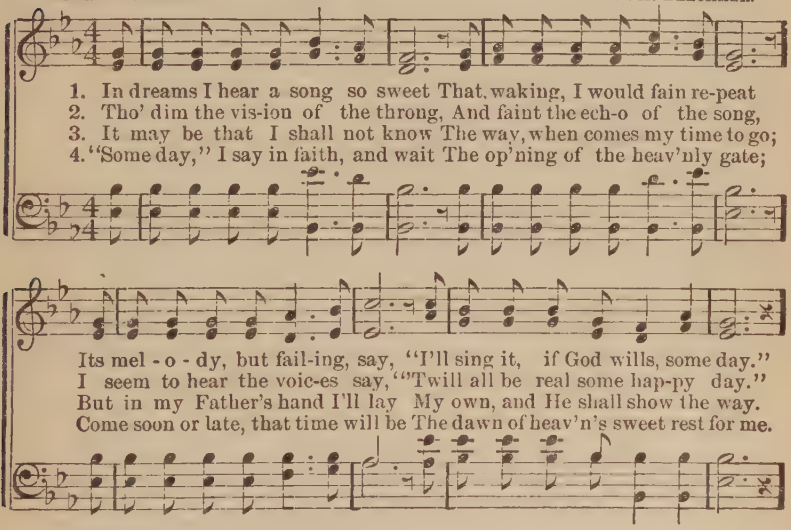
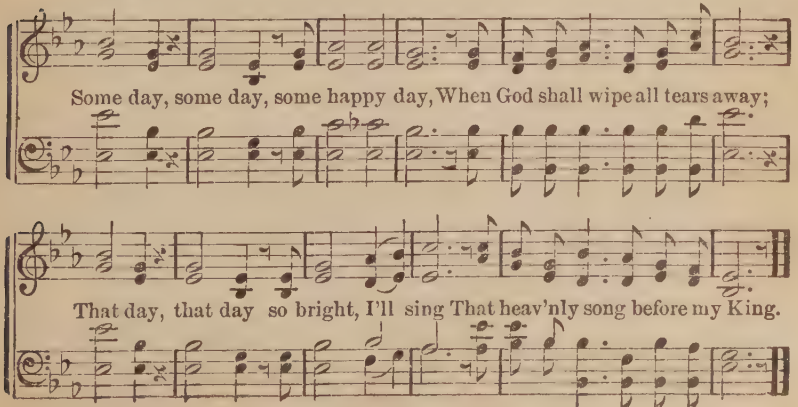


97 Some Happy Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. In dreams I hear a song so sweet That, waking, I would fain re-peat
2. Tho' dim the vis-ion of the throng, And faint the ech-o of the song,
3. It may be that I shall not know The way, when comes my time to go;
4. "Some day," I say in faith, and wait The op'ning of the heav'nly gate;
Its mel - o - dy, but fail-ing, say, "I'll sing it, if God wills, some day."
I seem to hear the voic-es say, "'Twill all be real some hap-py day."
But in my Father's hand I'll lay My own, and He shall show the way.
Come soon or late, that time will be The dawn of heav'n's sweet rest for me.

CHORUS.


Some day, some day, some happy day, When God shall wipe all tears away;
That day, that day so bright, I'll sing That heav'nly song before my King.

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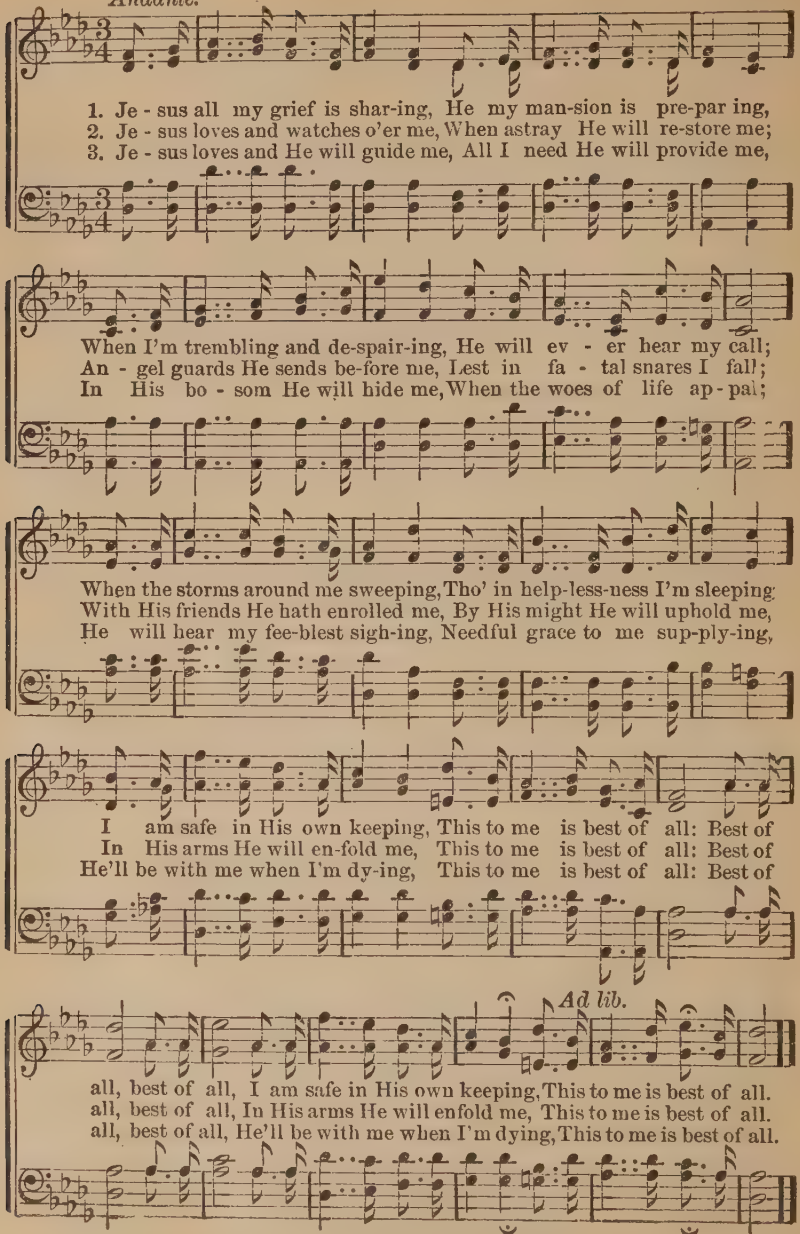
Best of All.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante.


1. Je - sus all my grief is shar-ing, He my man-sion is pre-par ing,
2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When astray He will re-store me;
3. Je - sus loves and He will guide me, All I need He will provide me,
When I'm trembling and de-spair-ing, He will ev - er hear my call;
An - gel guards He sends be-fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;
In His bo - som He will hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal;
When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in help-less-ness I'm sleeping
With His friends He hath enrolled me, By His might He will uphold me,
He will hear my fee-blest sigh-ing, Needful grace to me sup-ply-ing,
I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all: Best of
In His arms He will en-fold me, This to me is best of all: Best of
He'll be with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all: Best of
Ad lib.
all, best of all, I am safe in His own keeping, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, In His arms He will enfold me, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

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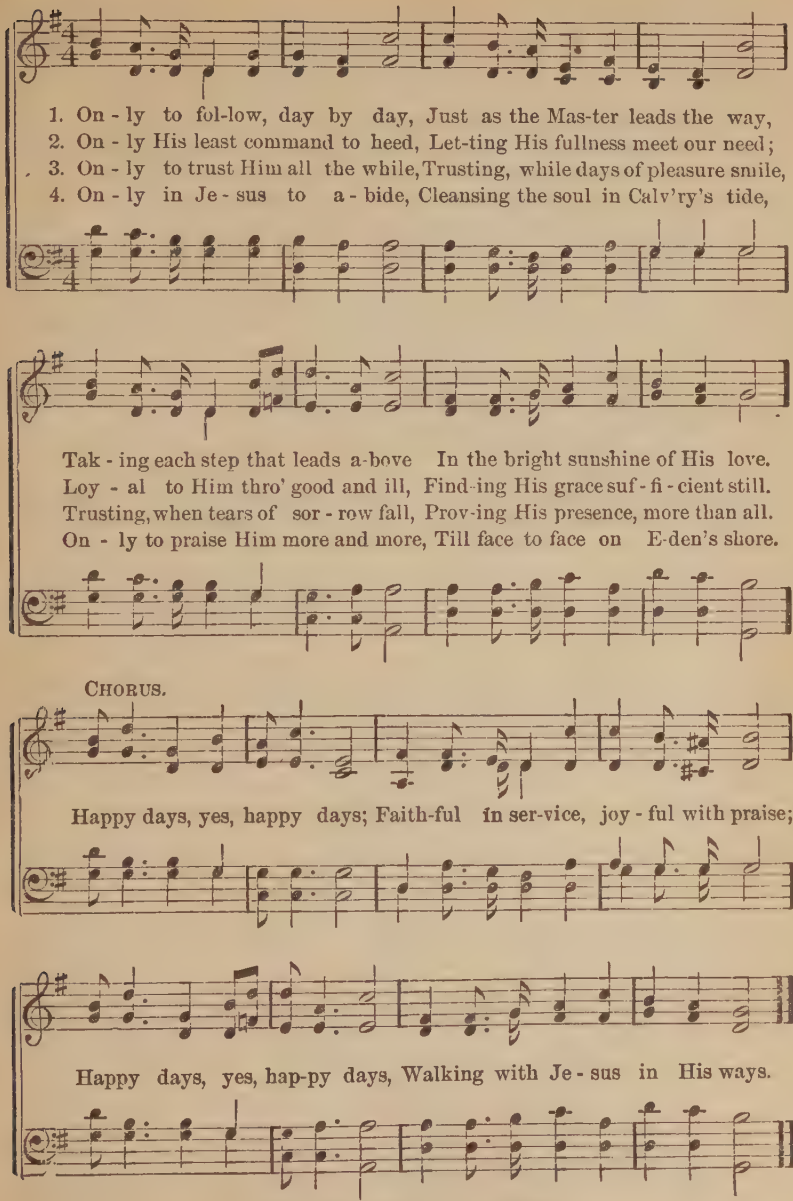
Happy Days.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On - ly to fol-low, day by day, Just as the Mas-ter leads the way,
2. On - ly His least command to heed, Let-ting His fullness meet our need;
3. On - ly to trust Him all the while, Trusting, while days of pleasure smile,
4. On - ly in Je - sus to a - bide, Cleansing the soul in Calv'ry's tide,
Tak - ing each step that leads a-bove In the bright sunshine of His love.
Loy - al to Him thro' good and ill, Find-ing His grace suf - fi - cient still.
Trusting, when tears of sor - row fall, Prov-ing His presence, more than all.
On - ly to praise Him more and more, Till face to face on E-den's shore.
Chorus.
Happy days, yes, happy days; Faith-ful in ser-vice, joy - ful with praise;
Happy days, yes, hap-py days, Walking with Je - sus in His ways.

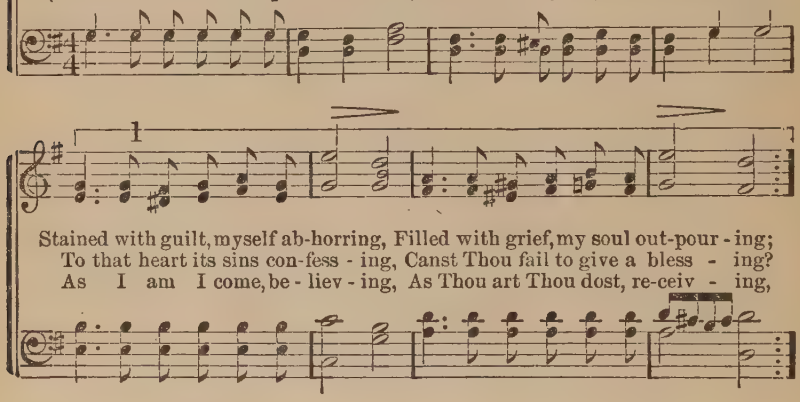
Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

100 The Penitent's Plea.

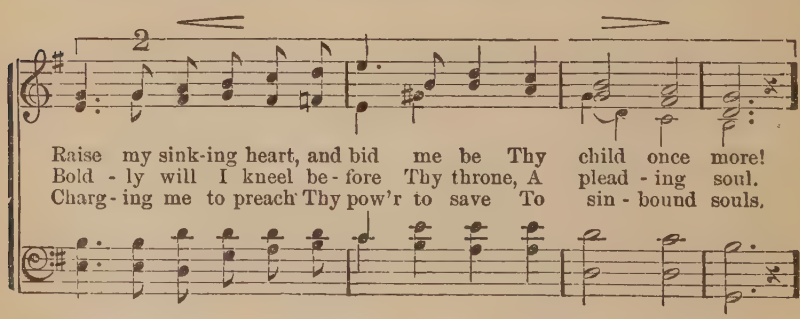
H. B (Harmonized by W. J. K.) Com. Herbert Booth. By per.

Andante con espress.

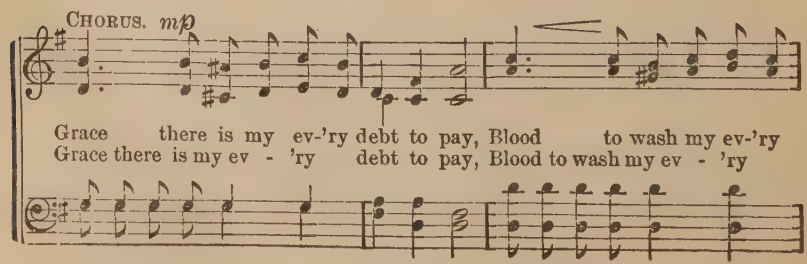
1. { Sav - ior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the re-cord of my sins re - peat,
   { Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
2. { Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
   { By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
3. { All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev-'ry promise write my name;
   { Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;



Stained with guilt, myself ab-horring, Filled with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceiv - ing,

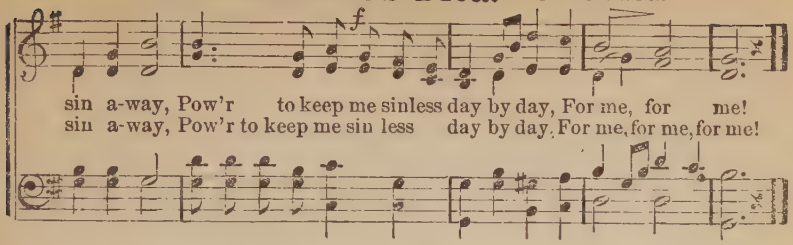


Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg - ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.



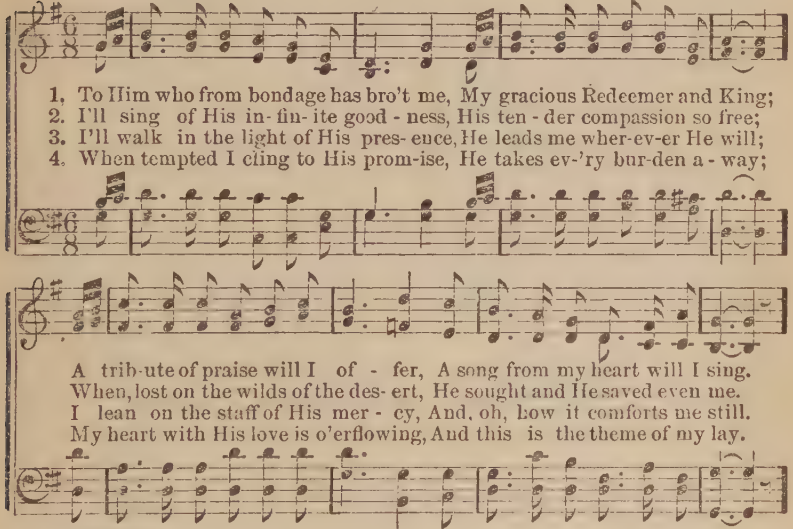
Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea. Concluded.

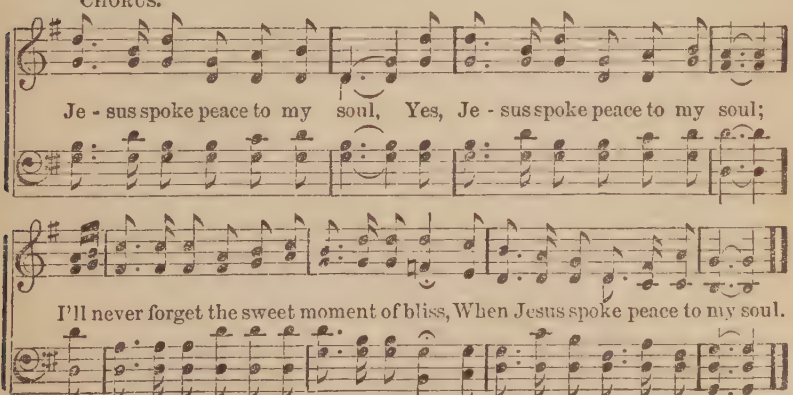


101 Jesus Spoke Peace to my Soul.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. To Him who from bondage has bro't me, My gracious Redeemer and King;
2. I'll sing of His in- fin- ite good - ness, His ten - der compassion so free;
3. I'll walk in the light of His pres- ence, He leads me wher-ev-er He will;
4. When tempted I cling to His prom-ise, He takes ev-'ry bur-den a - way;
A trib-ute of praise will I of - fer, A song from my heart will I sing.
When, lost on the wilds of the des- ert, He sought and He saved even me.
I lean on the staff of His mer - cy, And, oh, how it comforts me still.
My heart with His love is o'erflowing, And this is the theme of my lay.

CHORUS.


Je - sus spoke peace to my soul, Yes, Je - sus spoke peace to my soul;
I'll never forget the sweet moment of bliss, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

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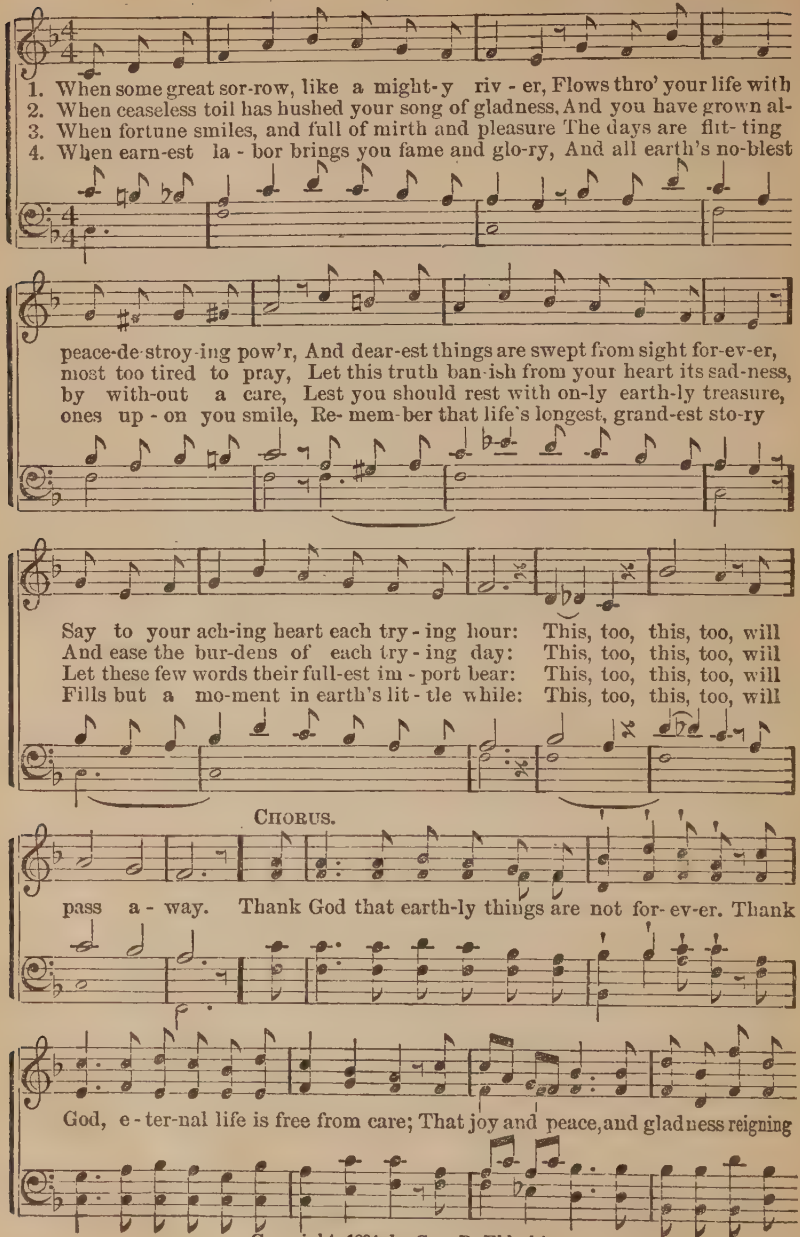
102 This, Too, Will Pass Away.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.


1. When some great sor-row, like a might-y riv - er, Flows thro' your life with
2. When ceaseless toil has hushed your song of gladness, And you have grown al-
3. When fortune smiles, and full of mirth and pleasure The days are flit- ting
4. When earn-est la - bor brings you fame and glo-ry, And all earth's no-blest
peace-de-stroy-ing pow'r, And dear-est things are swept from sight for-ev-er,
most too tired to pray, Let this truth ban-ish from your heart its sad-ness,
by with-out a care, Lest you should rest with on-ly earth-ly treasure,
ones up - on you smile, Re- mem-ber that life's longest, grand-est sto-ry
Say to your ach-ing heart each try - ing hour: This, too, this, too, will
And ease the bur-dens of each try - ing day: This, too, this, too, will
Let these few words their full-est im - port bear: This, too, this, too, will
Fills but a mo-ment in earth's lit - tle while: This, too, this, too, will
CHORUS.
pass a - way. Thank God that earth-ly things are not for- ev-er. Thank
God, e - ter-nal life is free from care; That joy and peace, and gladness reigning

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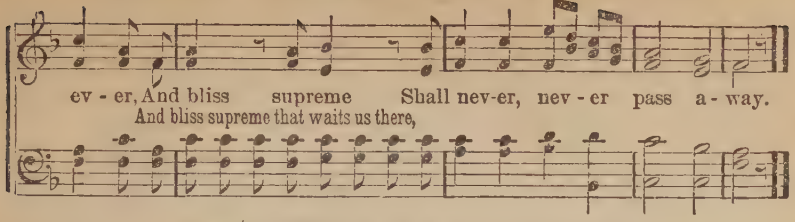
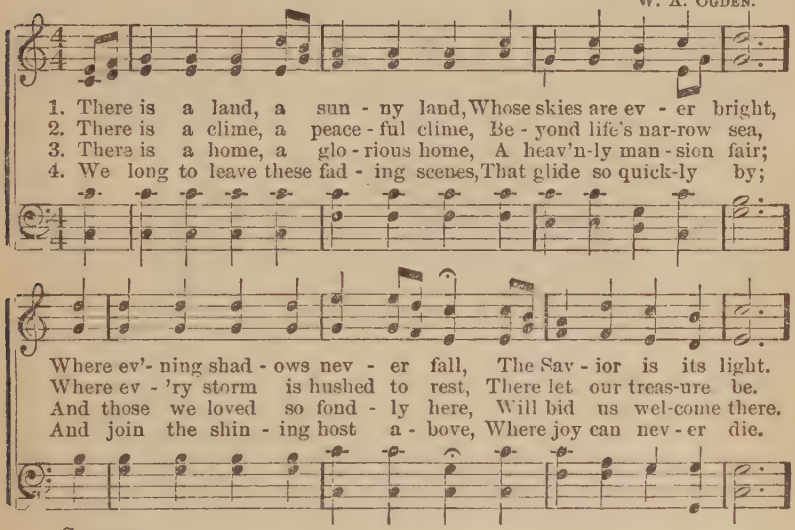
This, Too, Will Pass Away. Concluded.

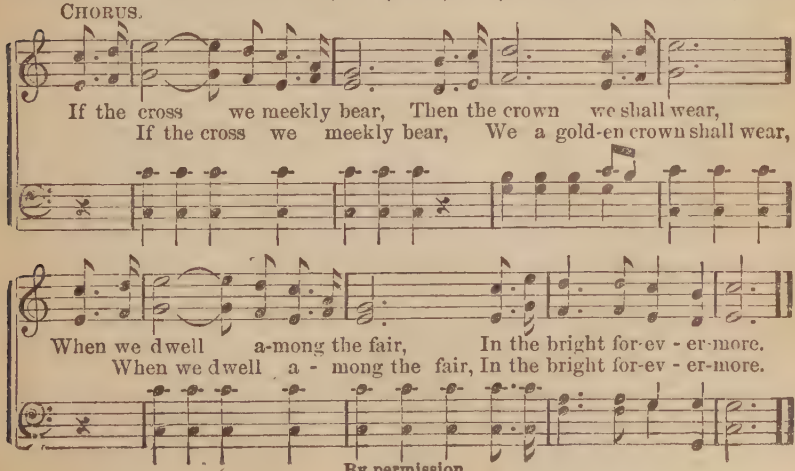


103 The Bright Forevermore.

W. A. Ogden.


1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
2. There is a clime, a peace - ful clime, Be - yond life's nar-row sea,
3. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n-ly man - sion fair;
4. We long to leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick-ly by;
Where ev'- ning shad - ows nev - er fall, The Sav - ior is its light.
Where ev - 'ry storm is hushed to rest, There let our treas-ure be.
And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel-come there.
And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

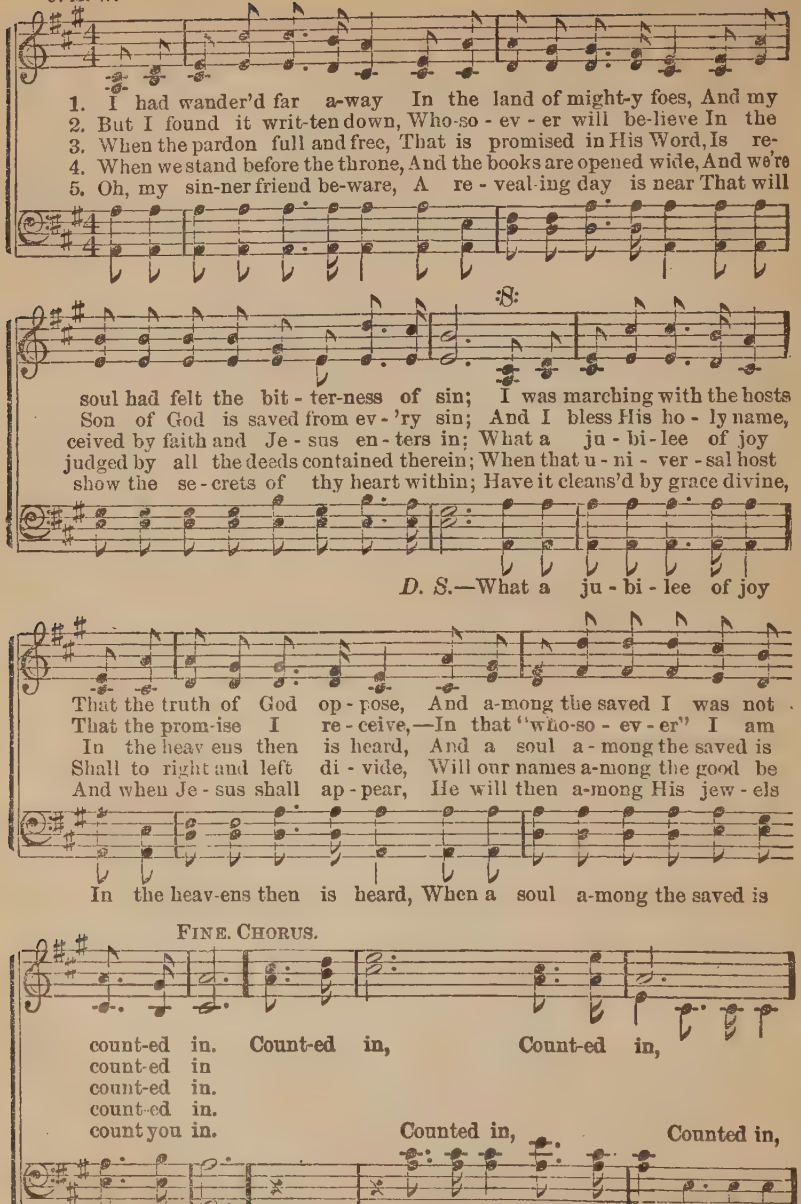
Chorus.


If the cross we meekly bear, Then the crown we shall wear,
If the cross we meekly bear, We a gold-en crown shall wear,
When we dwell a-mong the fair, In the bright for-ev - er-more.
When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for-ev - er-more.

By permission.

104 Counted In.

J. M. W. J. M. WHITE.


1. I had wander'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my
2. But I found it writ-ten down, Who-so - ev - er will be-lieve In the
3. When the pardon full and free, That is promised in His Word, Is re-
4. When we stand before the throne, And the books are opened wide, And we're
5. Oh, my sin-ner friend be-ware, A re - veal-ing day is near That will
soul had felt the bit - ter-ness of sin; I was marching with the hosts
Son of God is saved from ev - 'ry sin; And I bless His ho - ly name,
ceived by faith and Je - sus en - ters in; What a ju - bi - lee of joy
judged by all the deeds contained therein; When that u - ni - ver - sal host
show the se - crets of thy heart within; Have it cleans'd by grace divine,
D. S.—What a ju - bi - lee of joy
That the truth of God op - pose, And a-mong the saved I was not
That the prom-ise I re - ceive,—In that "who-so - ev - er" I am
In the heav-ens then is heard, And a soul a - mong the saved is
Shall to right and left di - vide, Will our names a-mong the good be
And when Je - sus shall ap - pear, He will then a-mong His jew - els
In the heav-ens then is heard, When a soul a-mong the saved is
FINE. CHORUS.
count-ed in. Count-ed in, Count-ed in,
count-ed in
count-ed in.
count-ed in.
count you in.
Counted in, Counted in,
count-ed in.

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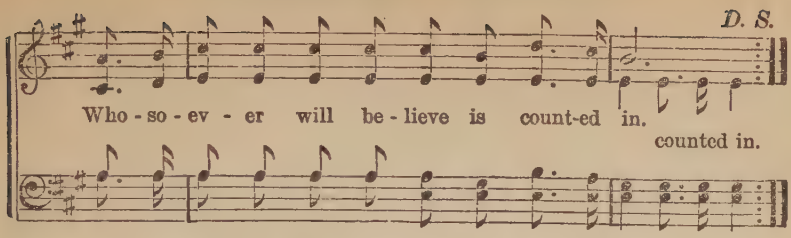
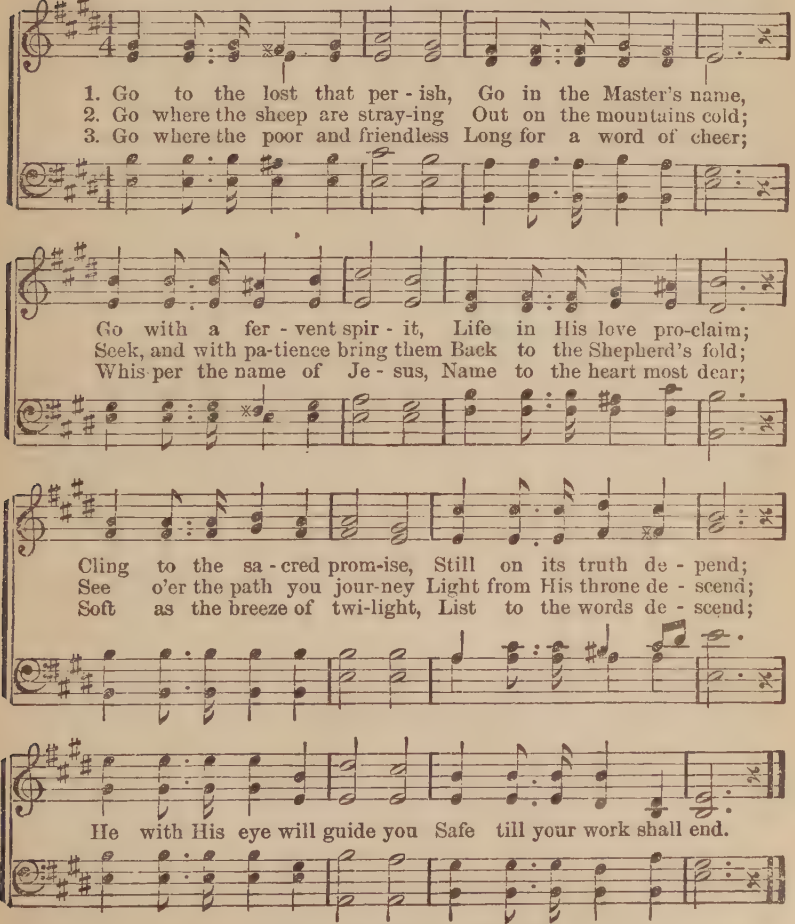
Counted In. Concluded.



105 Go to the Lost that Perish.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Go to the lost that per - ish, Go in the Master's name,
2. Go where the sheep are stray-ing Out on the mountains cold;
3. Go where the poor and friendless Long for a word of cheer;
Go with a fer - vent spir - it, Life in His love pro-claim;
Seek, and with pa-tience bring them Back to the Shepherd's fold;
Whis-per the name of Je - sus, Name to the heart most dear;
Cling to the sa - cred prom-ise, Still on its truth de - pend;
See o'er the path you jour-ney Light from His throne de - scend;
Soft as the breeze of twi-light, List to the words de - scend;
He with His eye will guide you Safe till your work shall end.

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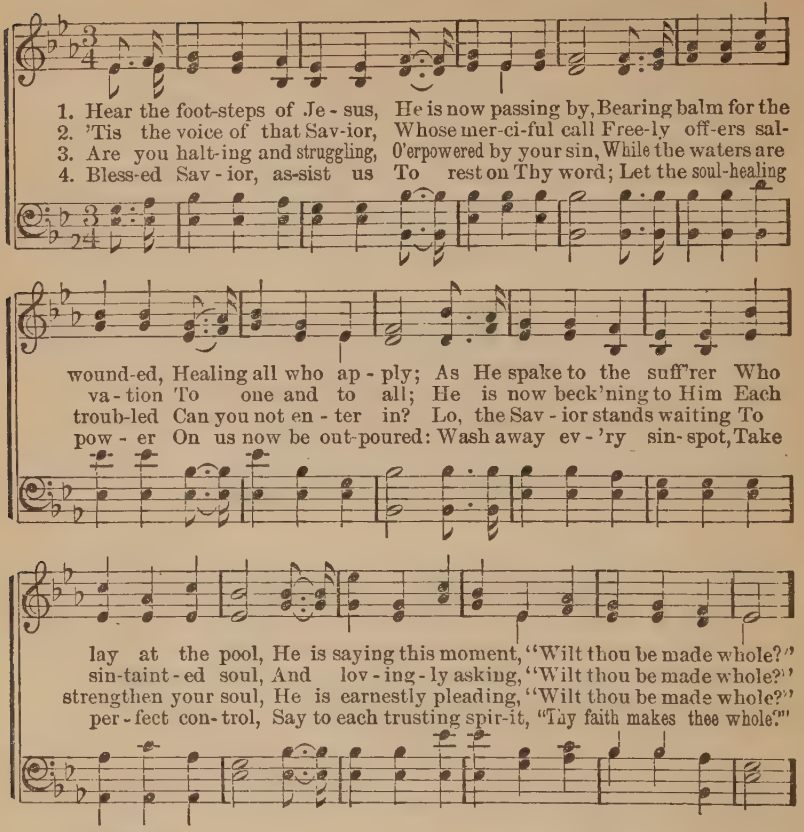
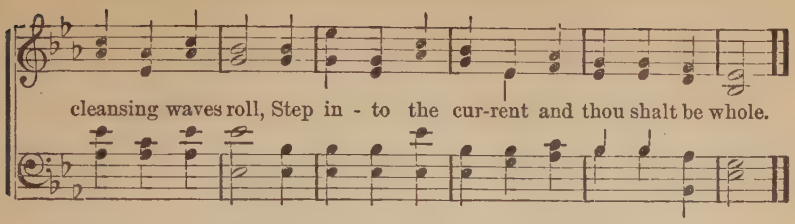
106 Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav-ior, Whose mer-ci-ful call Free-ly off-ers sal-
3. Are you halt-ing and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
4. Bless-ed Sav - ior, as-sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing
wound-ed, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troub-led Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav - ior stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take
lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnestly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per - fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
Refrain.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry
suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the

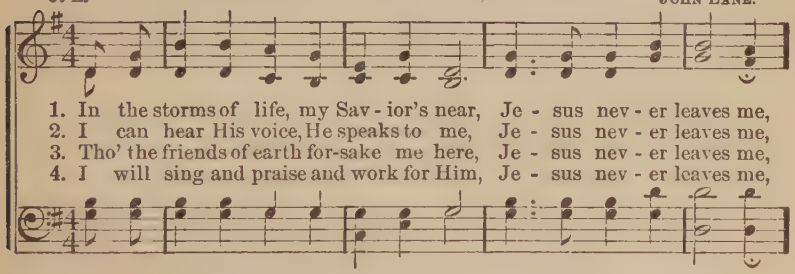
By permission.

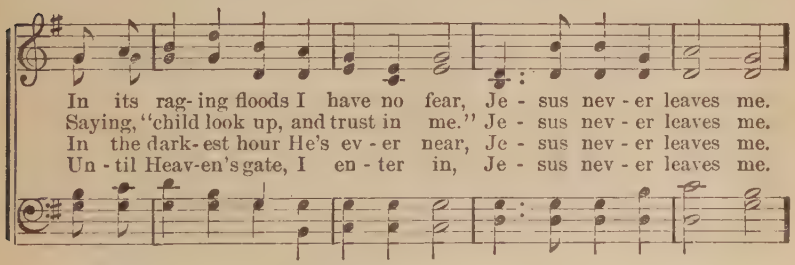
Wilt Thou be Made Whole. Concluded.

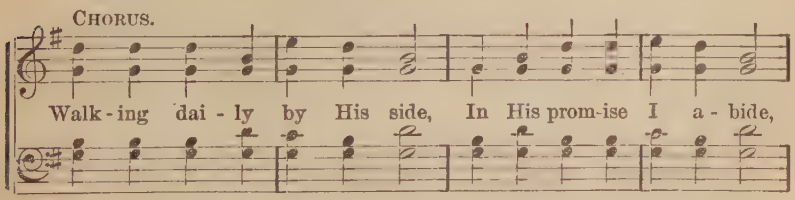


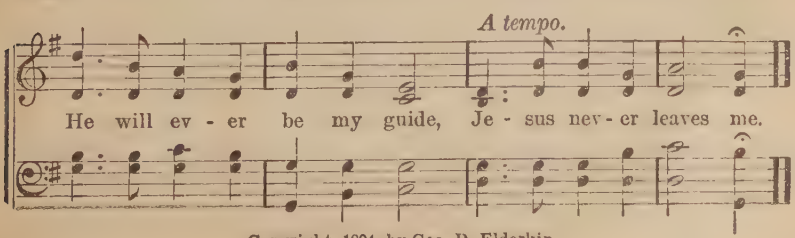
107 Jesus Never Leaves Me.

J. L. JOHN LANE.


1. In the storms of life, my Sav - ior's near, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
2. I can hear His voice, He speaks to me, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
3. Tho' the friends of earth for-sake me here, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,
4. I will sing and praise and work for Him, Je - sus nev - er leaves me,


In its rag- ing floods I have no fear, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
Saying, "child look up, and trust in me." Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
In the dark- est hour He's ev - er near, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.
Un - til Heav-en's gate, I en - ter in, Je - sus nev - er leaves me.





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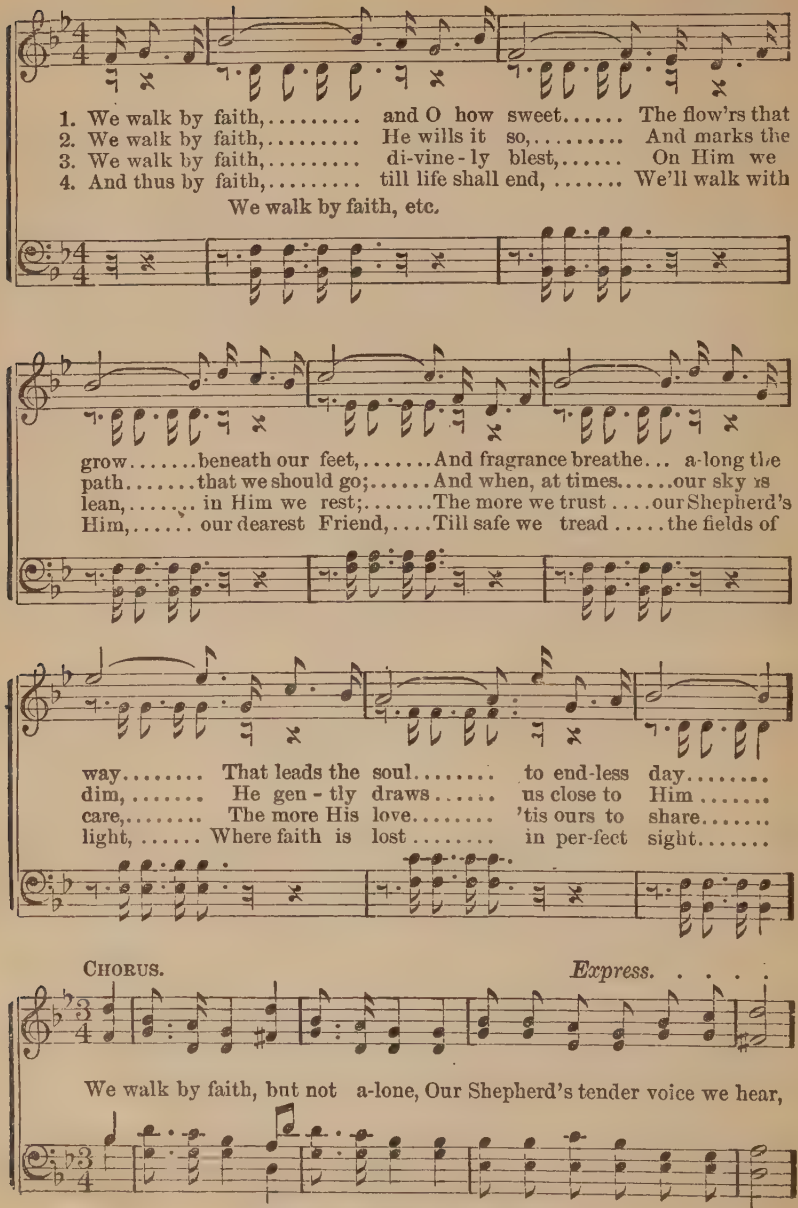
We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest,..... On Him we
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end, ... We'll walk with
We walk by faith, etc.
grow.....beneath our feet,.....And fragrance breathe... a-long the
path.....that we should go;.....And when, at times.....our sky is
lean,..... in Him we rest;.....The more we trust....our Shepherd's
Him,..... our dearest Friend,....Till safe we tread .....the fields of
way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
dim,..... He gen-tly draws..... us close to Him .....
care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
light, ... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....
CHORUS.
Express.
We walk by faith, but not a-lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

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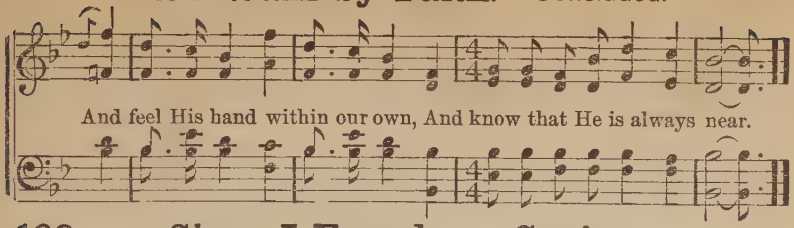
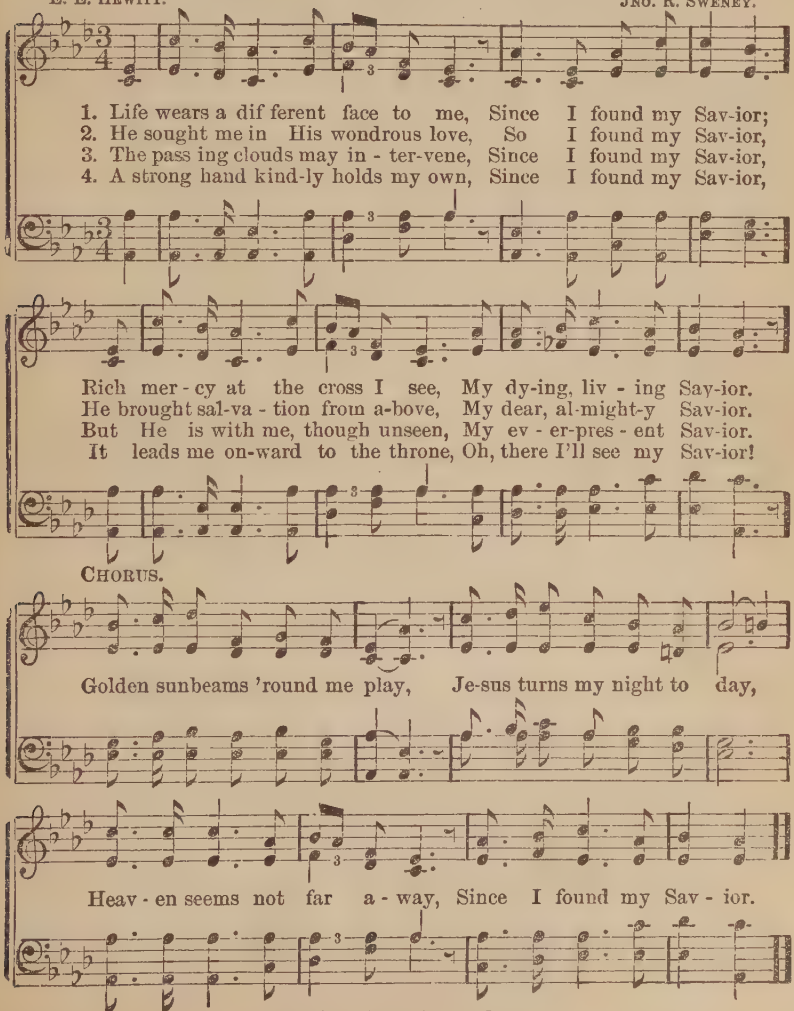


109 Since I Found my Savior.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a dif ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav-ior,
3. The pass ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior,
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv - ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va - tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, though unseen, My ev - er-pres - ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav-ior!
Chorus.
Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

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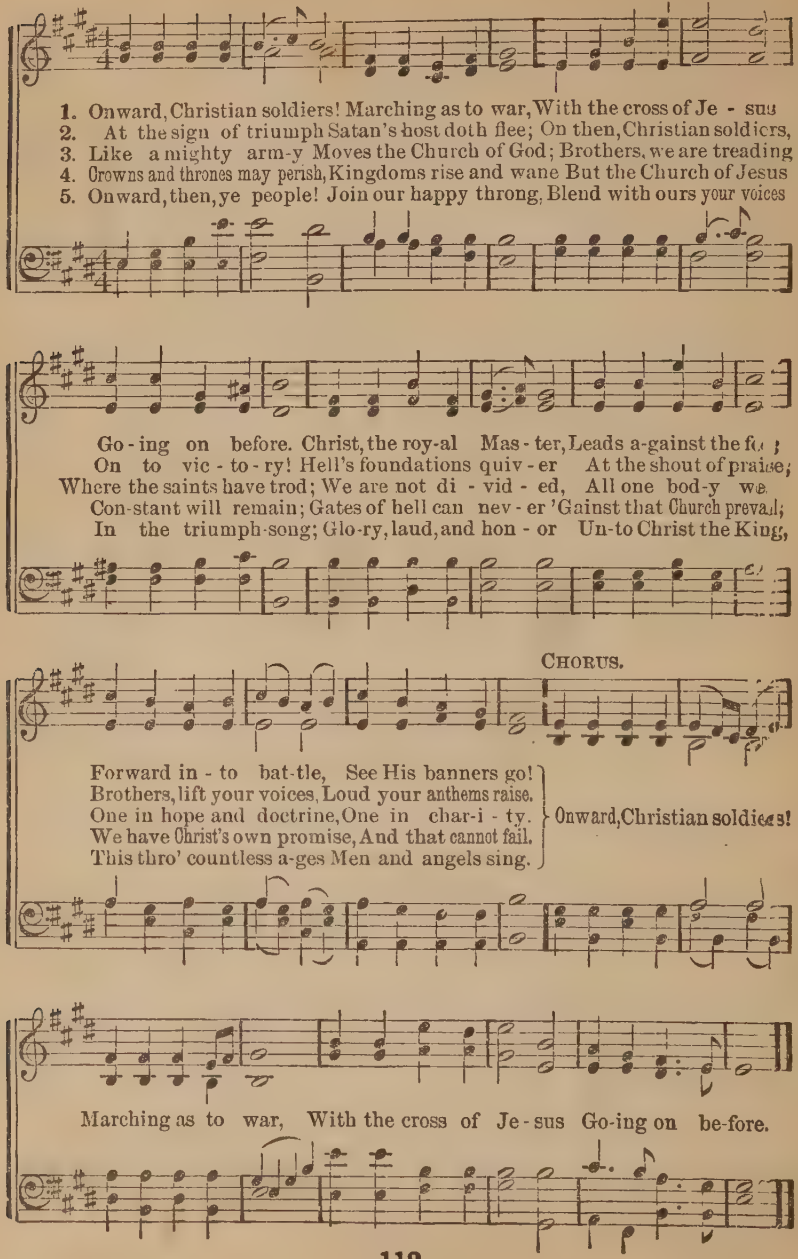
110 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

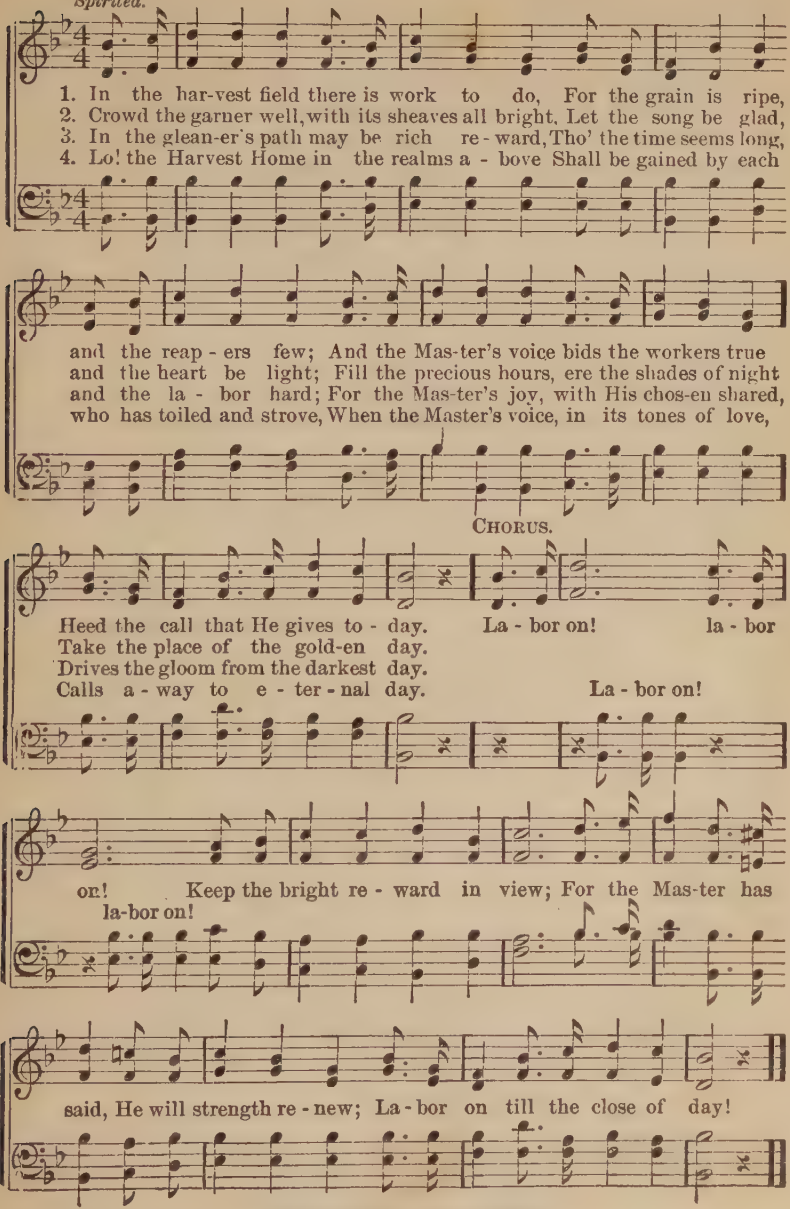

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty arm-y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on before. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we
Con-stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King,
Chorus.
Forward in - to bat-tle, See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

111 Labor On.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 27.

C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.


1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chos-en shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,
Chorus.
Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on! la - bor
Take the place of the gold-en day.
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!
on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mas-ter has
la-bor on!
said, He will strength re - new; La - bor on till the close of day!

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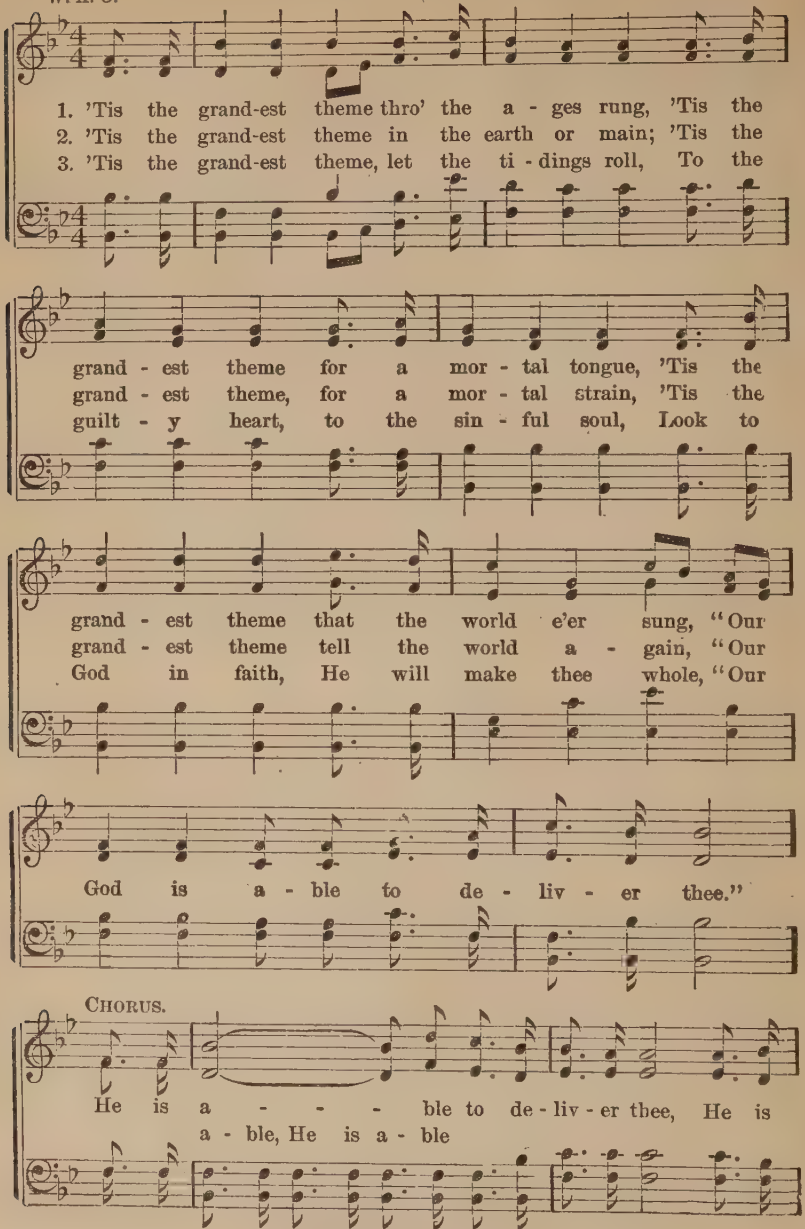
112 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung, 'Tis the
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the
grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the
grand - est theme, for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the
guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to
grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our
God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our
God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
Chorus.
He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
a - ble, He is a - ble

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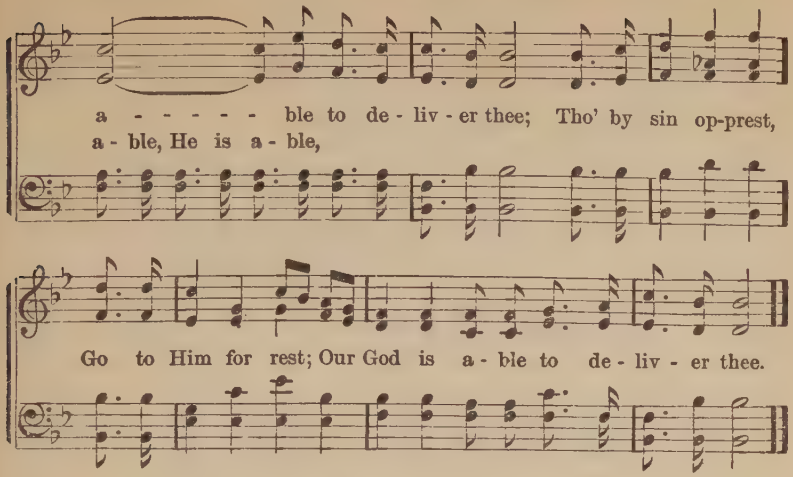
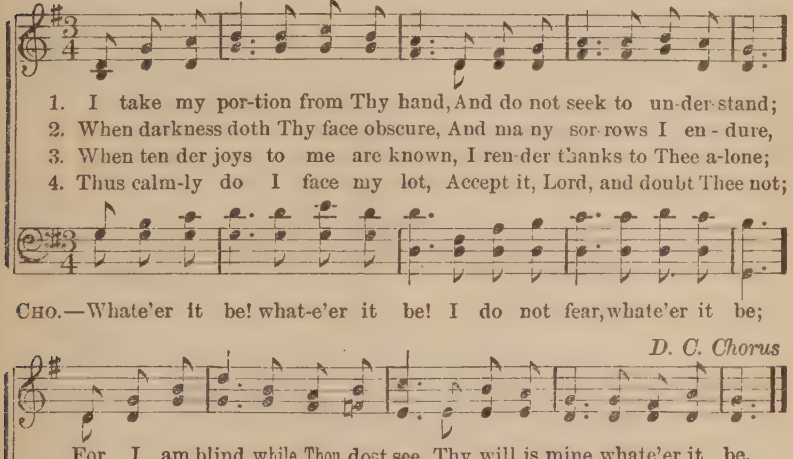
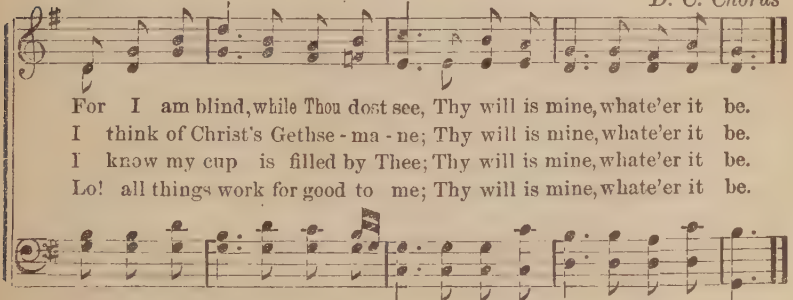
He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



113 Whate'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Thy will be done." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I take my por-tion from Thy hand, And do not seek to un-der-stand;
2. When darkness doth Thy face obscure, And ma ny sor-rows I en - dure,
3. When ten der joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to Thee a-lone;
4. Thus calm-ly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt Thee not;
CHO.—Whate'er it be! what-e'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;
D. C. Chorus


For I am blind, while Thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethse - ma - ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by Thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Thy love di - vine sus- tain- eth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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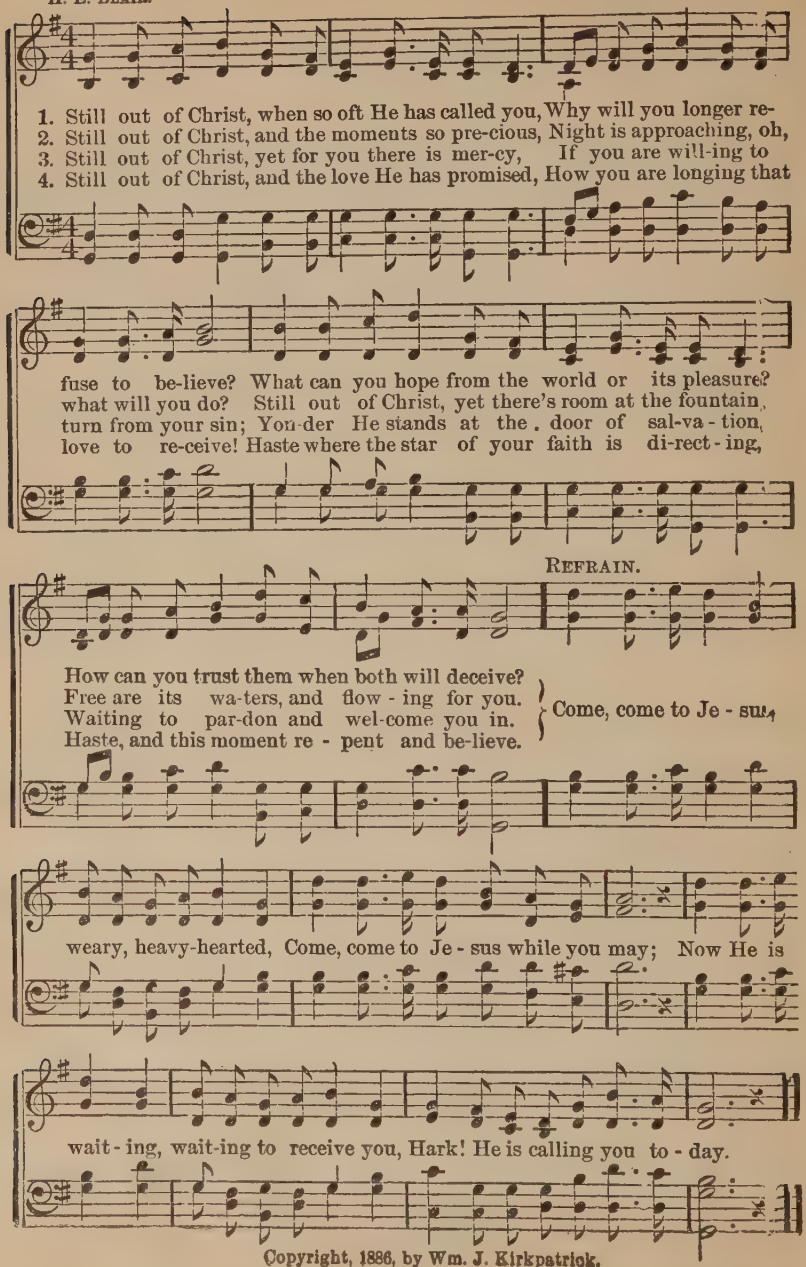
114 Still Out of Christ.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you, Why will you longer re-
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so pre-cious, Night is approaching, oh,
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
4. Still out of Christ, and the love He has promised, How you are longing that
fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleasure?
what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
turn from your sin; Yon-der He stands at the door of sal-va-tion,
love to re-ceive! Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,
Refrain.
How can you trust them when both will deceive?
Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you.
Waiting to par-don and wel-come you in.
Haste, and this moment re-pent and be-lieve.
Come, come to Je-sus,
weary, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Je-sus while you may; Now He is
wait-ing, wait-ing to receive you, Hark! He is calling you to-day.

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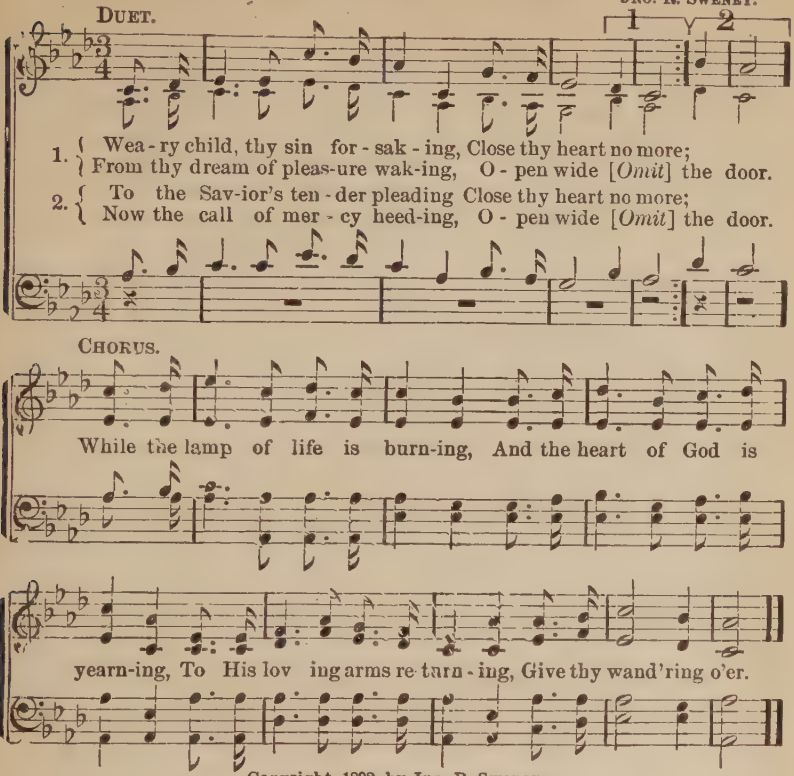
115 Close thy Heart no More.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

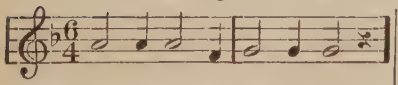

1 2
1. Wea - ry child, thy sin for - sak - ing, Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleas-ure wak-ing, O - pen wide [Omit] the door.
2. To the Sav-ior's ten - der pleading Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mer - cy heed-ing, O - pen wide [Omit] the door.
CHORUS.
While the lamp of life is burn-ing, And the heart of God is
yearn-ing, To His lov ing arms re turn - ing, Give thy wand'ring o'er.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

Mary to the Savior's Tomb.



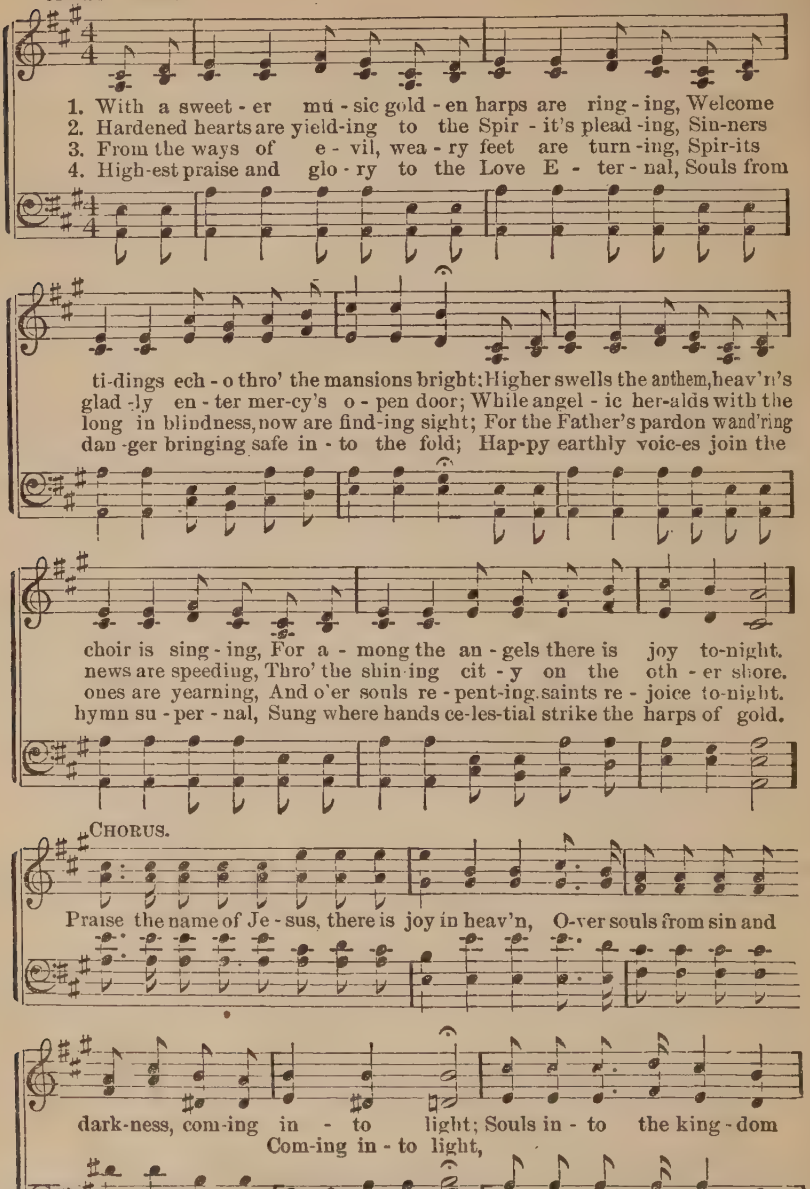
1 Mary to the Savior's Tomb
Hastened at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone,
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while the crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrow quickly fled [voice:—
When she heard His welcome
"Christ has risen from the dead,"
Now He bids her heart rejoice,
What a change His word can make!
Turning darkness into day—
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake—
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear
'Though you now are tempest-toss'd.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ,
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

116 There is Joy in Heaven to-night.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. With a sweet - er mu - sic gold - en harps are ring - ing, Welcome
2. Hardened hearts are yield-ing to the Spir - it's plead -ing, Sin-ners
3. From the ways of e - vil, wea - ry feet are turn -ing, Spir-its
4. High-est praise and glo - ry to the Love E - ter - nal, Souls from
ti-dings ech - o thro' the mansions bright: Higher swells the anthem, heav'n's
glad -ly en - ter mer-cy's o - pen door; While angel - ic her-alds with the
long in blindness, now are find-ing sight; For the Father's pardon wand'ring
dan -ger bringing safe in - to the fold; Hap-py earthly voic-es join the
choir is sing - ing, For a - mong the an - gels there is joy to-night.
news are speeding, Thro' the shin-ing cit - y on the oth - er shore.
ones are yearning, And o'er souls re - pent-ing saints re - joice to-night.
hymn su - per - nal, Sung where hands ce-les-tial strike the harps of gold.
CHORUS.
Praise the name of Je - sus, there is joy in heav'n, O-ver souls from sin and
dark-ness, com-ing in - to light; Souls in - to the king - dom
Com-ing in - to light,

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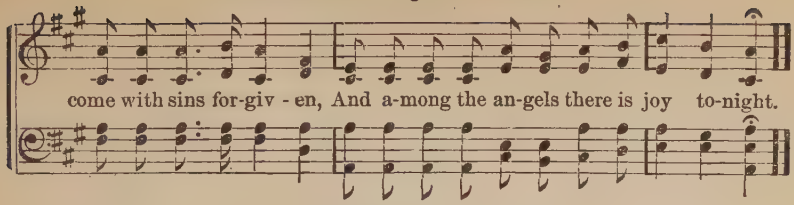
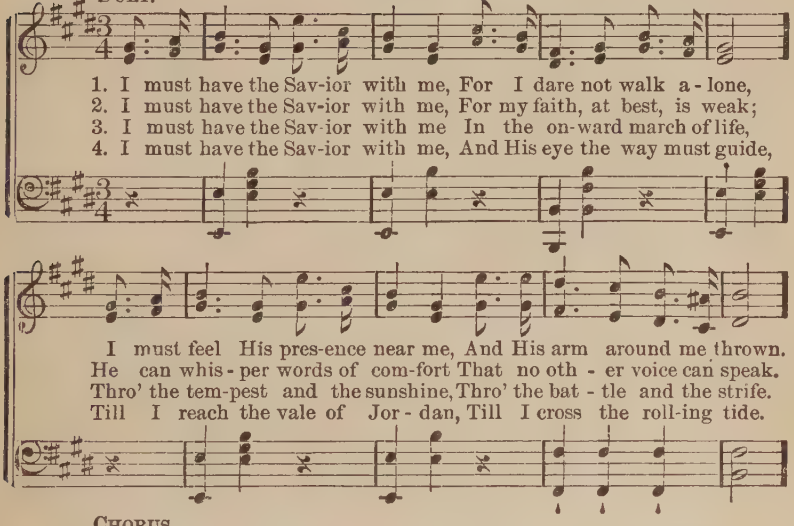
There is Joy. Concluded.



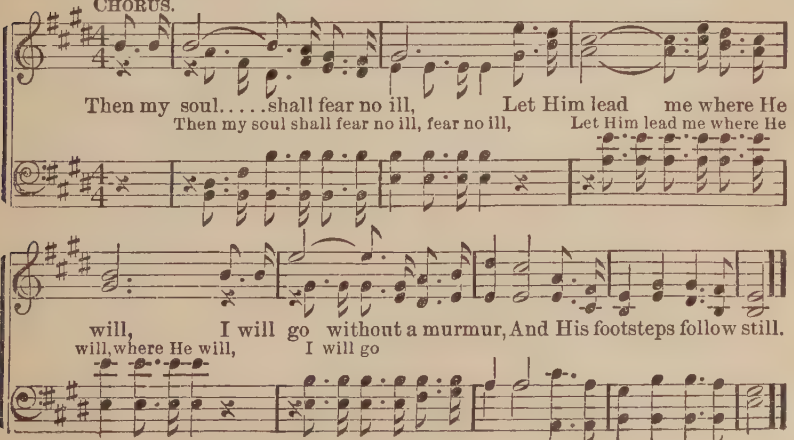
117 The Savior with Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.


1. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav-ior with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav-ior with me In the on-ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav-ior with me, And His eye the way must guide,
I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com-fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem-pest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll-ing tide.

CHORUS.


Then my soul.....shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go

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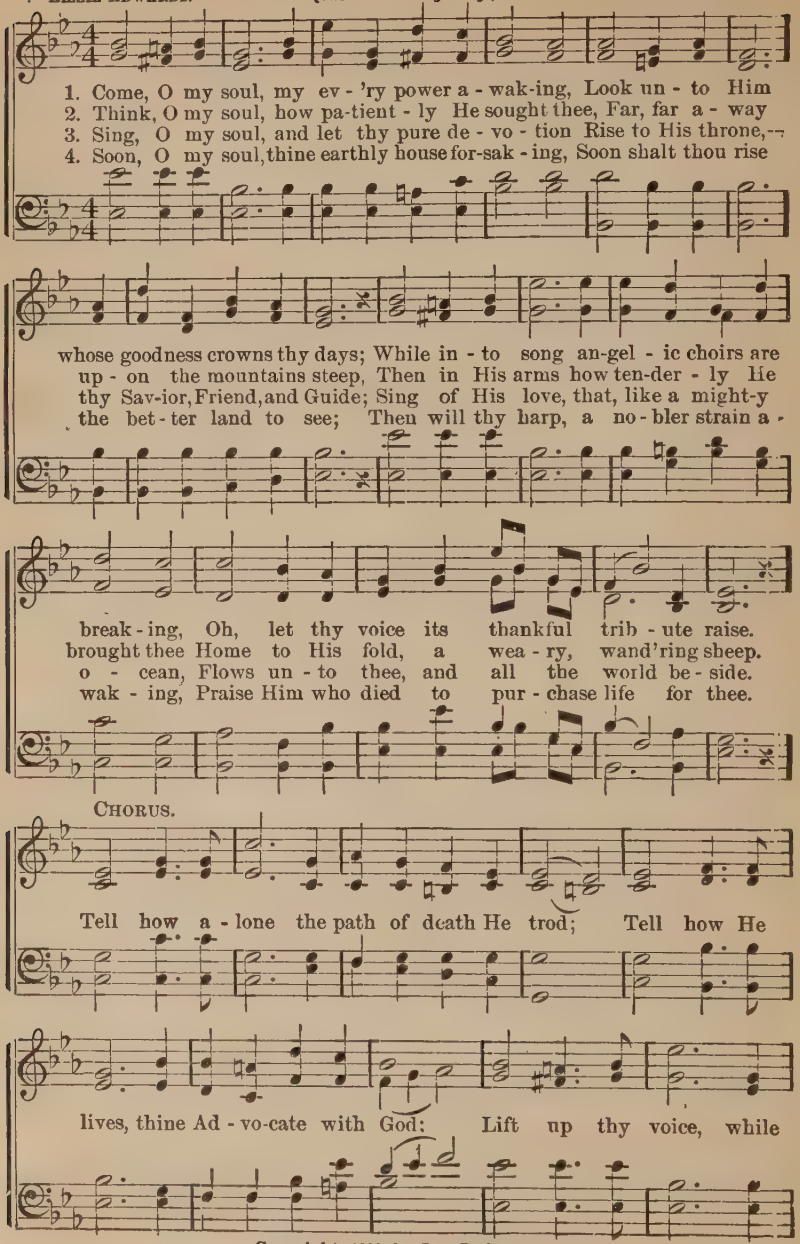
Come, O My Soul.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. *(The Everlasting Song.)* JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Come, O my soul, my ev - 'ry power a - wak-ing, Look un - to Him
2. Think, O my soul, how pa-tient - ly He sought thee, Far, far a - way
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion Rise to His throne,—
4. Soon, O my soul, thine earthly house for-sak - ing, Soon shalt thou rise
whose goodness crowns thy days; While in - to song an-gel - ic choirs are
up - on the mountains steep, Then in His arms how ten-der - ly He
thy Sav-ior, Friend, and Guide; Sing of His love, that, like a might-y
the bet - ter land to see; Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a -
break - ing, Oh, let thy voice its thankful trib - ute raise.
brought thee Home to His fold, a wea - ry, wand'ring sheep.
o - cean, Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side.
wak - ing, Praise Him who died to pur - chase life for thee.
CHORUS.
Tell how a - lone the path of death He trod; Tell how He
lives, thine Ad - vo-cate with God: Lift up thy voice, while

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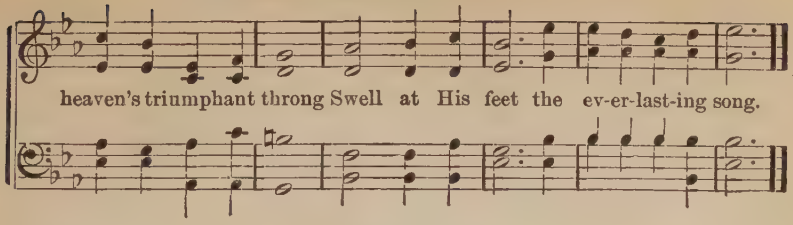
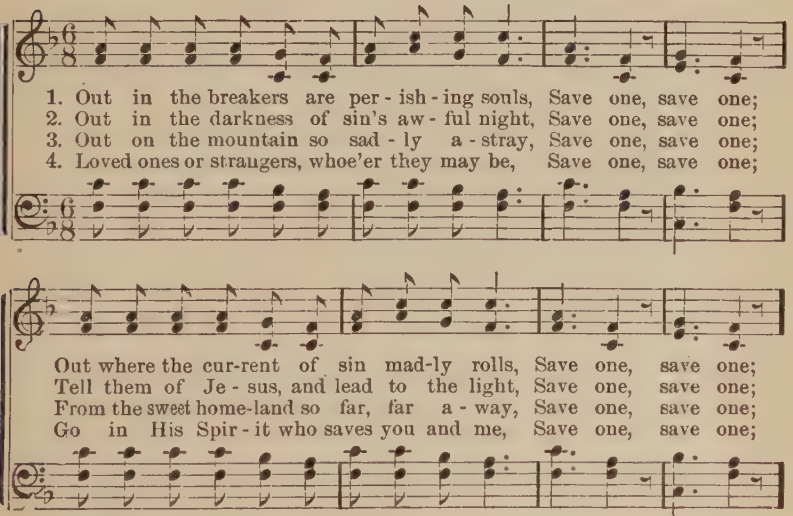
Come, O My Soul. Concluded.

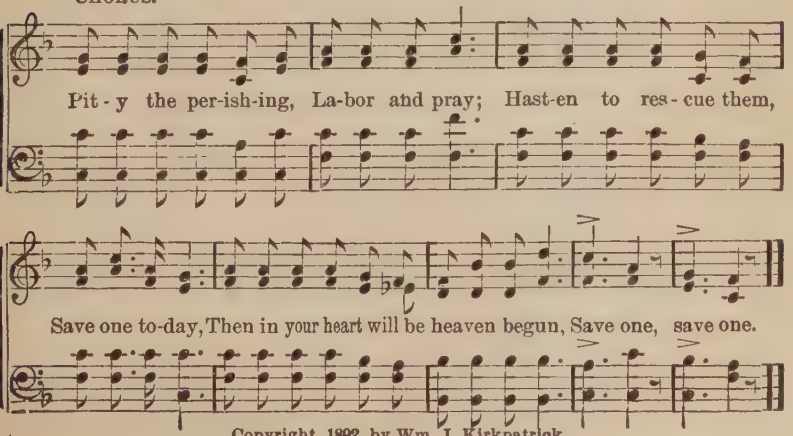


119 Save One.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Out in the breakers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw - ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;
Out where the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one;
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one;
From the sweet home-land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one;
Go in His Spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one;

CHORUS.


Pit - y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res - cue them,
Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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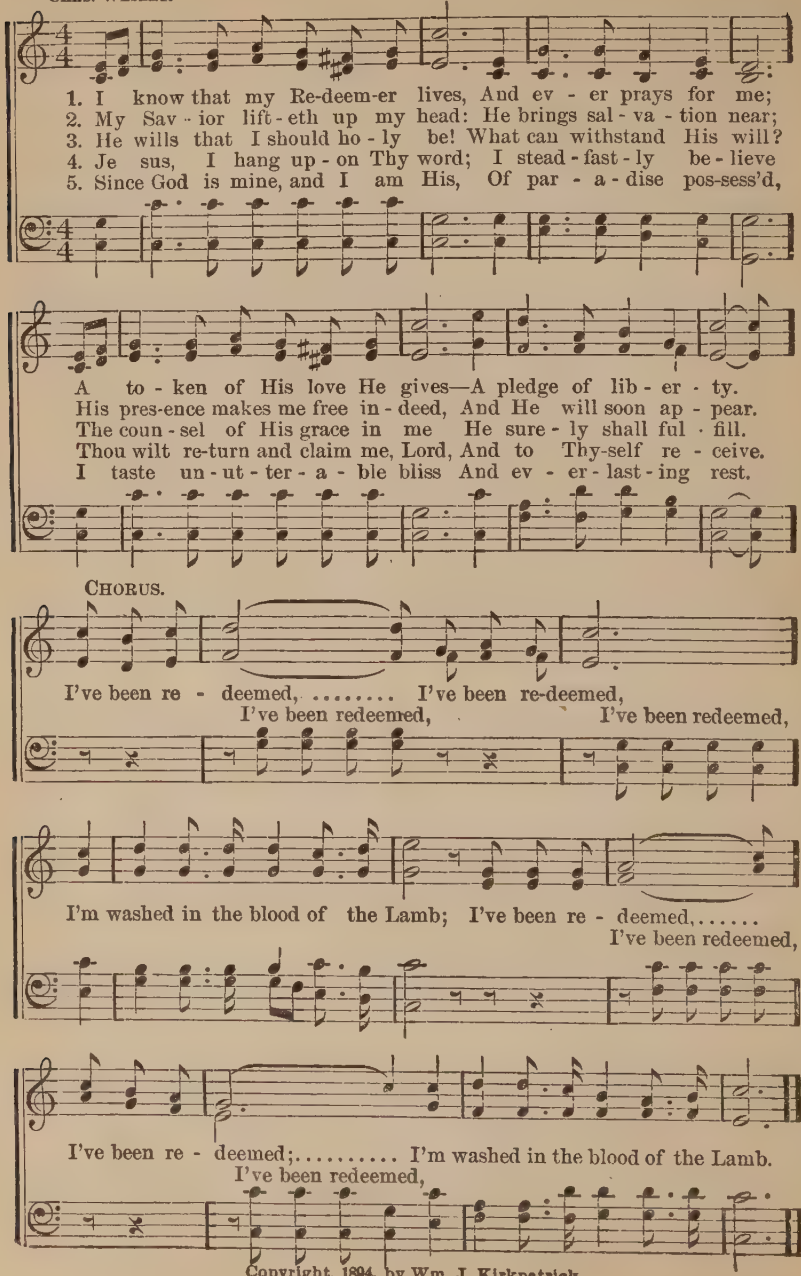
120 I've been Redeemed.

CHAS. WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. My Sav - ior lift - eth up my head: He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be! What can withstand His will?
4. Je sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
5. Since God is mine, and I am His, Of par - a - dise pos-sess'd,
A to - ken of His love He gives—A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re-turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss And ev - er - last - ing rest.
CHORUS.
I've been re - deemed, ... I've been re-deemed,
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb; I've been re - deemed,.....
I've been redeemed,
I've been re - deemed;..... I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I've been redeemed,

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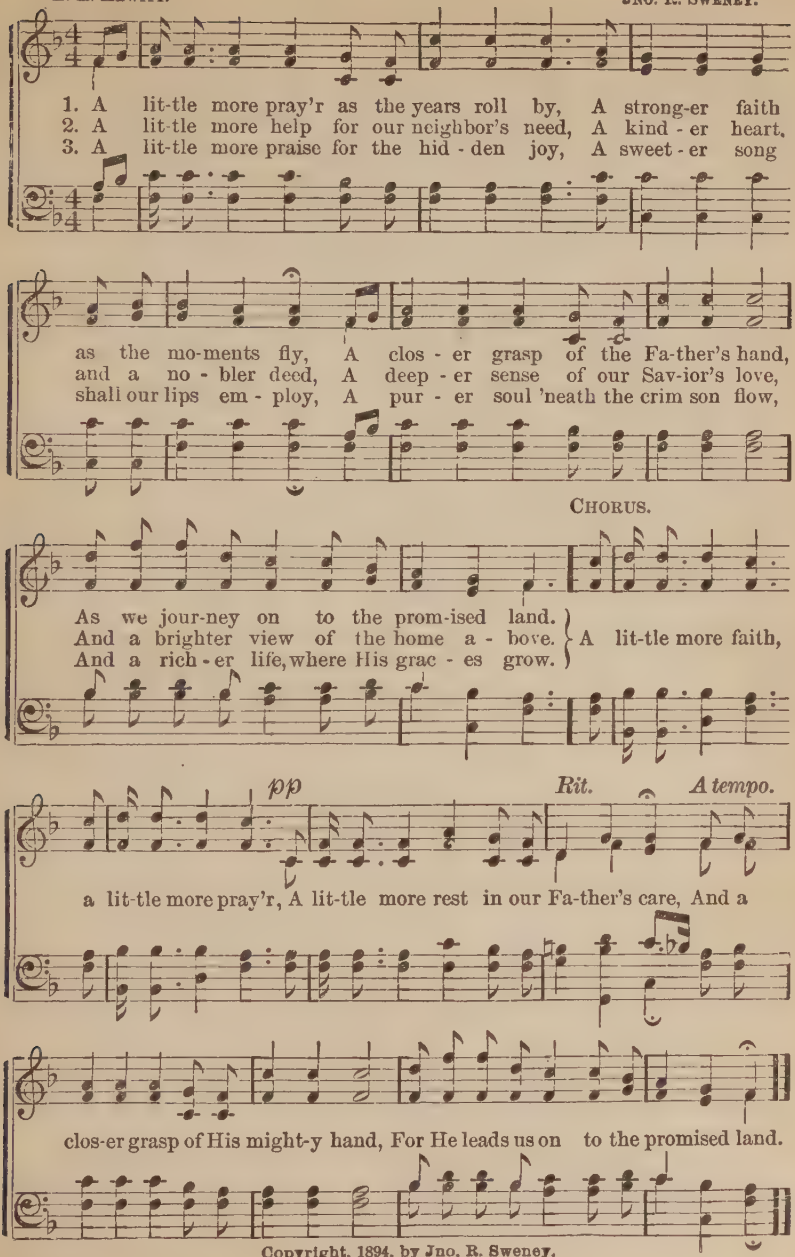
121 A Little More Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A lit-tle more pray'r as the years roll by, A strong-er faith as the mo-ments fly, A clos - er grasp of the Fa-ther's hand,
2. A lit-tle more help for our neighbor's need, A kind - er heart, and a no - bler deed, A deep - er sense of our Sav-ior's love,
3. A lit-tle more praise for the hid - den joy, A sweet - er song shall our lips em - ploy, A pur - er soul 'neath the crim son flow,
Chorus.
As we jour-ney on to the prom-ised land.
And a brighter view of the home a - bove.
And a rich - er life, where His grac - es grow.
A lit-tle more faith,
pp
Rit.
A tempo.
a lit-tle more pray'r, A lit-tle more rest in our Fa-ther's care, And a
clos-er grasp of His might-y hand, For He leads us on to the promised land.

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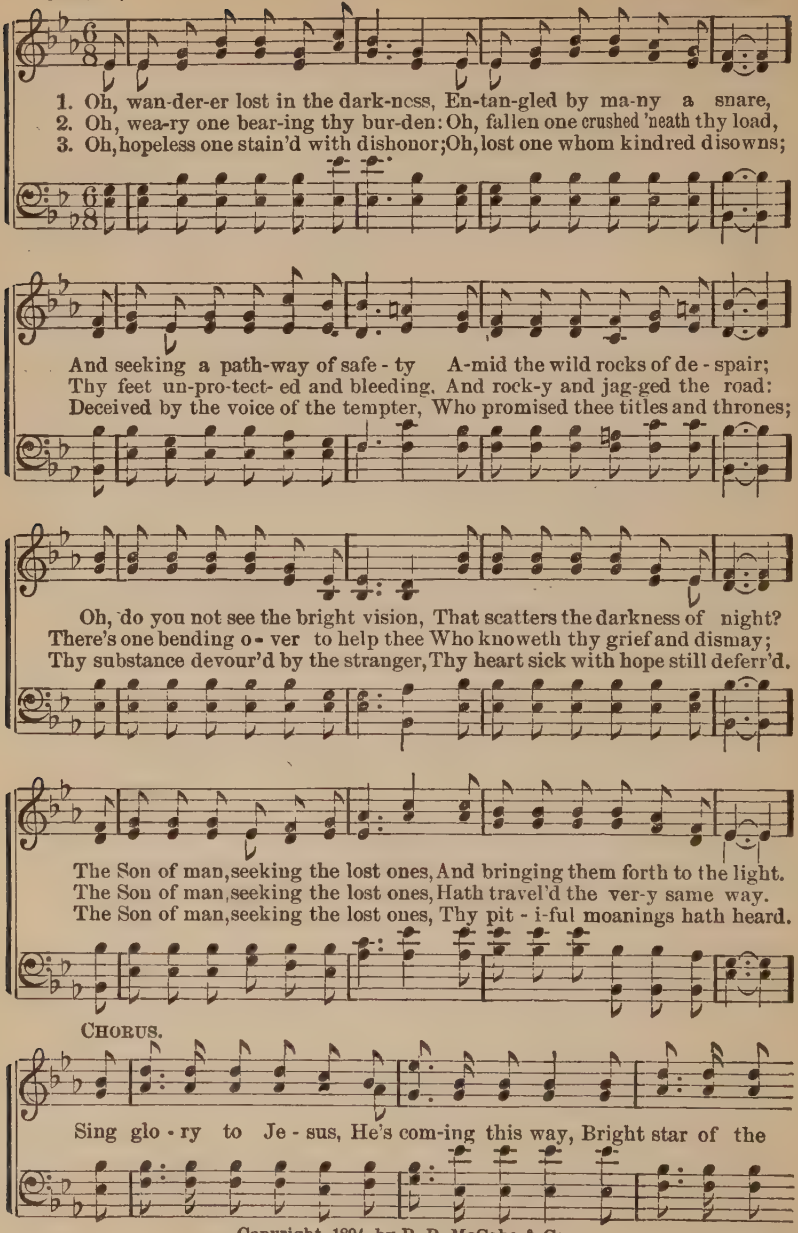
122 Oh, Wanderer Lost.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte.


1. Oh, wan-der-er lost in the dark-ness, En-tan-gled by ma-ny a snare,
2. Oh, wea-ry one bear-ing thy bur-den: Oh, fallen one crushed 'neath thy load,
3. Oh, hopeless one stain'd with dishonor; Oh, lost one whom kindred disowns;
And seeking a path-way of safe - ty A-mid the wild rocks of de - spair;
Thy feet un-pro-tect- ed and bleeding, And rock-y and jag-ged the road:
Deceived by the voice of the tempter, Who promised thee titles and thrones;
Oh, do you not see the bright vision, That scatters the darkness of night?
There's one bending o - ver to help thee Who knoweth thy grief and dismay;
Thy substance devour'd by the stranger, Thy heart sick with hope still deferr'd.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, And bringing them forth to the light.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Hath travel'd the ver-y same way.
The Son of man, seeking the lost ones, Thy pit - i-ful moanings hath heard.
Chorus.
Sing glo - ry to Je - sus, He's com-ing this way, Bright star of the

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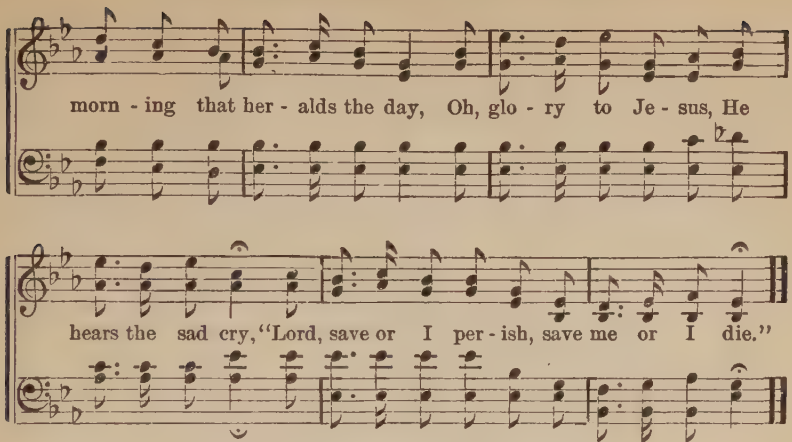
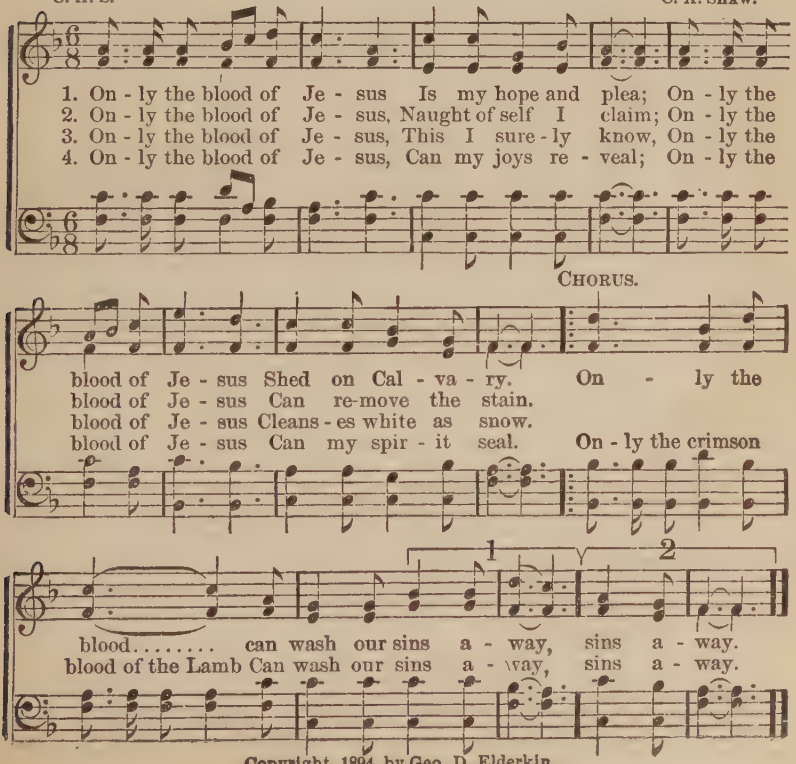
Oh, Wanderer Lost. Concluded.



123 The Cleansing Blood.

C. A. S. C. A. Shaw.

1. On - ly the blood of Je - sus Is my hope and plea; On - ly the
2. On - ly the blood of Je - sus, Naught of self I claim; On - ly the
3. On - ly the blood of Je - sus, This I sure - ly know, On - ly the
4. On - ly the blood of Je - sus, Can my joys re - veal; On - ly the
Chorus.
blood of Je - sus Shed on Cal - va - ry. On - ly the
blood of Je - sus Can re-move the stain.
blood of Je - sus Cleans - es white as snow.
blood of Je - sus Can my spir - it seal. On - ly the crimson
1
2
blood..... can wash our sins a - way, sins a - way.
blood of the Lamb Can wash our sins a - way, sins a - way.

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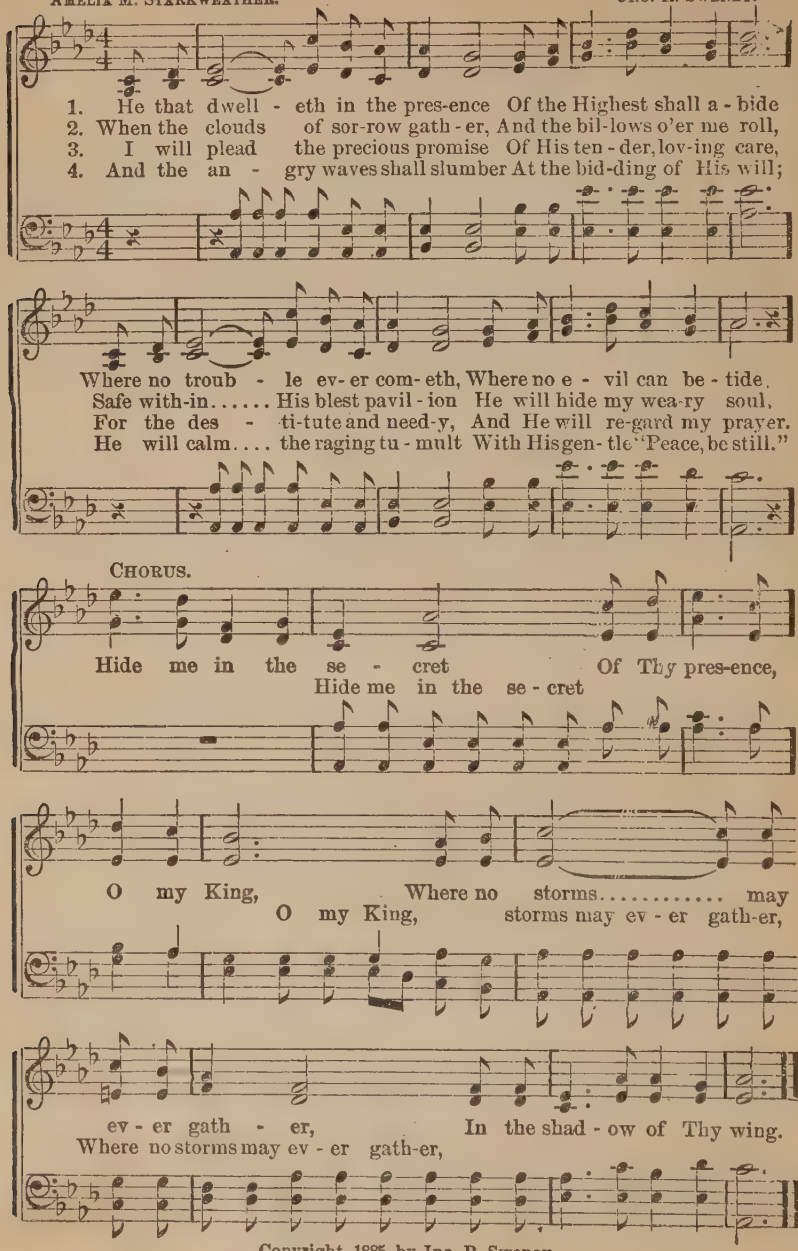
124 In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He that dwell - eth in the pres-ence Of the Highest shall a - bide
2. When the clouds of sor-row gath - er, And the bil-lows o'er me roll,
3. I will plead the precious promise Of His ten - der, lov-ing care,
4. And the an - gry waves shall slumber At the bid-ding of His will;
Where no troub - le ev- er com- eth, Where no e - vil can be - tide,
Safe with-in..... His blest pavil - ion He will hide my wea-ry soul,
For the des - ti-tute and need-y, And He will re-gard my prayer.
He will calm.... the raging tu - mult With His gen- tle "Peace, be still."
CHORUS.
Hide me in the se - cret Of Thy pres-ence,
Hide me in the se - cret
O my King, Where no storms..... may
O my King, storms may ev - er gath-er,
ev - er gath - er, In the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Where no storms may ev - er gath-er,

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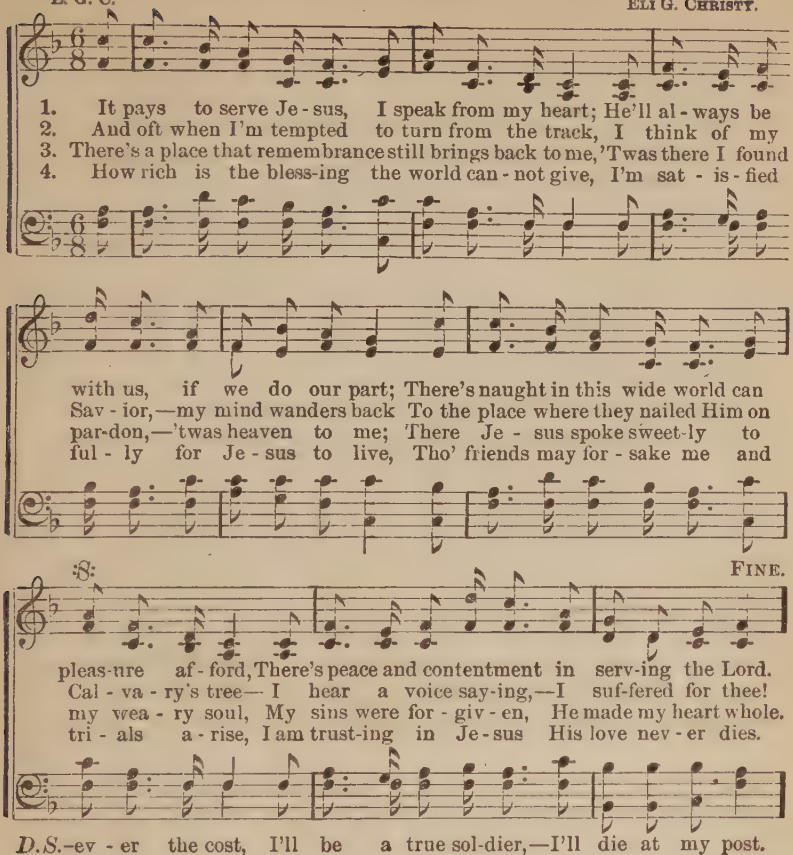
125 I Love Him Far Better.

E. G. C. ELI G. CHRISTY.


1. It pays to serve Je - sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give, I'm sat - is - fied
with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - ior,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par-don,—'twas heaven to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet-ly to
ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may for - sake me and
:S:
FINE.
pleas-ure af - ford, There's peace and contentment in serv-ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice say-ing,—I suf-fered for thee!
my wea - ry soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I am trust-ing in Je - sus His love nev - er dies.
D.S.-ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier,—I'll die at my post.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore,
I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be-fore,
I'll do as He bids me what-

5 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day, [fade away,
His love and His kindness can ne'er
In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same.
His love and affection always the

6 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows, [knows?
A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one
Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,
The blood of my Savior was shed there for thee.

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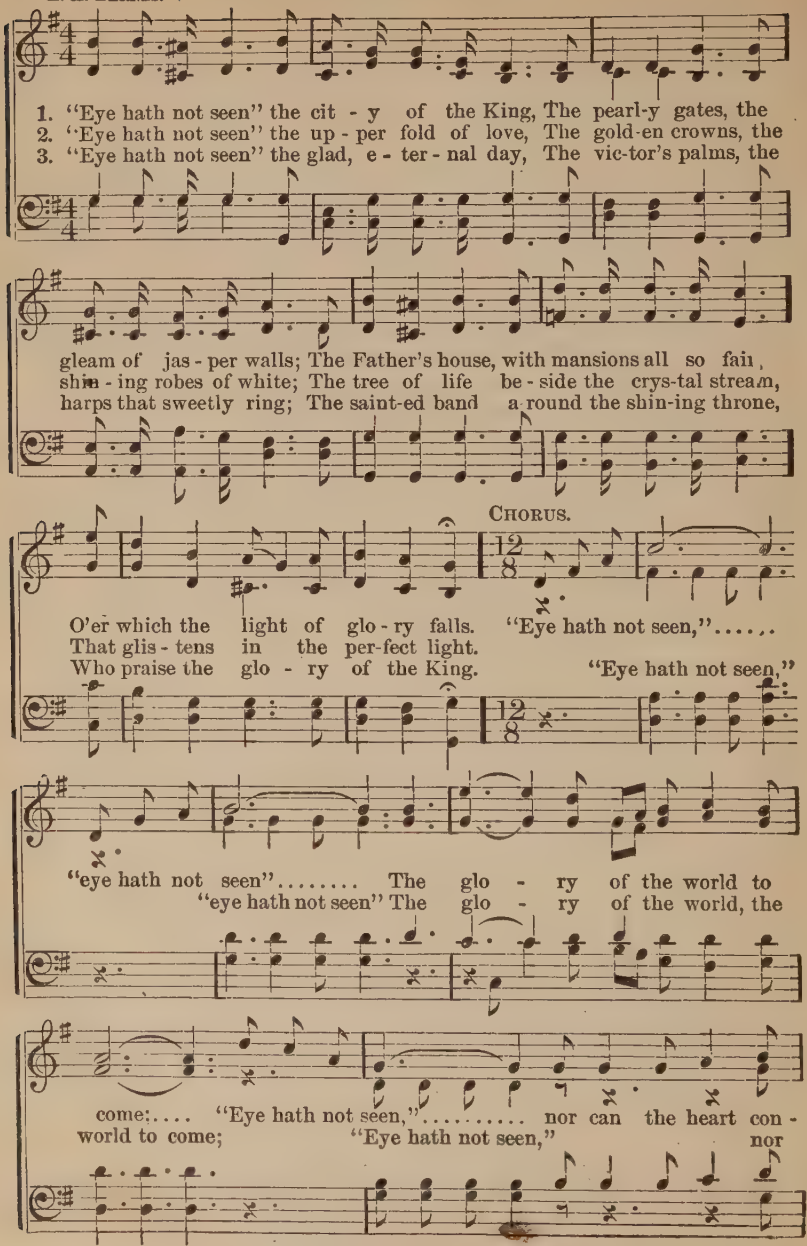
126 Eye hath not Seen.

E. A. BARNES. I Cor. 2: 9. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. "Eye hath not seen" the cit - y of the King, The pearl-y gates, the
2. "Eye hath not seen" the up - per fold of love, The gold-en crowns, the
3. "Eye hath not seen" the glad, e - ter - nal day, The vic-tor's palms, the
gleam of jas - per walls; The Father's house, with mansions all so fair,
shin - ing robes of white; The tree of life be - side the crys-tal stream,
harps that sweetly ring; The saint-ed band a round the shin-ing throne,
CHORUS.
O'er which the light of glo - ry falls. "Eye hath not seen,".....
That glis - tens in the per-fect light.
Who praise the glo - ry of the King. "Eye hath not seen,"
"eye hath not seen"..... The glo - ry of the world to
"eye hath not seen" The glo - ry of the world, the
come:.... "Eye hath not seen,"..... nor can the heart con -
world to come; "Eye hath not seen," nor

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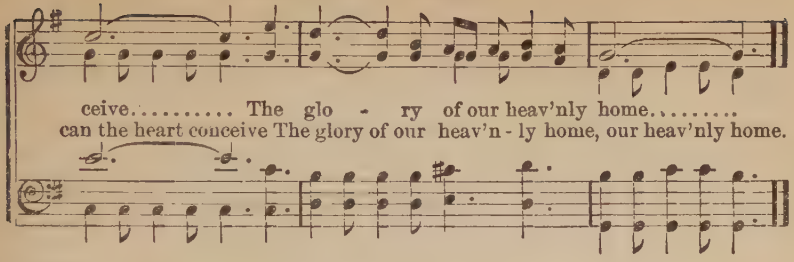
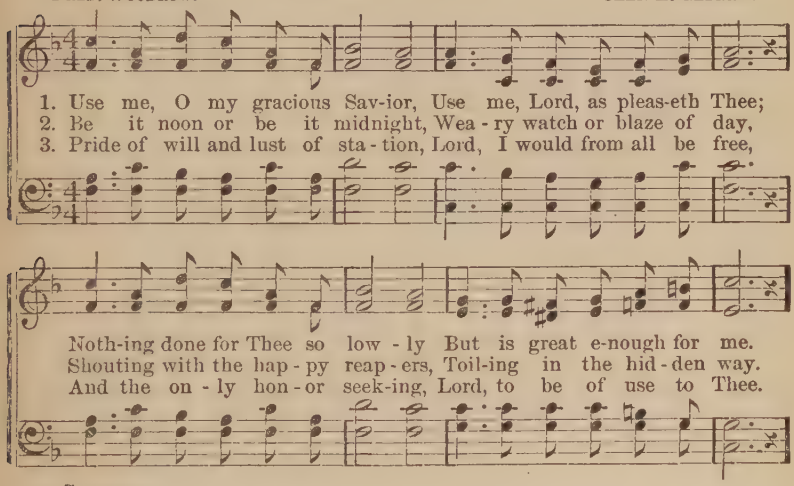
Eye hath not Seen. Concluded.

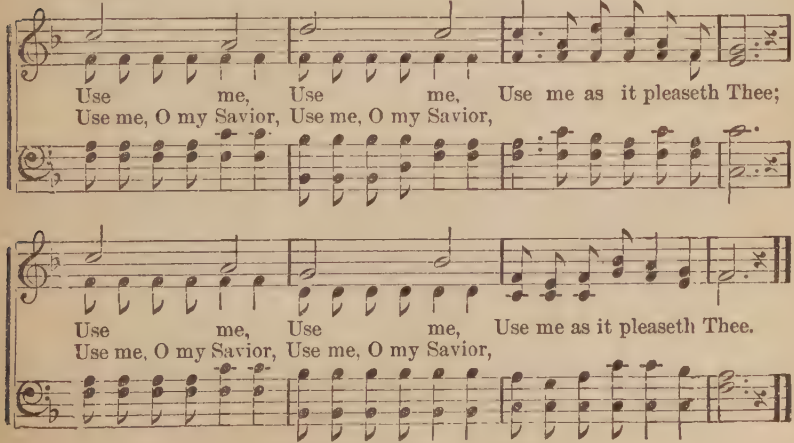


127 Use Me, Savior.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Use me, O my gracious Sav-ior, Use me, Lord, as pleas-eth Thee;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea - ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,
Noth-ing done for Thee so low - ly But is great e-nough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil-ing in the hid - den way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek-ing, Lord, to be of use to Thee.

CHORUS.


Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee;
Use me, O my Savior, Use me, O my Savior,
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee.
Use me, O my Savior, Use me, O my Savior,

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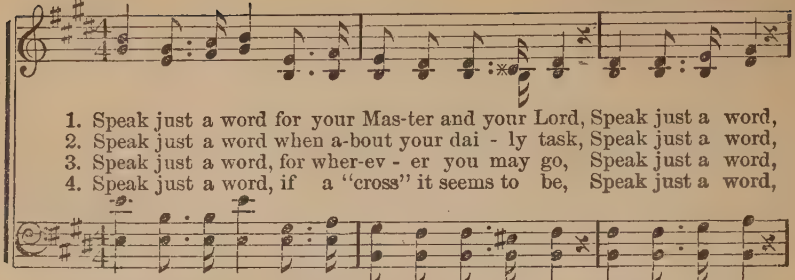
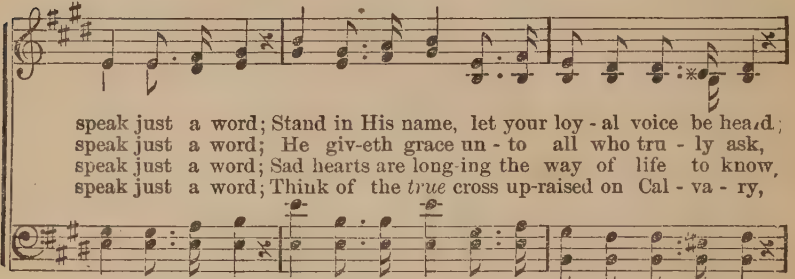
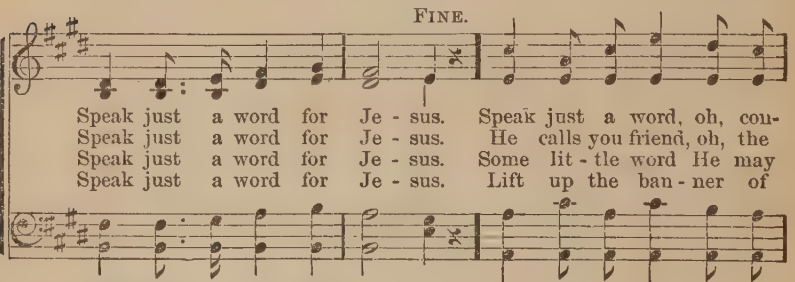
128 Speak Just a Word.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

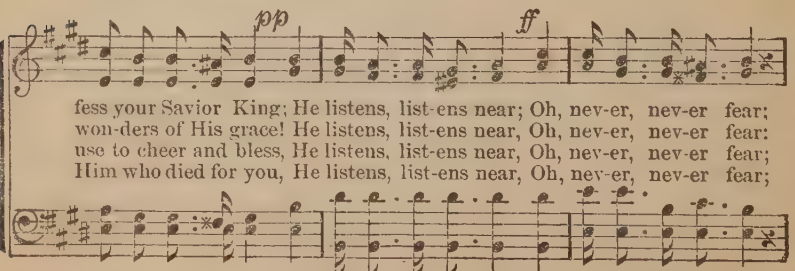

1. Speak just a word for your Mas-ter and your Lord, Speak just a word,
2. Speak just a word when a-bout your dai - ly task, Speak just a word,
3. Speak just a word, for wher-ev - er you may go, Speak just a word,
4. Speak just a word, if a "cross" it seems to be, Speak just a word,

REF.—*Speak just a word, He will teach you what to say, Speak just a word,*


speak just a word; Stand in His name, let your loy - al voice be heard;
speak just a word; He giv-eth grace un - to all who tru - ly ask,
speak just a word; Sad hearts are long-ing the way of life to know,
speak just a word; Think of the *true* cross up-raised on Cal - va - ry,

Speak just a word; His the re - sult, ours is on - ly to o - bey,

FINE.
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Speak just a word, oh, cou-
Speak just a word for Je - sus. He calls you friend, oh, the
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Some lit - tle word He may
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Lift up the ban - ner of

Speak just a word for Je - sus.


pp
ff
fess your Savior King; He listens, list-ens near; Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;
won-ders of His grace! He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear:
use to cheer and bless, He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;
Him who died for you, He listens, list-ens near, Oh, nev-er, nev-er fear;

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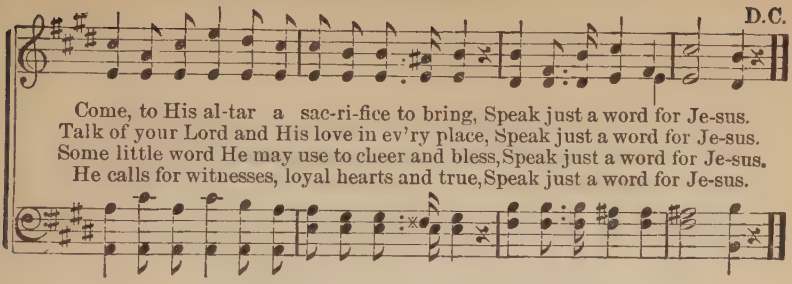
Speak Just a Word. Concluded.

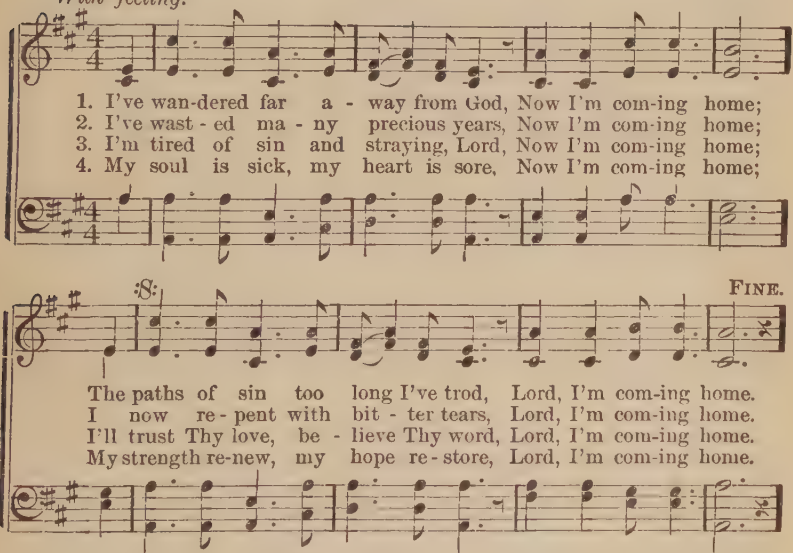

D.C.
Come, to His al-tar a sac-ri-fice to bring, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
Talk of your Lord and His love in ev'ry place, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
Some little word He may use to cheer and bless, Speak just a word for Je-sus.
He calls for witnesses, loyal hearts and true, Speak just a word for Je-sus.

129 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

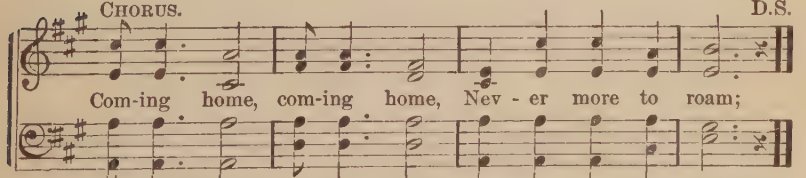
With feeling.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny precious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
S.
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D.S. O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D.S.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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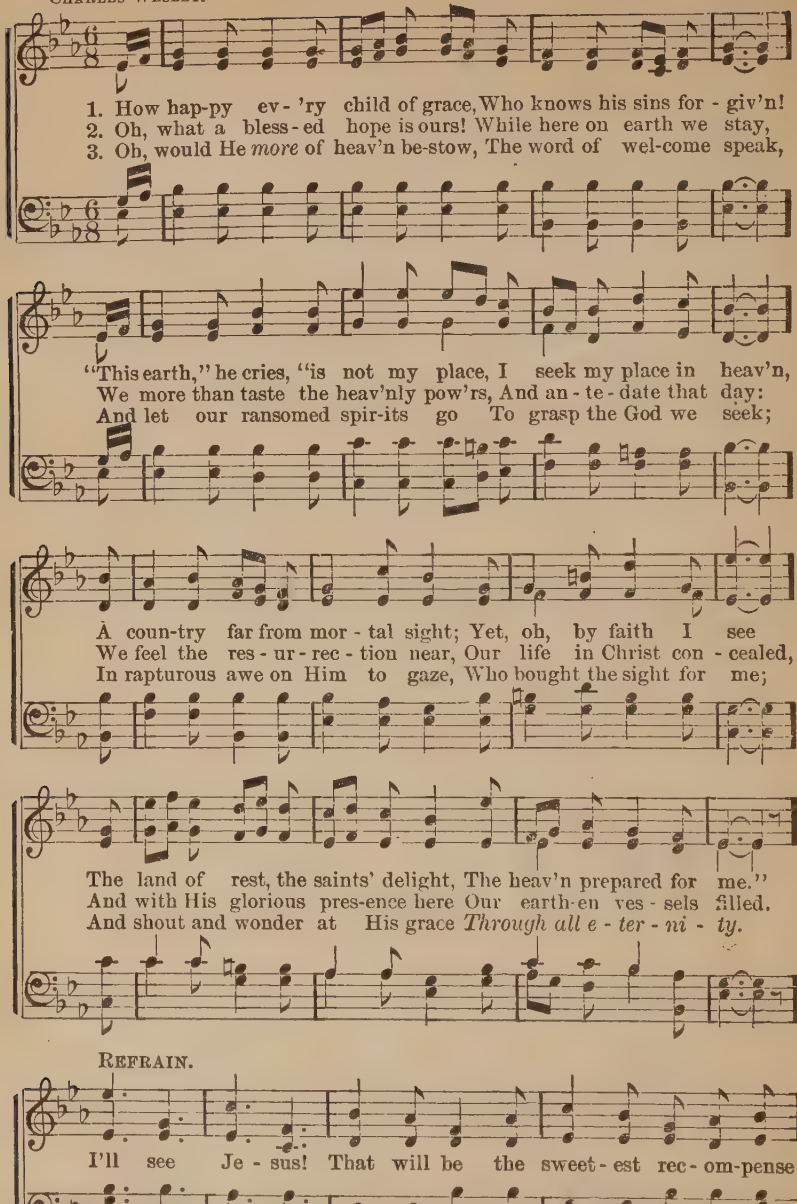
130 Adoption.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. JAY POWELL.


1. How hap-py ev-'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n!
2. Oh, what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. Oh, would He *more* of heav'n be-stow, The word of wel-come speak,
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs, And an-te-date that day:
And let our ransomed spir-its go To grasp the God we seek;
A coun-try far from mor-tal sight; Yet, oh, by faith I see
We feel the res-ur-rec-tion near, Our life in Christ con-cealed,
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glorious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves-sels filled.
And shout and wonder at His grace *Through all e-ter-ni-ty.*
REFRAIN.
I'll see Je-sus! That will be the sweet-est rec-om-pense

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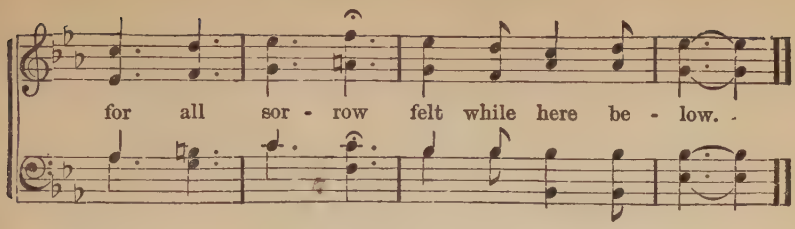
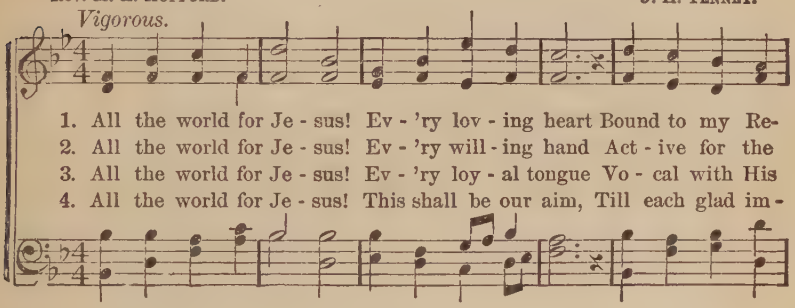


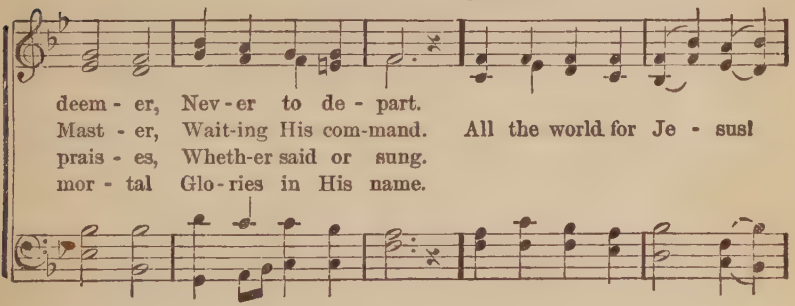
131 All the World for Jesus.

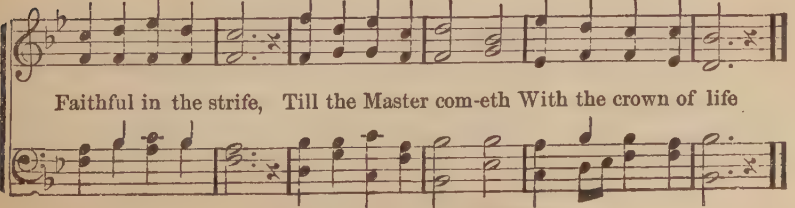
Rev. M. L. Hofford. J. H. Tenney.

Vigorous.


1. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry lov - ing heart Bound to my Re-
2. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry will - ing hand Act - ive for the
3. All the world for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry loy - al tongue Vo - cal with His
4. All the world for Je - sus! This shall be our aim, Till each glad im-

Chorus.


deem - er, Nev - er to de - part.
Mast - er, Wait-ing His com-mand. All the world for Je - sus!
prais - es, Wheth-er said or sung.
mor - tal Glo - ries in His name.



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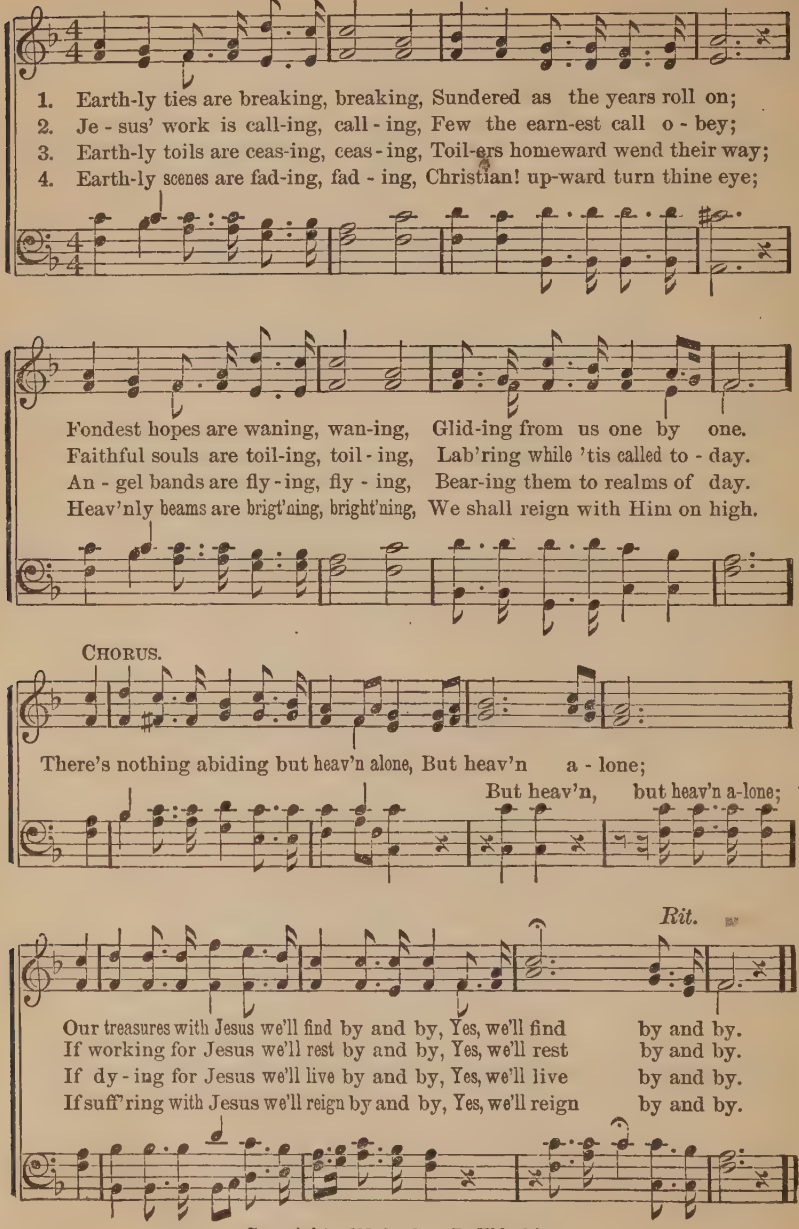
132 There's Nothing Abiding.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.


1. Earth-ly ties are breaking, breaking, Sundered as the years roll on;
2. Je - sus' work is call-ing, call - ing, Few the earn-est call o - bey;
3. Earth-ly toils are ceas-ing, ceas - ing, Toil-ers homeward wend their way;
4. Earth-ly scenes are fad-ing, fad - ing, Christian! up-ward turn thine eye;
Fondest hopes are waning, wan-ing, Glid-ing from us one by one.
Faithful souls are toil-ing, toil - ing, Lab'ring while 'tis called to - day.
An - gel bands are fly - ing, fly - ing, Bear-ing them to realms of day.
Heav'nly beams are brigt'ning, bright'ning, We shall reign with Him on high.
Chorus.
There's nothing abiding but heav'n alone, But heav'n a - lone;
But heav'n, but heav'n a-lone;
Rit.
Our treasures with Jesus we'll find by and by, Yes, we'll find by and by.
If working for Jesus we'll rest by and by, Yes, we'll rest by and by.
If dy - ing for Jesus we'll live by and by, Yes, we'll live by and by.
If suff'ring with Jesus we'll reign by and by, Yes, we'll reign by and by.

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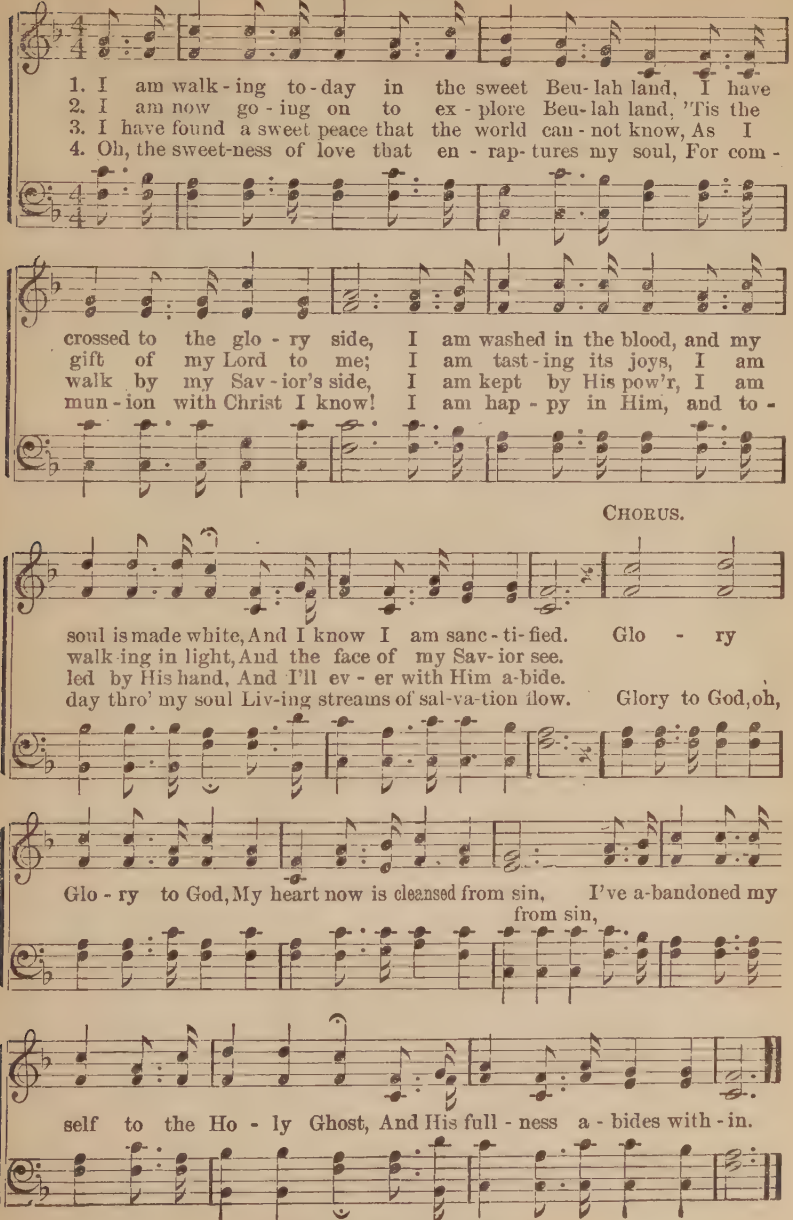
133 The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it." Nu. 13: 30.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I am walk - ing to - day in the sweet Beu - lah land, I have
2. I am now go - ing on to ex - plore Beu - lah land, 'Tis the
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can - not know, As I
4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en - rap - tures my soul, For com -
crossed to the glo - ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my
gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
walk by my Sav - ior's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
mun - ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to -
Chorus.
soul is made white, And I know I am sanc - ti - fied. Glo - ry
walk - ing in light, And the face of my Sav - ior see.
led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
day thro' my soul Liv - ing streams of sal - va - tion flow. Glory to God, oh,
Glo - ry to God, My heart now is cleansed from sin, I've a - bandoned my
from sin,
self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His full - ness a - bides with - in.

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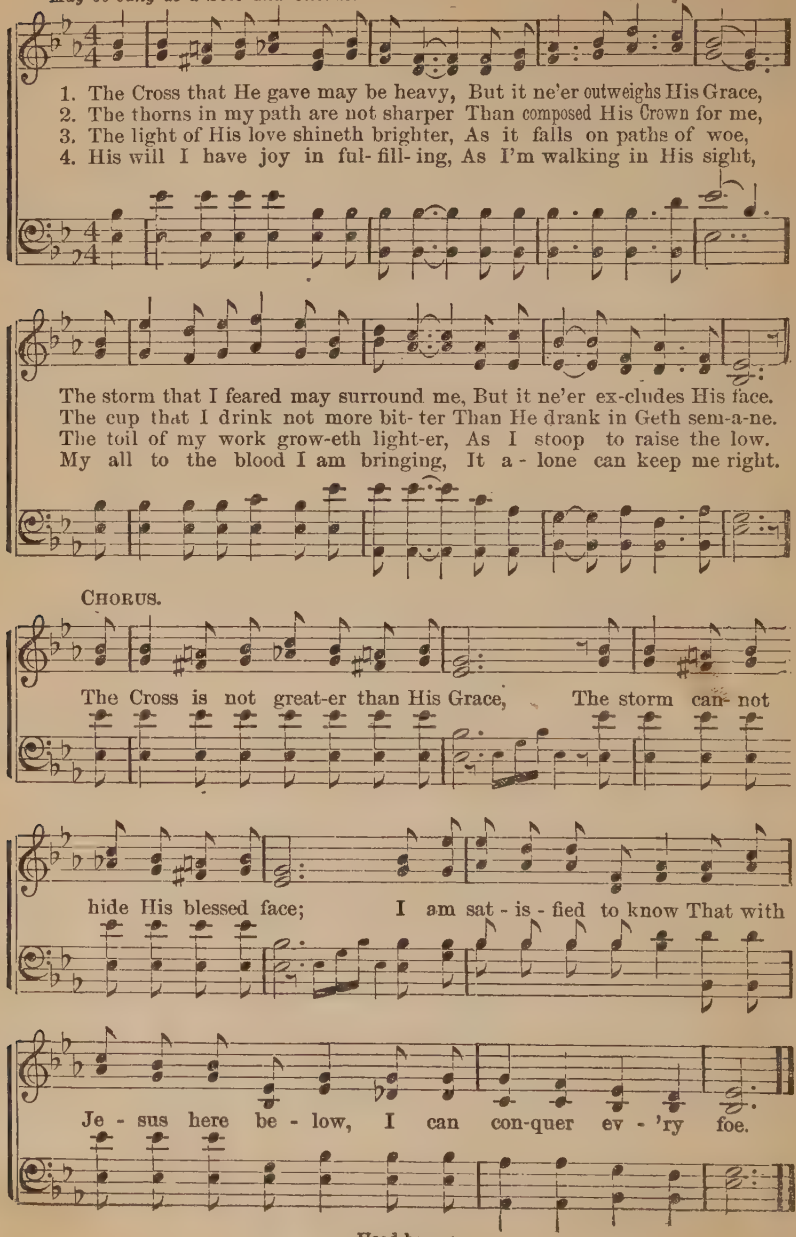
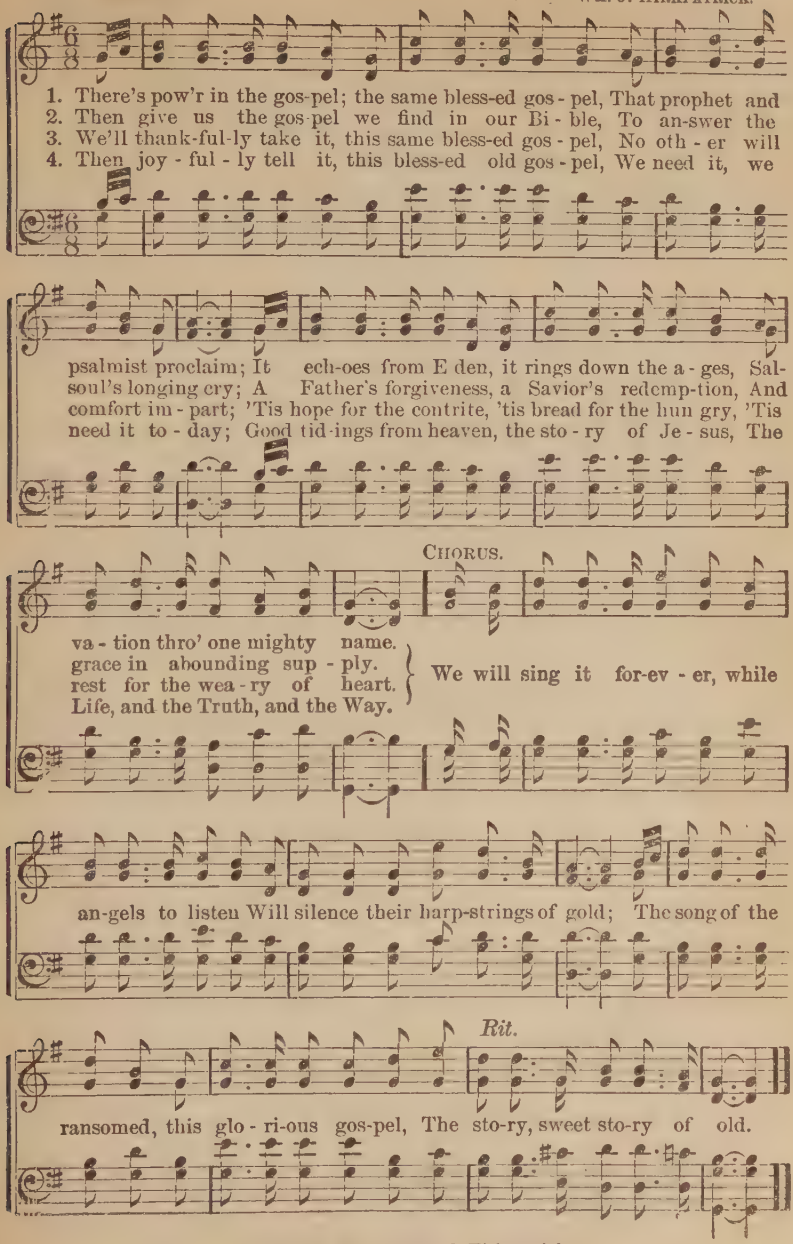
134 The Cross is not Greater.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.
Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His Grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful- fill- ing, As I'm walking in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit- ter Than He drank in Geth sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The Cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can- not
hide His blessed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with
Je - sus here be - low, I can con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

Used by per.

135 There's Power in the Gospel.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's pow'r in the gos-pel; the same bless-ed gos - pel, That prophet and
2. Then give us the gos-pel we find in our Bi - ble, To an-swer the
3. We'll thank-ful-ly take it, this same bless-ed gos - pel, No oth - er will
4. Then joy - ful - ly tell it, this bless-ed old gos - pel, We need it, we
psalmist proclaim; It ech-oes from E den, it rings down the a - ges, Sal-
soul's longing cry; A Father's forgiveness, a Savior's redemp-tion, And
comfort im - part; 'Tis hope for the contrite, 'tis bread for the hun gry, 'Tis
need it to - day; Good tid-ings from heaven, the sto - ry of Je - sus, The
CHORUS.
va - tion thro' one mighty name.
grace in abounding sup - ply.
rest for the wea - ry of heart.
Life, and the Truth, and the Way.
We will sing it for-ev - er, while
an-gels to listen Will silence their harp-strings of gold; The song of the
Rit.
ransomed, this glo - ri-ous gos-pel, The sto-ry, sweet sto-ry of old.

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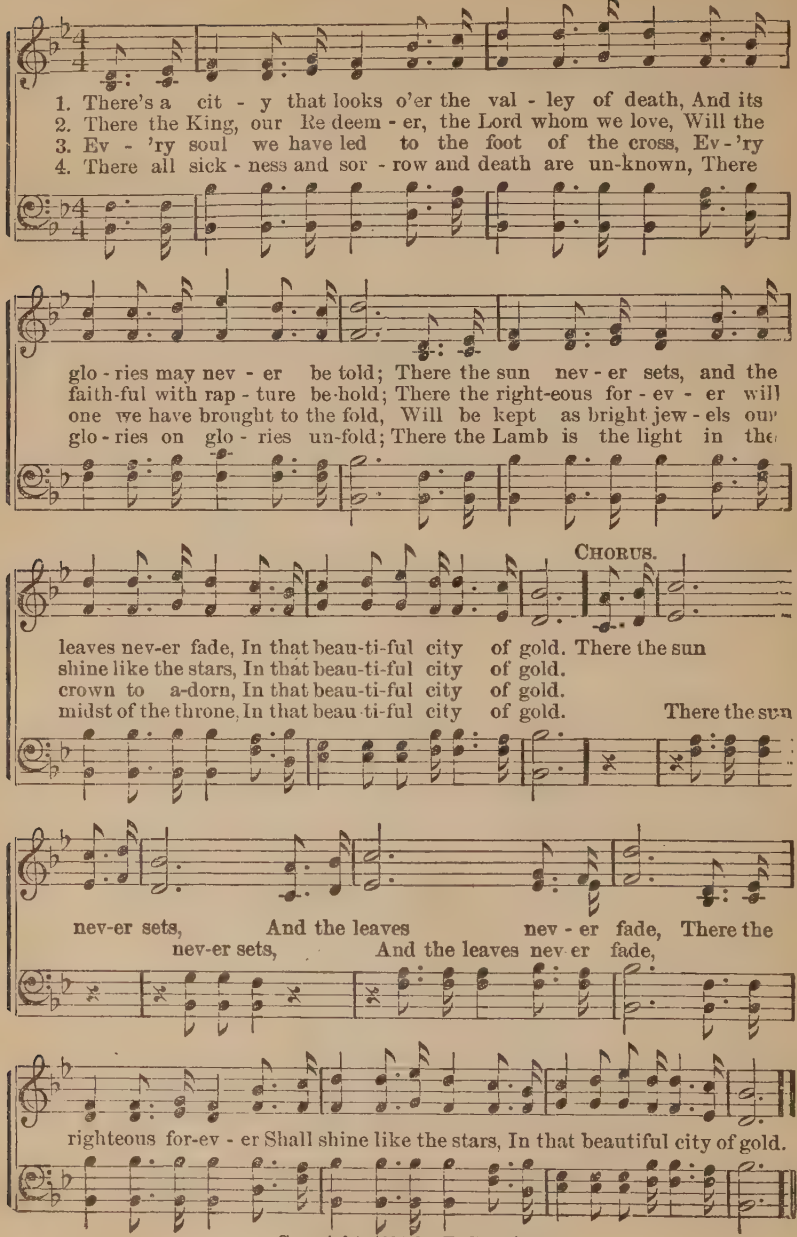
136 The City of Gold.

Anon. Rev. 21: 18. E. C. Avis.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry
4. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are un-known, There
glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith-ful with rap - ture be-hold; There the right-eous for - ev - er will
one we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
glo - ries on glo - ries un-fold; There the Lamb is the light in the
CHORUS.
leaves nev-er fade, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold. There the sun
shine like the stars, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold.
crown to a-dorn, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold.
midst of the throne, In that beau-ti-ful city of gold. There the sun
nev-er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade, There the
nev-er sets, And the leaves nev er fade,
righteous for-ev - er Shall shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of gold.

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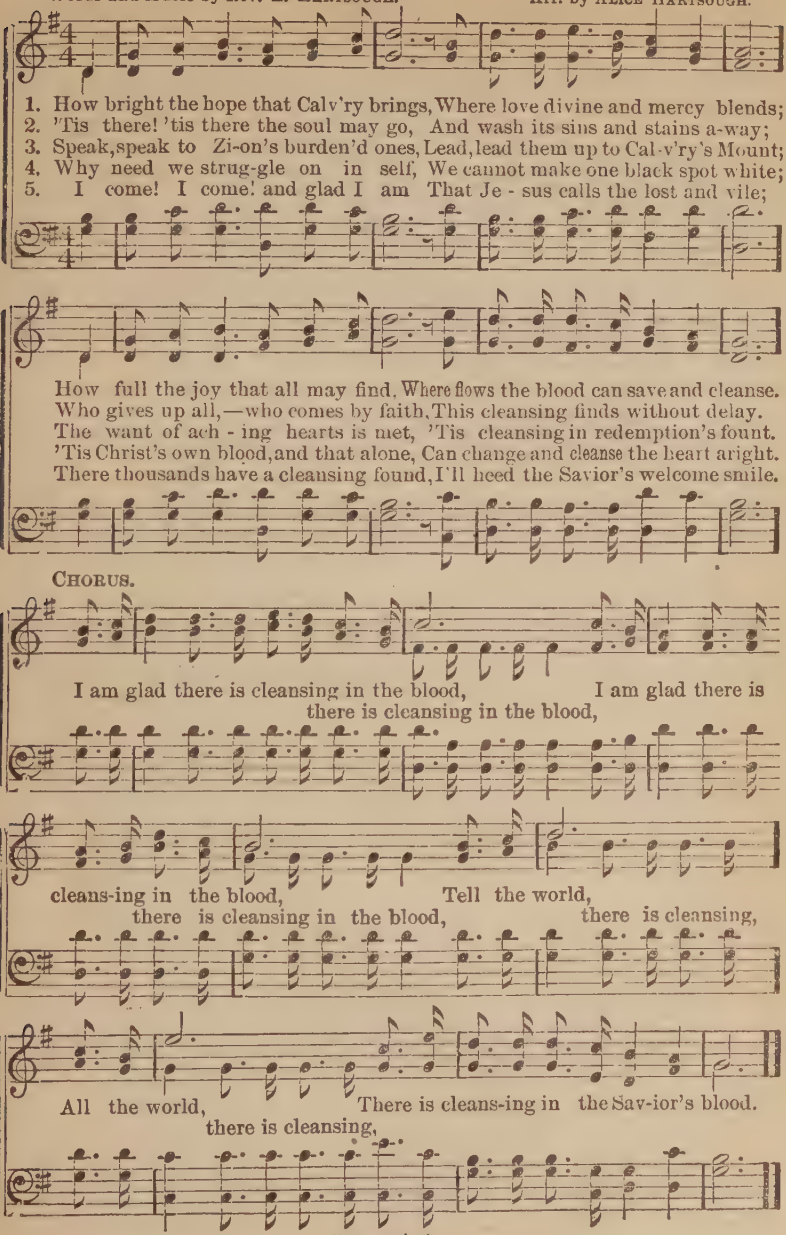
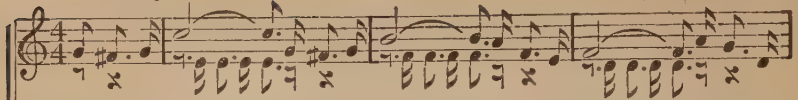
137 I am Glad there is Cleansing.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, Where love divine and mercy blends;
2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a-way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi-on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Cal-v'ry's Mount;
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We cannot make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;
How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,—who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without delay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in redemption's fount.
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone, Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Savior's welcome smile.
CHORUS.
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is
there is cleansing in the blood,
cleans-ing in the blood, Tell the world,
there is cleansing in the blood, there is cleansing,
All the world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-ior's blood.
there is cleansing,

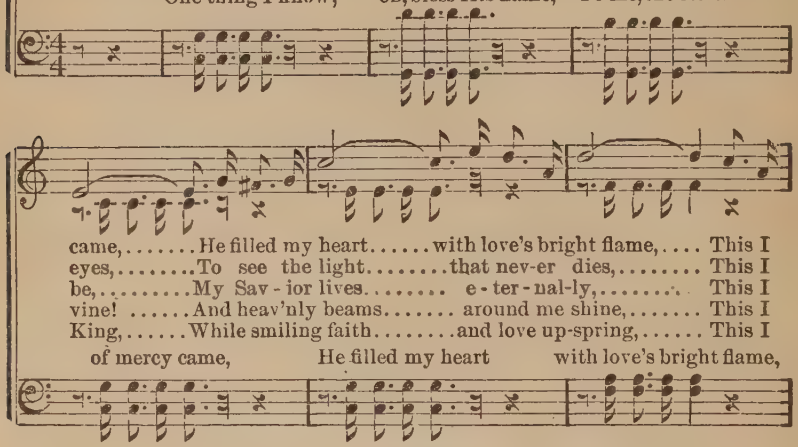
By permission.

138 One Thing I Know.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Solo or Quartet.

1. One thing I know;....oh, bless His name,...To me the Lord ..... of mercy
2. One thing I know;....He heard my cries, With mighty pow'r He touch'd my
3. One thing I know;....He died for me,.....In Him my hope, my trust shall
4. One thing I know;....the Savior's mine,...Oh, boundless grace,...oh, joy di-
5. One thing I know;....oh, help me sing....Such happy praise... to Christ our

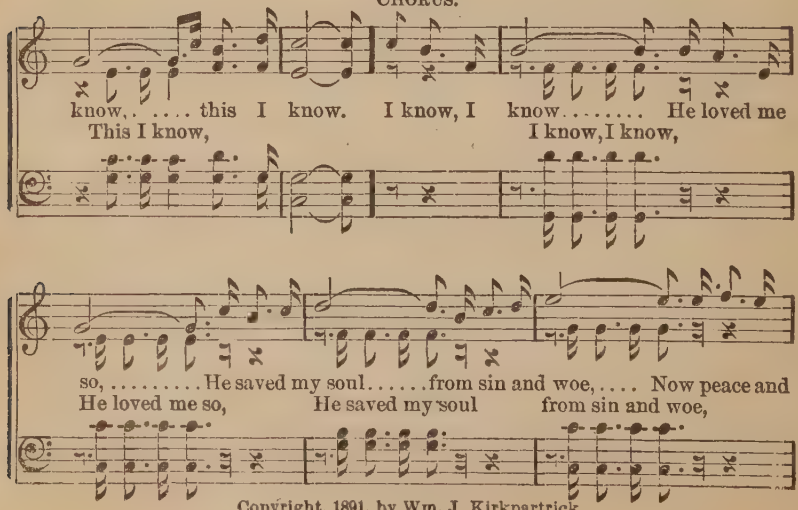
One thing I know; oh, bless His name, To me, the Lord



came,.....He filled my heart.....with love's bright flame,.... This I
eyes,.....To see the light.....that nev-er dies,..... This I
be,.....My Sav-ior lives..... e-ter-nal-ly,..... This I
vine! .....And heav'nly beams..... around me shine,..... This I
King,.....While smiling faith.....and love up-spring,..... This I

of mercy came, He filled my heart with love's bright flame,

Chorus.



know,..... this I know. I know, I know..... He loved me
This I know, I know, I know,

so,.....He saved my soul.....from sin and woe,.... Now peace and
He loved me so, He saved my soul from sin and woe,

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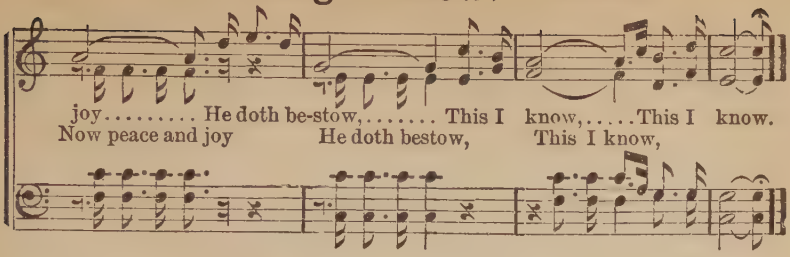
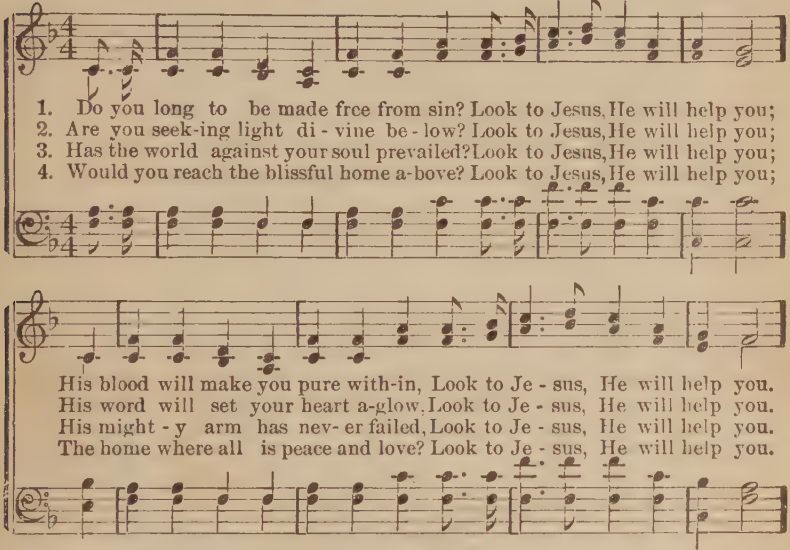
One Thing I Know. Concluded.

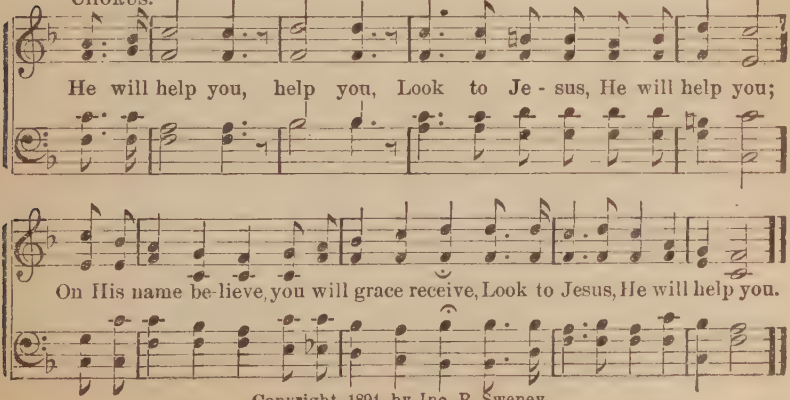


139 He will Help You.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Do you long to be made free from sin? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
2. Are you seek-ing light di - vine be - low? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
3. Has the world against your soul prevailed? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
4. Would you reach the blissful home a-bove? Look to Jesus, He will help you;
His blood will make you pure with-in, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
His word will set your heart a-glow, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
His might - y arm has nev- er failed, Look to Je - sus, He will help you.
The home where all is peace and love? Look to Je - sus, He will help you.

CHORUS.


He will help you, help you, Look to Je - sus, He will help you;
On His name be-lieve, you will grace receive, Look to Jesus, He will help you.

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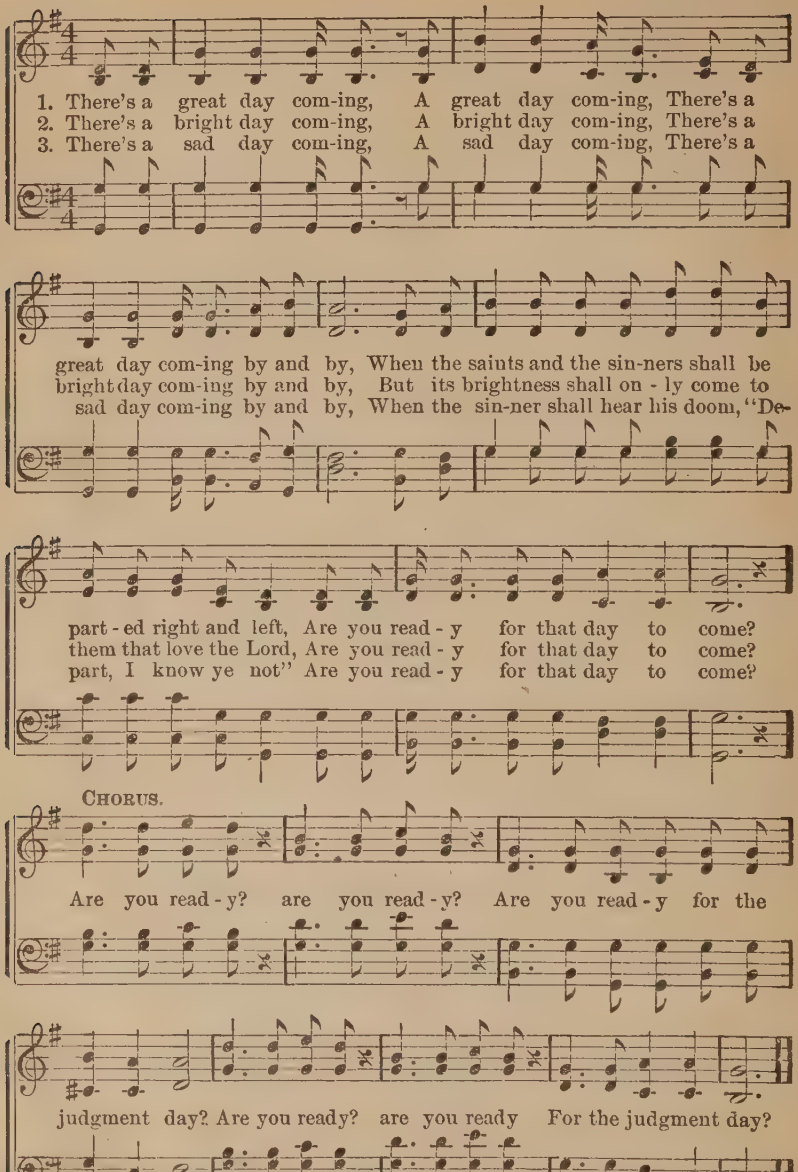
140 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not" Are you read - y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the
judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

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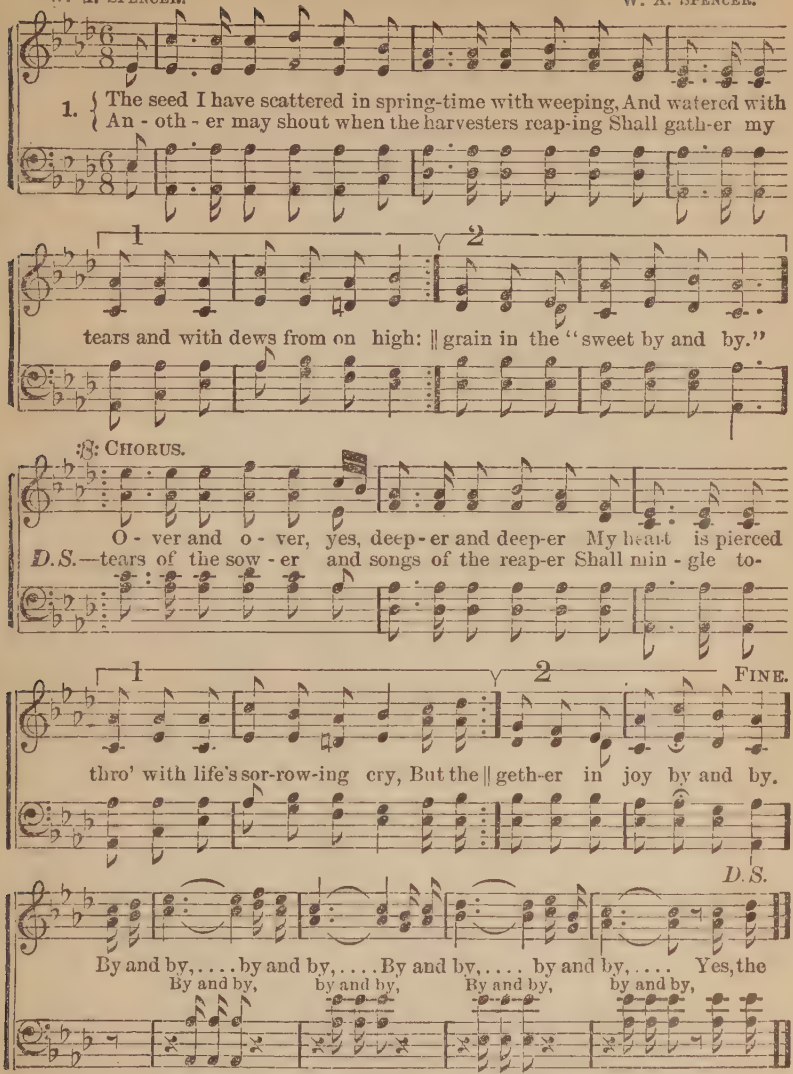
141 Harvest Time.

W. A. SPENCER. W. A. SPENCER.


1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
An - oth - er may shout when the harvesters reap-ing Shall gath-er my
1
2
tears and with dews from on high: ‖ grain in the "sweet by and by."
CHORUS.
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep-er My heart is pierced
D.S.—tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap-er Shall min - gle to-
1
2
FINE.
thro' with life's sor-row-ing cry, But the ‖ geth-er in joy by and by.
D.S.
By and by, ... by and by, ... By and by, ... by and by, ... Yes, the
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by,

2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling, sad-hearted, in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

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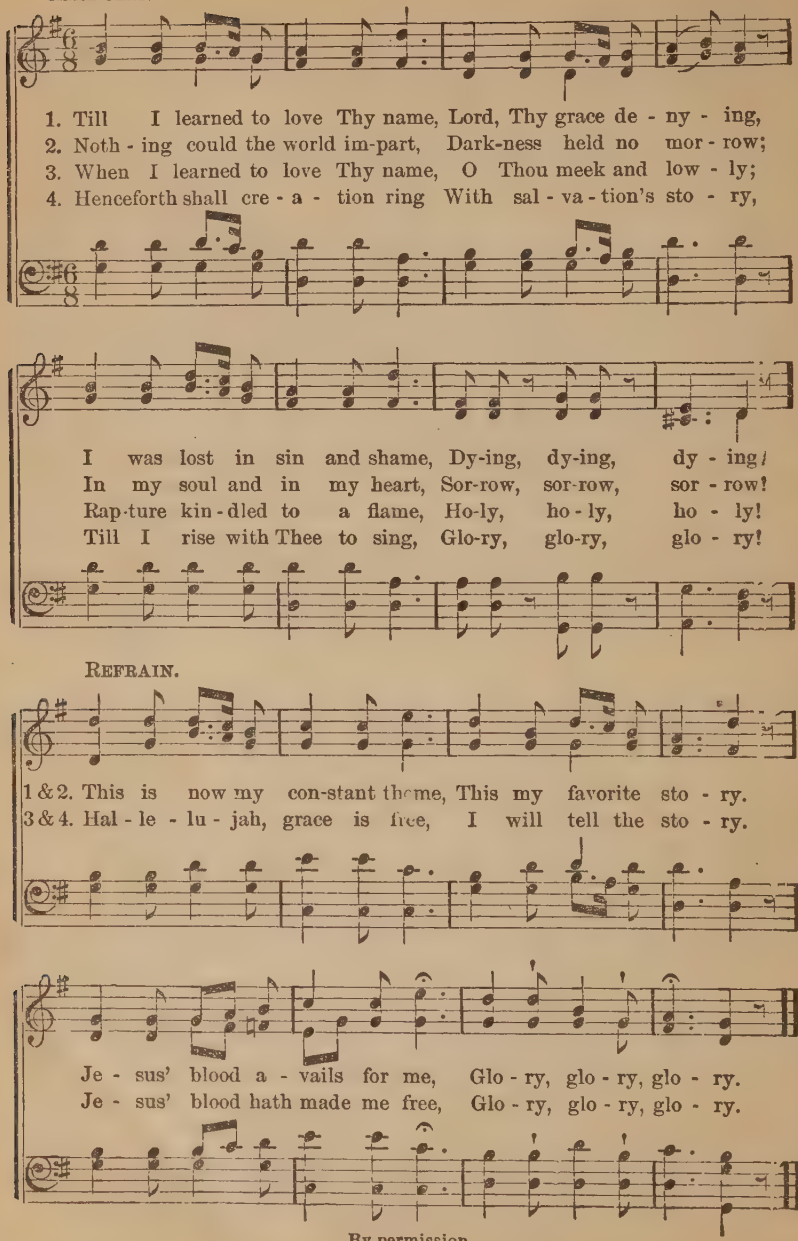
142 From Death unto Life.

ALICE CARY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

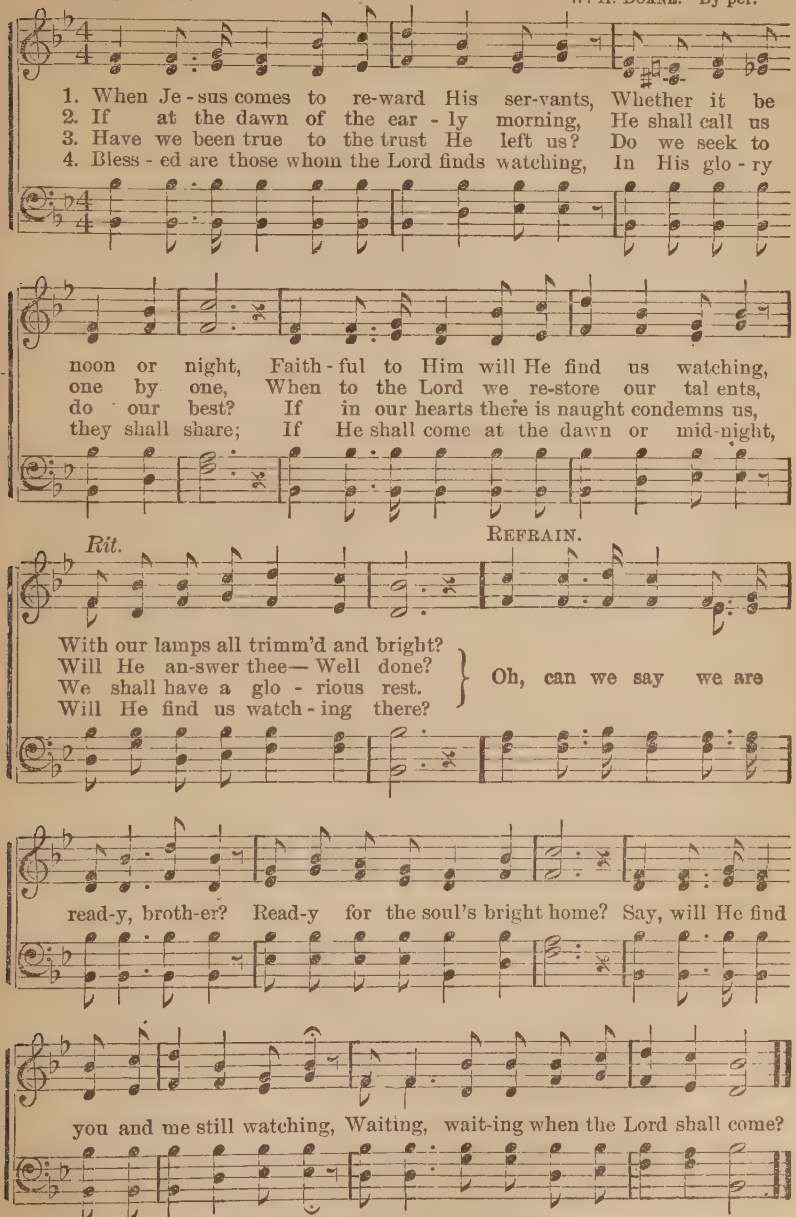

1. Till I learned to love Thy name, Lord, Thy grace de - ny - ing,
2. Noth - ing could the world im-part, Dark-ness held no mor - row;
3. When I learned to love Thy name, O Thou meek and low - ly;
4. Henceforth shall cre - a - tion ring With sal - va - tion's sto - ry,
I was lost in sin and shame, Dy-ing, dy-ing, dy - ing!
In my soul and in my heart, Sor-row, sor-row, sor - row!
Rap-ture kin-dled to a flame, Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Till I rise with Thee to sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry!
REFRAIN.
1 & 2. This is now my con-stant theme, This my favorite sto - ry.
3 & 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, grace is free, I will tell the sto - ry.
Je - sus' blood a - vails for me, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.
Je - sus' blood hath made me free, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

By permission.

143 Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.


1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,
Rit.
REFRAIN.
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an-swer thee— Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
Oh, can we say we are
read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find
you and me still watching, Waiting, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

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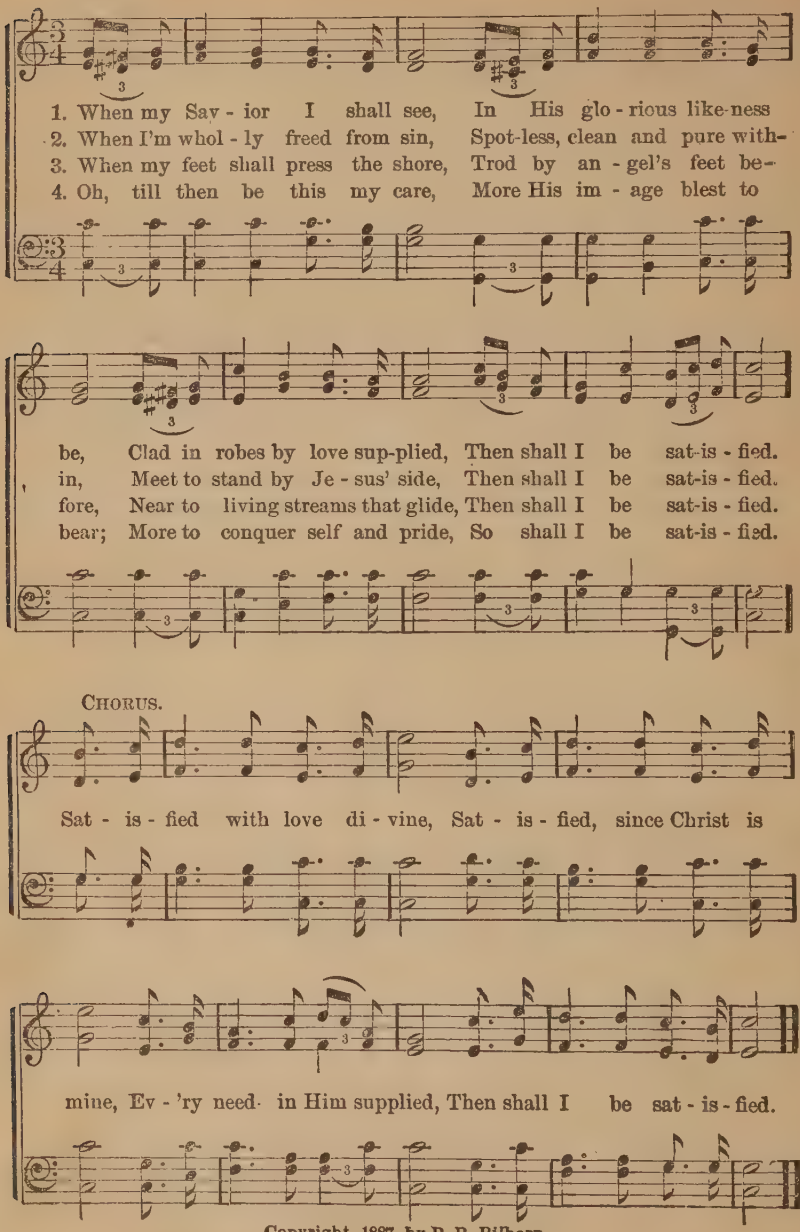
144 When My Savior I Shall See.

Arr. P. P. B — P. P. Bilhorn.


1. When my Sav - ior I shall see, In His glo - rious like-ness
2. When I'm whol - ly freed from sin, Spot-less, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an - gel's feet be-
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to
be, Clad in robes by love sup-plied, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
in, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
fore, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is - fied.
bear; More to conquer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is - fied.
Chorus.
Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied, since Christ is
mine, Ev - 'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.

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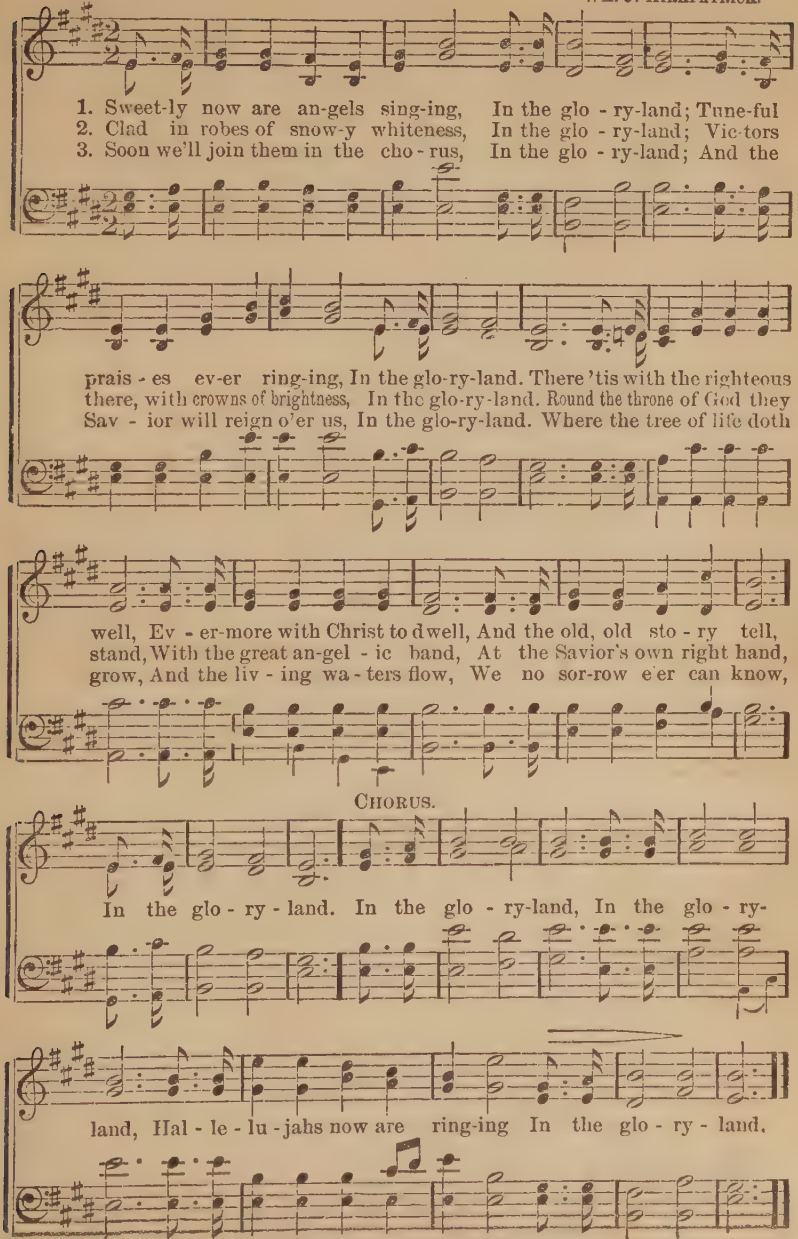
145 In the Glory-Land.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet-ly now are an-gels sing-ing, In the glo - ry-land; Tune-ful
2. Clad in robes of snow-y whiteness, In the glo - ry-land; Vic-tors
3. Soon we'll join them in the cho - rus, In the glo - ry-land; And the
prais - es ev-er ring-ing, In the glo-ry-land. There 'tis with the righteous
there, with crowns of brightness, In the glo-ry-land. Round the throne of God they
Sav - ior will reign o'er us, In the glo-ry-land. Where the tree of life doth
well, Ev - er-more with Christ to dwell, And the old, old sto - ry tell,
stand, With the great an-gel - ic band, At the Savior's own right hand,
grow, And the liv - ing wa - ters flow, We no sor-row e'er can know,
CHORUS.
In the glo - ry - land. In the glo - ry-land, In the glo - ry-
land, Hal - le - lu - jahs now are ring-ing In the glo - ry - land.

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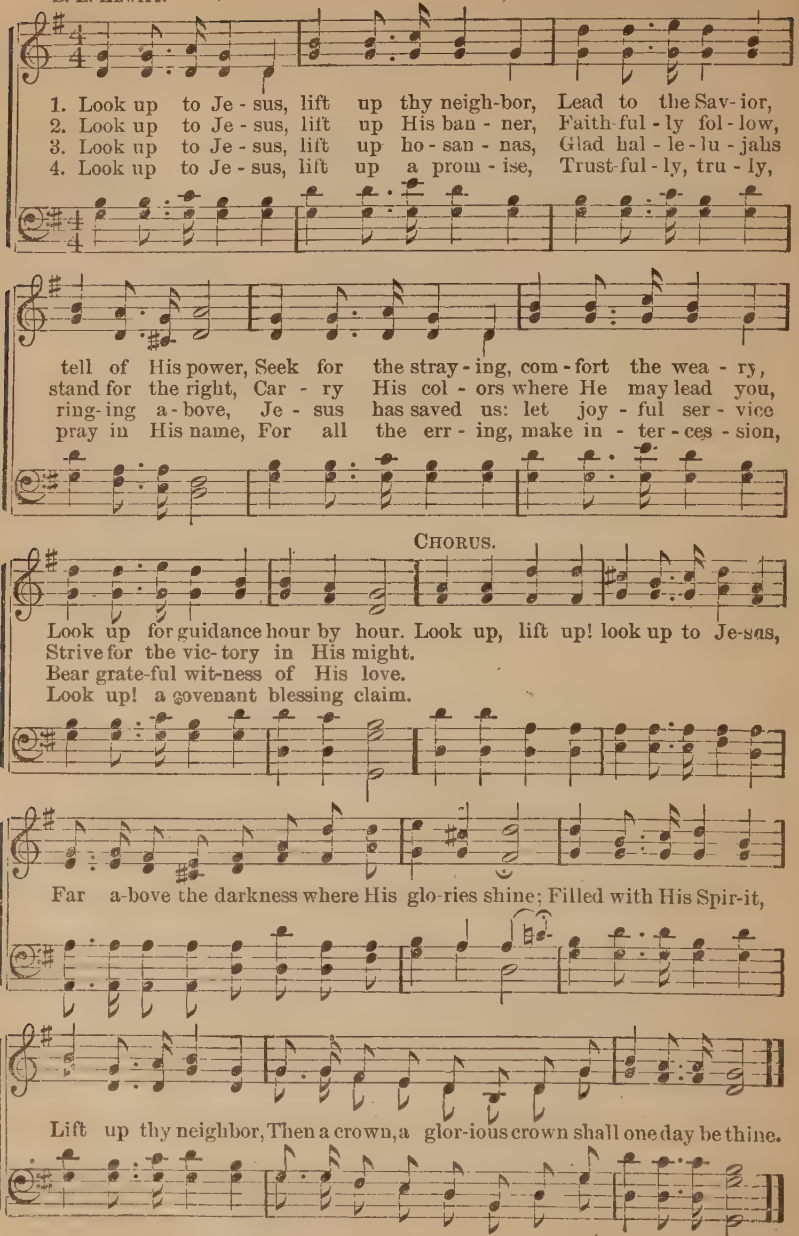
146 Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neigh-bor, Lead to the Sav-ior,
2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up His ban - ner, Faith-ful - ly fol - low,
3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san - nas, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs
4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom - ise, Trust-ful - ly, tru - ly,
tell of His power, Seek for the stray - ing, com - fort the wea - ry,
stand for the right, Car - ry His col - ors where He may lead you,
ring-ing a-bove, Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful ser - vice
pray in His name, For all the err - ing, make in - ter - ces - sion,
Chorus.
Look up for guidance hour by hour. Look up, lift up! look up to Je-sus,
Strive for the vic-tory in His might.
Bear grate-ful wit-ness of His love.
Look up! a covenant blessing claim.
Far a-bove the darkness where His glo-ries shine; Filled with His Spir-it,
Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glor-ious crown shall one day be thine.

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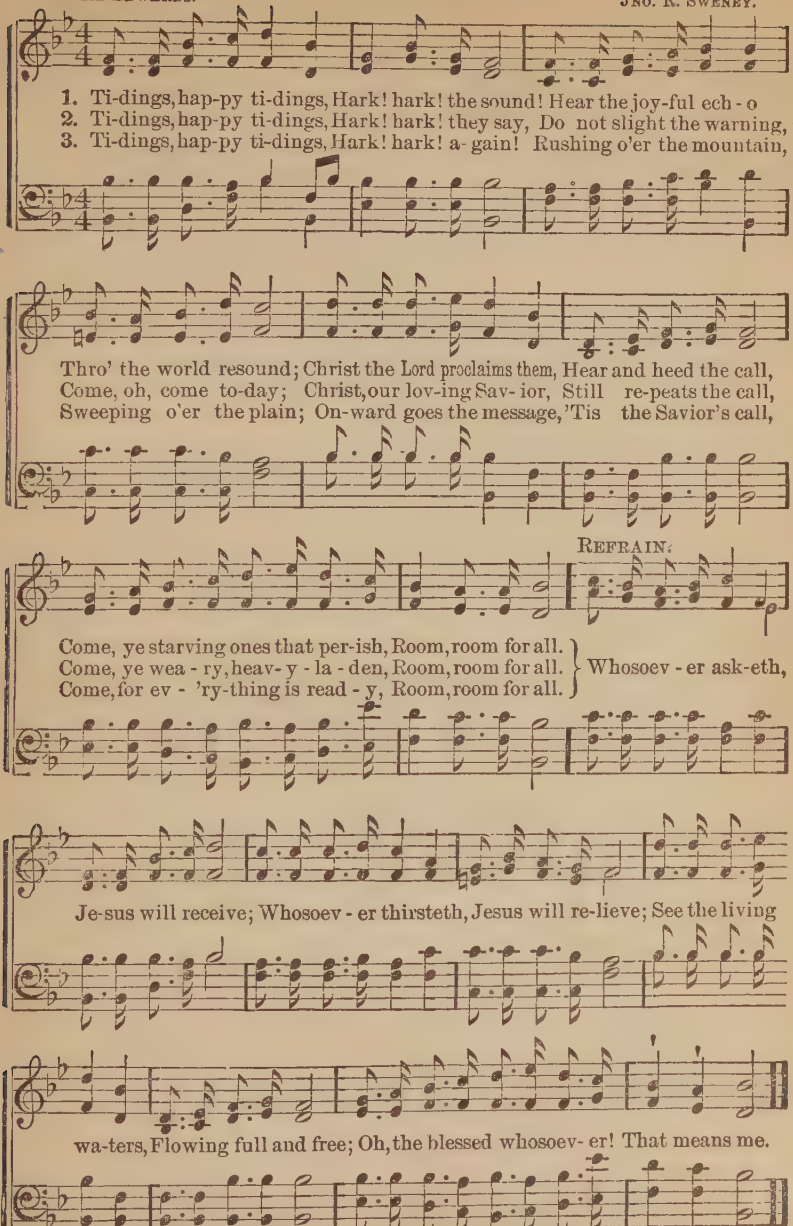
147 Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joy-ful ech - o
2. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Ti-dings, hap-py ti-dings, Hark! hark! a- gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,
Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav- ior, Still re-peats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Savior's call,
REFRAIN.
Come, ye starving ones that per-ish, Room, room for all.
Come, ye wea - ry, heav- y - la - den, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev - 'ry-thing is read - y, Room, room for all.
Whosoev - er ask-eth,
Je-sus will receive; Whosoev - er thirsteth, Jesus will re-lieve; See the living
wa-ters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoev- er! That means me.

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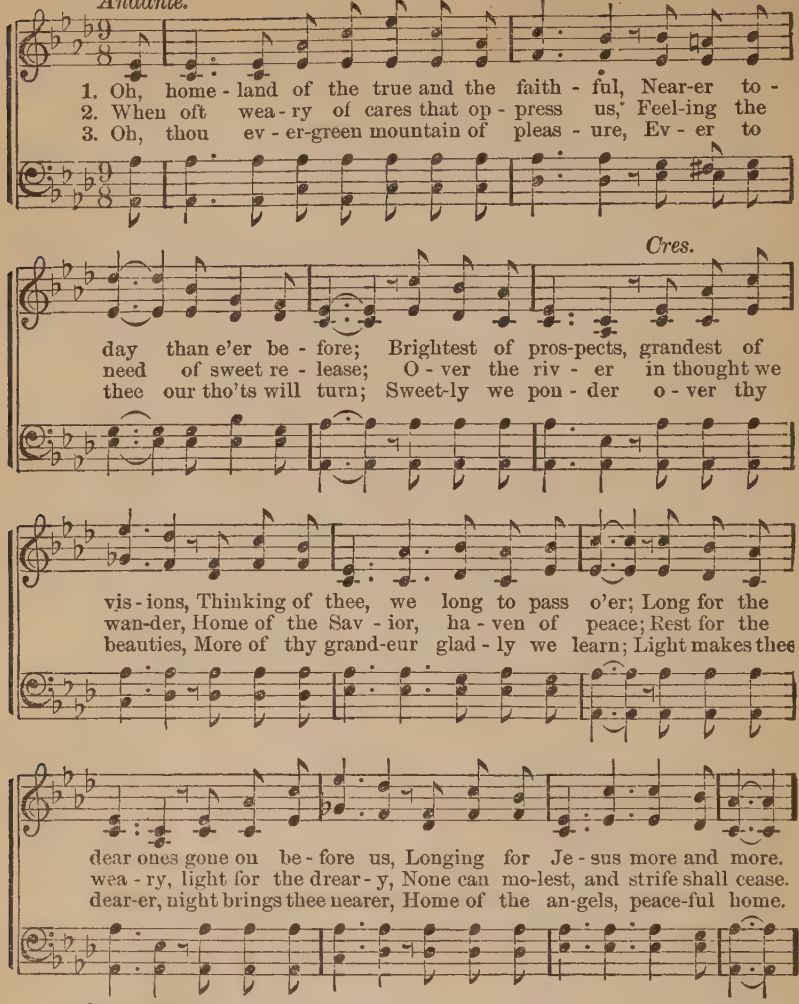
Home of the Soul.

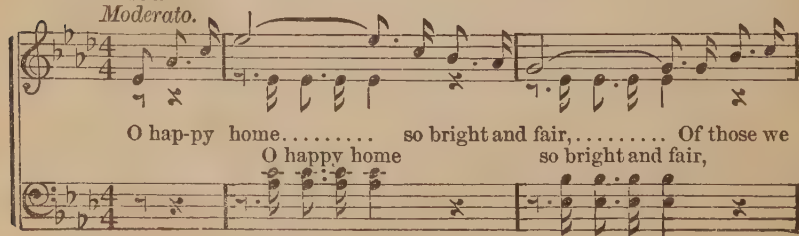
R. J. P. R. Jay Powell.

Andante.


1. Oh, home - land of the true and the faith - ful, Near-er to -
2. When oft wea - ry of cares that op - press us, Feel-ing the
3. Oh, thou ev - er-green mountain of pleas - ure, Ev - er to
Cres.
day than e'er be - fore; Brightest of pros-pects, grandest of
need of sweet re - lease; O - ver the riv - er in thought we
thee our tho'ts will turn; Sweet-ly we pon - der o - ver thy
vis - ions, Thinking of thee, we long to pass o'er; Long for the
wan-der, Home of the Sav - ior, ha - ven of peace; Rest for the
beauties, More of thy grand-eur glad - ly we learn; Light makes thee
dear ones gone on be - fore us, Longing for Je - sus more and more.
wea - ry, light for the drear - y, None can mo-lest, and strife shall cease.
dear-er, night brings thee nearer, Home of the an-gels, peace-ful home.

Chorus.

Moderato.



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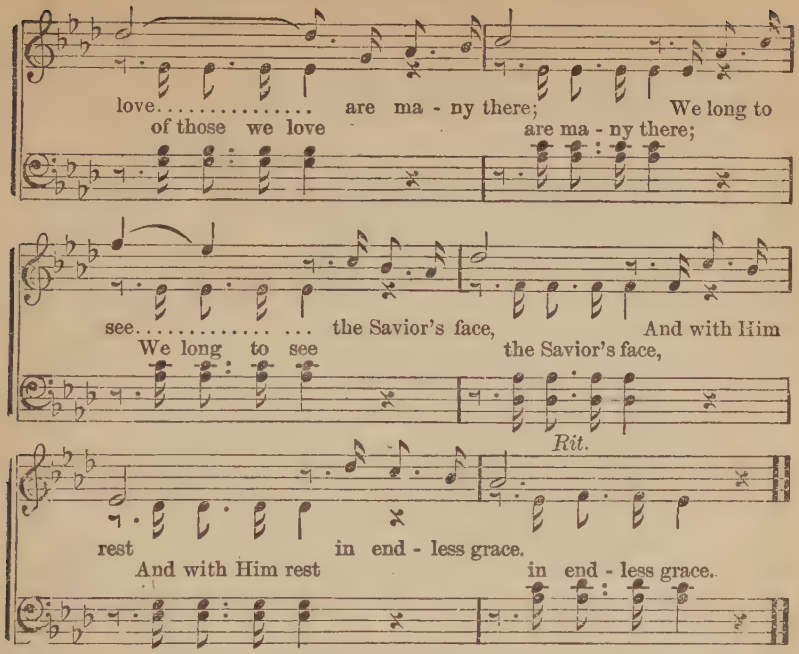
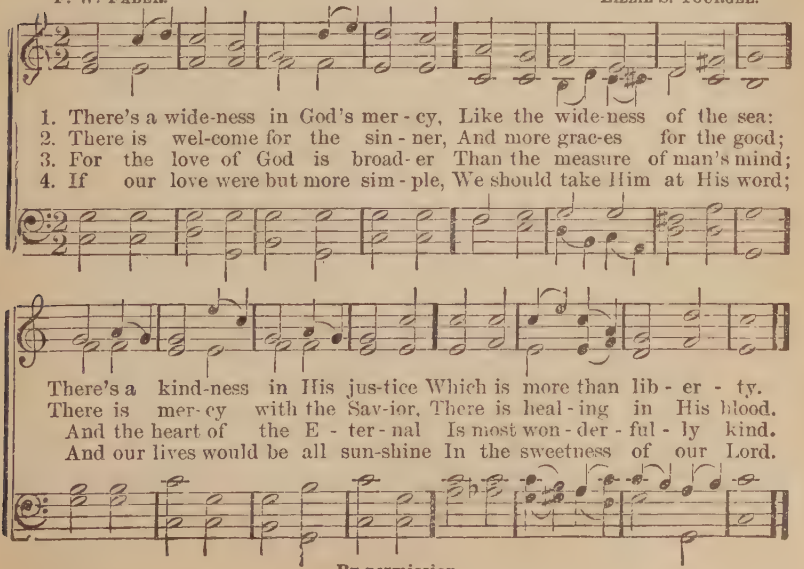
Home of the Soul. Concluded.


love..... are ma - ny there; We long to
of those we love are ma - ny there;
see..... the Savior's face, And with Him
We long to see the Savior's face,
Rit.
rest in end - less grace.
And with Him rest in end - less grace.

149 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourgee.

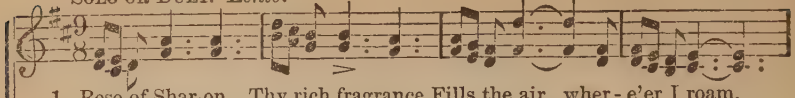

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

By permission.

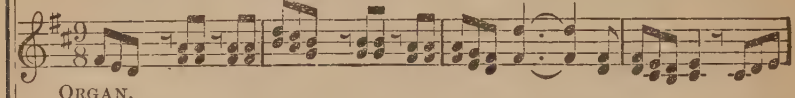
150 Sweet Rose of Sharon.

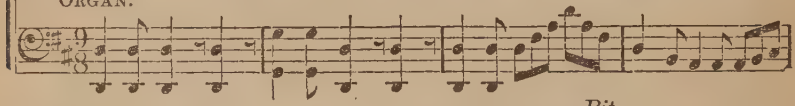
Rev. F. W. Ware. J. E. Glines.

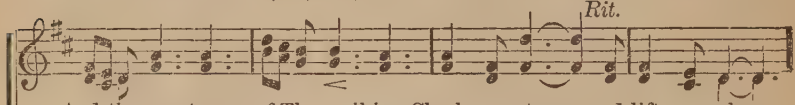
Solo or Duet. *Lento.*

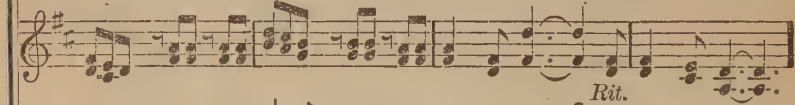


1. Rose of Shar-on, Thy rich fragrance Fills the air wher - e'er I roam,
2. Rose of Shar-on, Great Phy-si - cian Of the mind and of the heart,
3. Rose of Shar-on, my dear Shep-herd, Feed the life in mer-cy giv'n,
4. Then, O Rose, sweet Rose of Shar-on, Set me in the soil a- bove;
5. Let me grow, bless'd Rose of Shar-on, As di - rect - ed by Thy love.

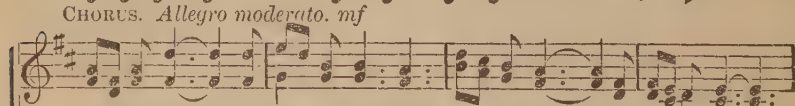


Organ.

Rit.

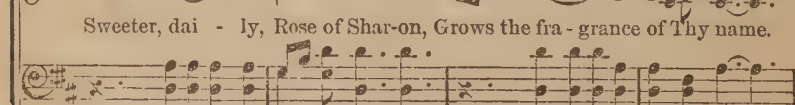


And the sweetness of Thy smil-ing Checks my tears and lifts my gloom.
Heavenly bal-sam Thou hast brought me And I'm healed in ev' - ry part.
Let me live and grow just like Thee Till I'm ripe and meet for heav'n
Let me grow in Thy great gar-den, In the frost - less land of love.
Let me have thro' end-less a - ges, Fel- low- ship with Thee a - bove.

Rit.

Chorus. *Allegro moderato. mf*

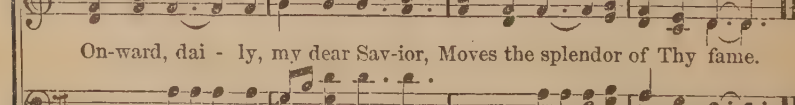


Sweeter, dai - ly, Rose of Shar-on, Grows the fra - grance of Thy name.



Tempo.

On-ward, dai - ly, my dear Sav-ior, Moves the splendor of Thy fame.



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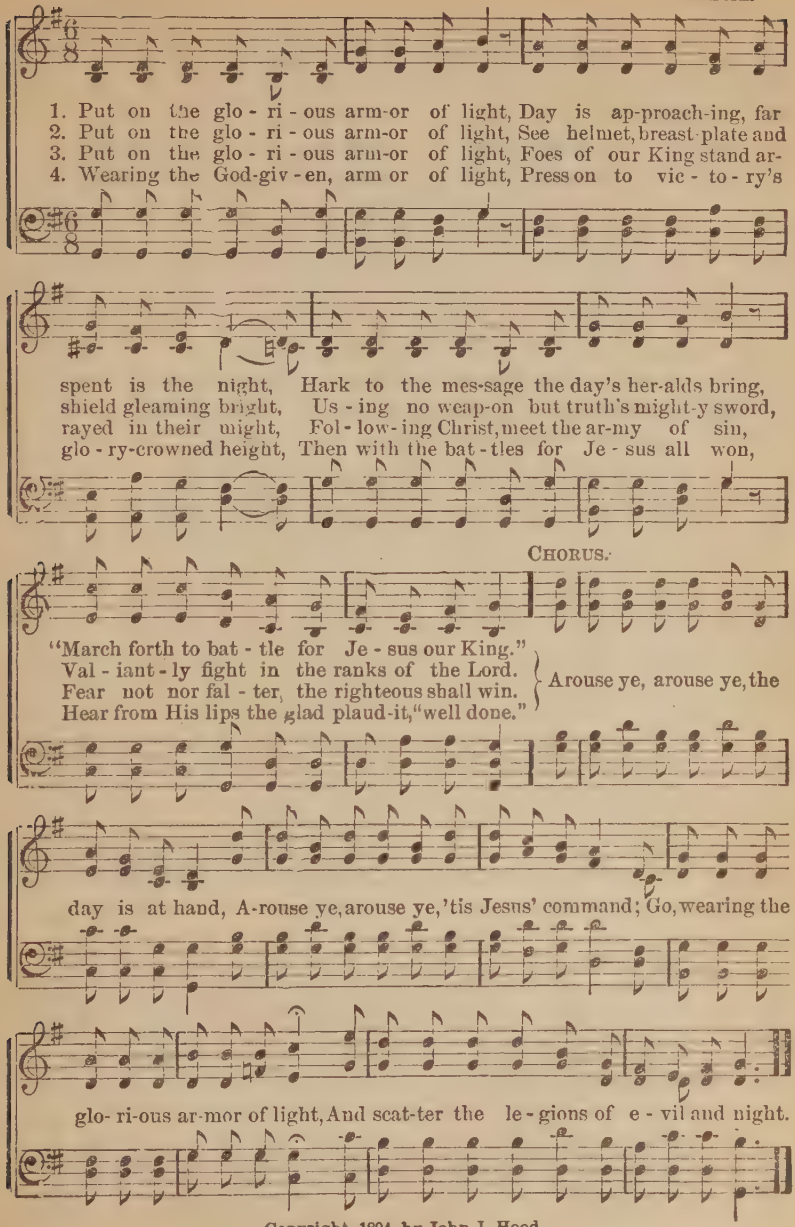
151 Put on the Glorious Armor.

JENNIE WILSON. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, Day is ap-proach-ing, far spent is the night, Hark to the mes-sage the day's her-alds bring,
2. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, See helmet, breast-plate and shield gleaming bright, Us - ing no weap-on but truth's might-y sword,
3. Put on the glo - ri - ous arm-or of light, Foes of our King stand ar- rayed in their might, Fol - low - ing Christ, meet the ar-my of sin,
4. Wearing the God-giv - en, arm or of light, Press on to vic - to - ry's glo - ry-crowned height, Then with the bat - tles for Je - sus all won,
CHORUS.
"March forth to bat - tle for Je - sus our King."
Val - iant - ly fight in the ranks of the Lord.
Fear not nor fal - ter, the righteous shall win.
Hear from His lips the glad plaud-it, "well done."
Arouse ye, arouse ye, the day is at hand, A-rouse ye, arouse ye, 'tis Jesus' command; Go, wearing the glo- ri-ous ar-mor of light, And scat-ter the le - gions of e - vil and night.

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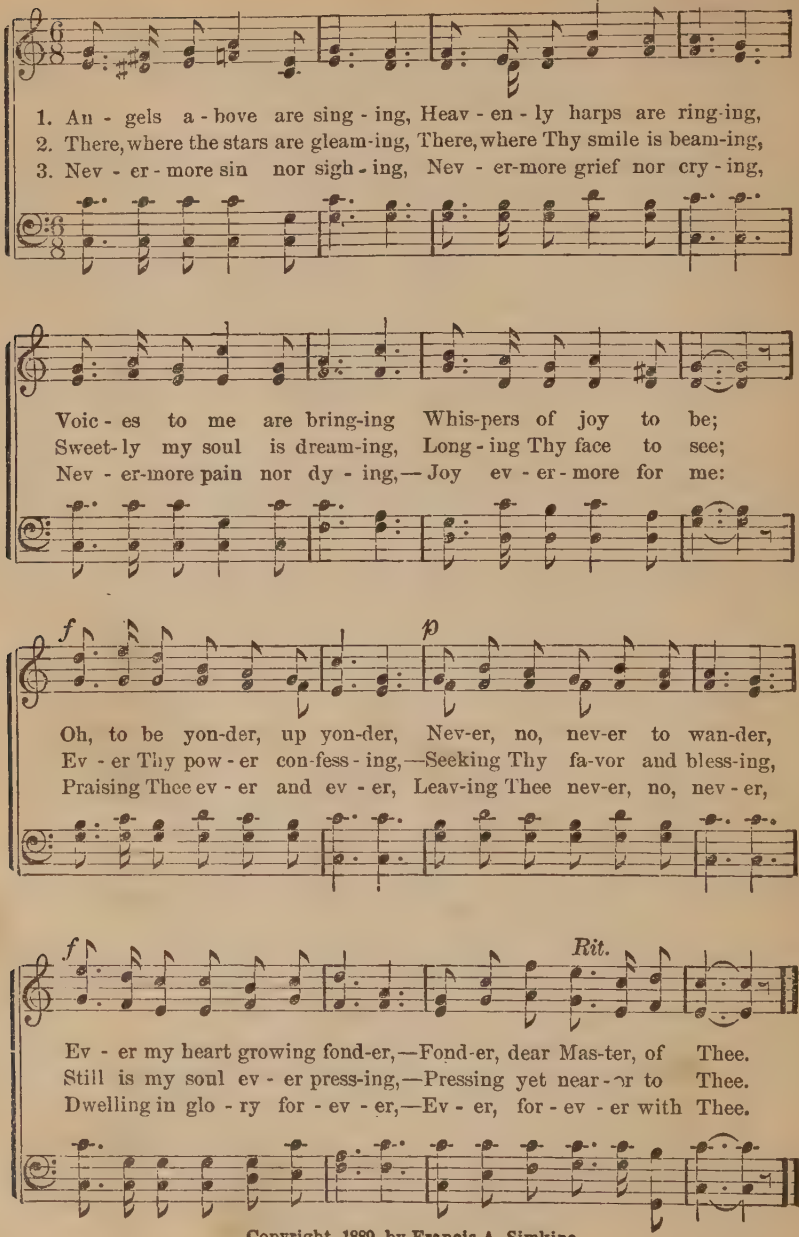
152 Angels Above are Singing.

F. A. S. FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.


1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav - en - ly harps are ring-ing,
2. There, where the stars are gleam-ing, There, where Thy smile is beam-ing,
3. Nev - er - more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er-more grief nor cry - ing,
Voic - es to me are bring-ing Whis-pers of joy to be;
Sweet-ly my soul is dream-ing, Long - ing Thy face to see;
Nev - er-more pain nor dy - ing,— Joy ev - er - more for me:
f
p
Oh, to be yon-der, up yon-der, Nev-er, no, nev-er to wan-der,
Ev - er Thy pow - er con-fess - ing,—Seeking Thy fa-vor and bless-ing,
Praising Thee ev - er and ev - er, Leav-ing Thee nev-er, no, nev - er,
f
Rit.
Ev - er my heart growing fond-er,—Fond-er, dear Mas-ter, of Thee.
Still is my soul ev - er press-ing,—Pressing yet near - er to Thee.
Dwelling in glo - ry for - ev - er,—Ev - er, for - ev - er with Thee.

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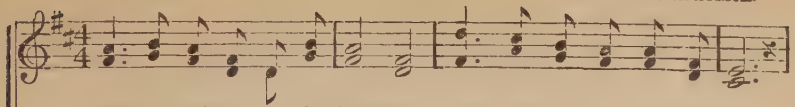
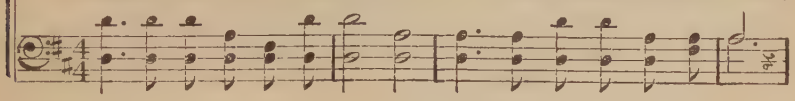
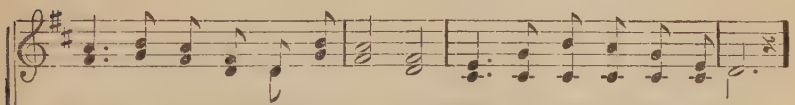
153 Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

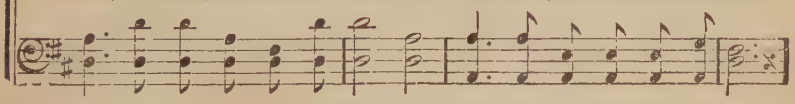


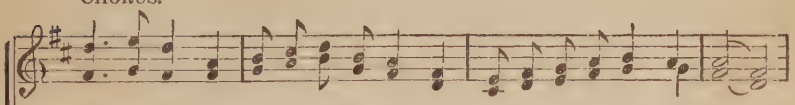
1. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come, be-hold the crimson tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood,

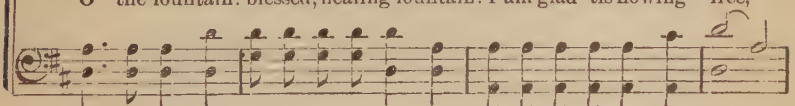




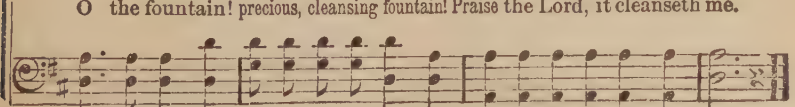
Flow-ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wand'rings He'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.



CHORUS.

O the fountain! blessed, healing fountain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,



O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



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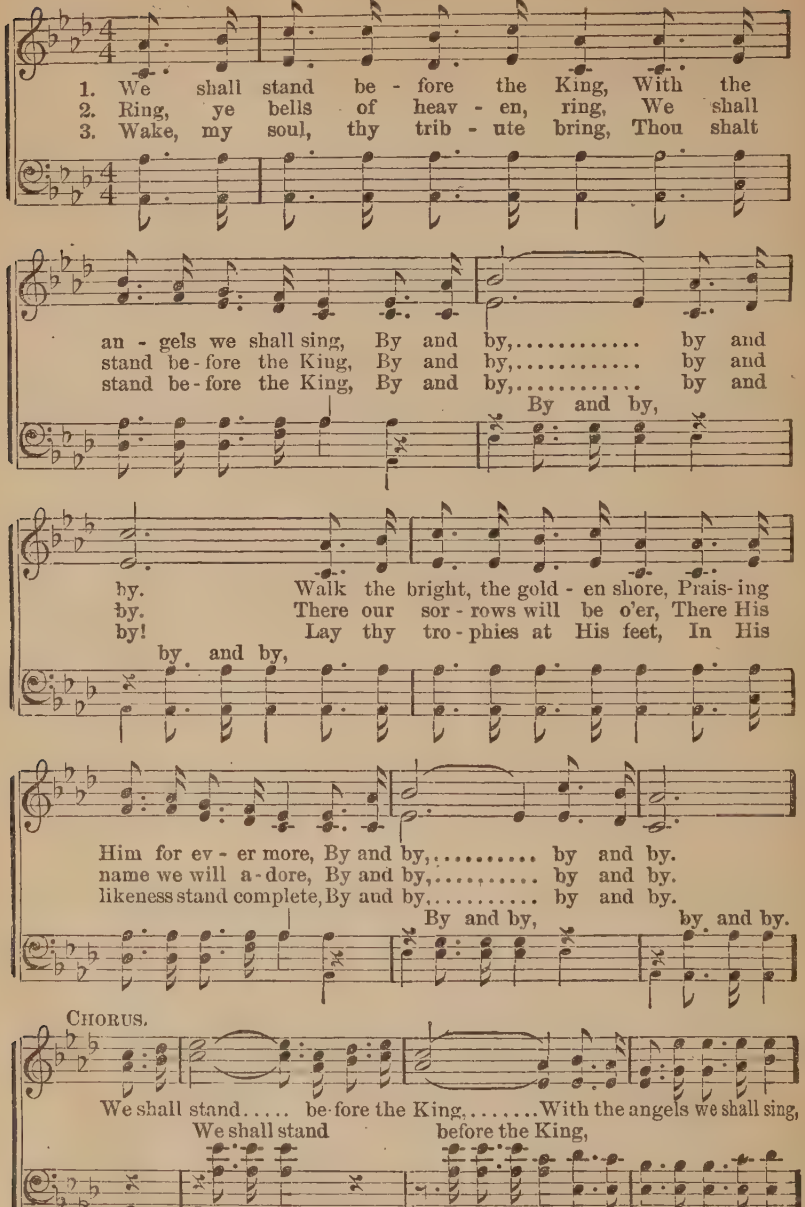
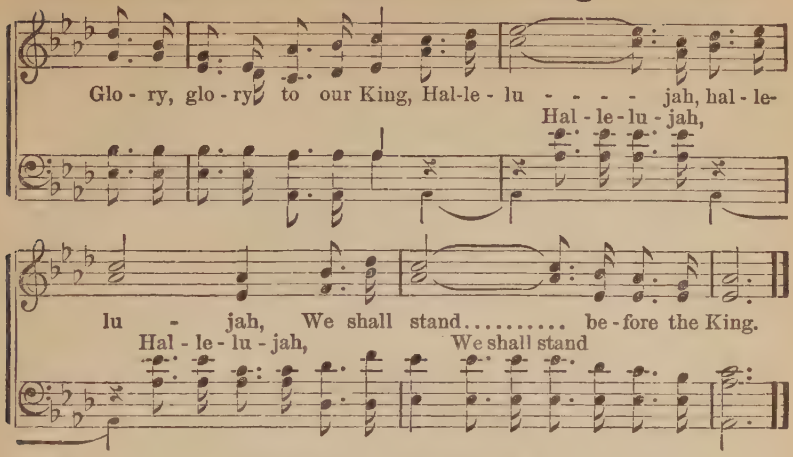
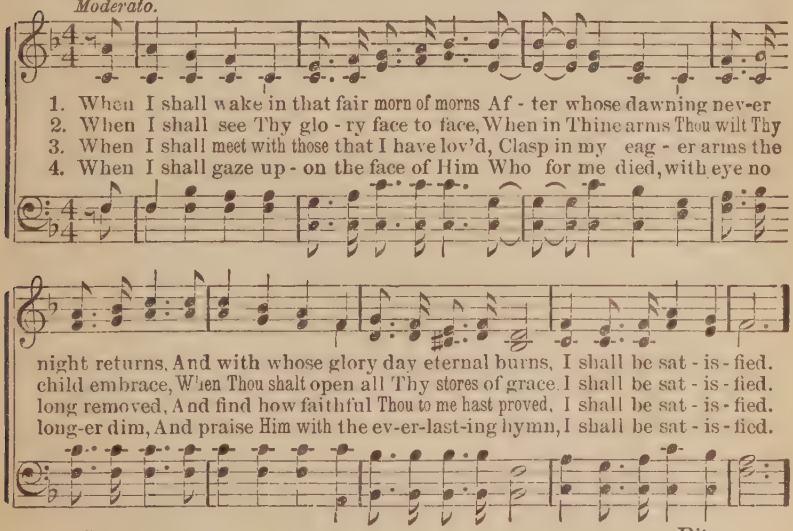
154 We shall Stand Before the King.

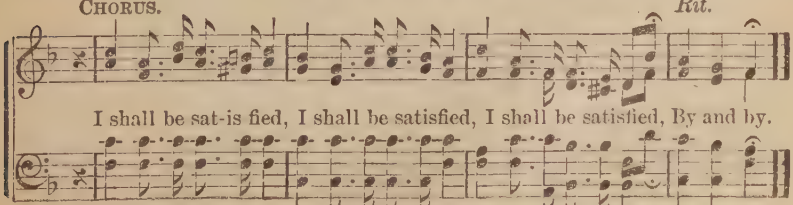
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall
3. Wake, my soul, thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt
an - gels we shall sing, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
By and by,
by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
by. There our sor - rows will be o'er, There His
by! Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His
by and by,
Him for ev - er more, By and by,..... by and by.
name we will a - dore, By and by,..... by and by.
likeness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.
By and by, by and by.
Chorus.
We shall stand..... be - fore the King,.....With the angels we shall sing,
We shall stand before the King,

Copyright, 1886, by E. O. Excell.

We shall Stand Before the King. Concluded.

155 I Shall be Satisfied.

BONAR. *Moderato.* Rev. T. C. NEAL.

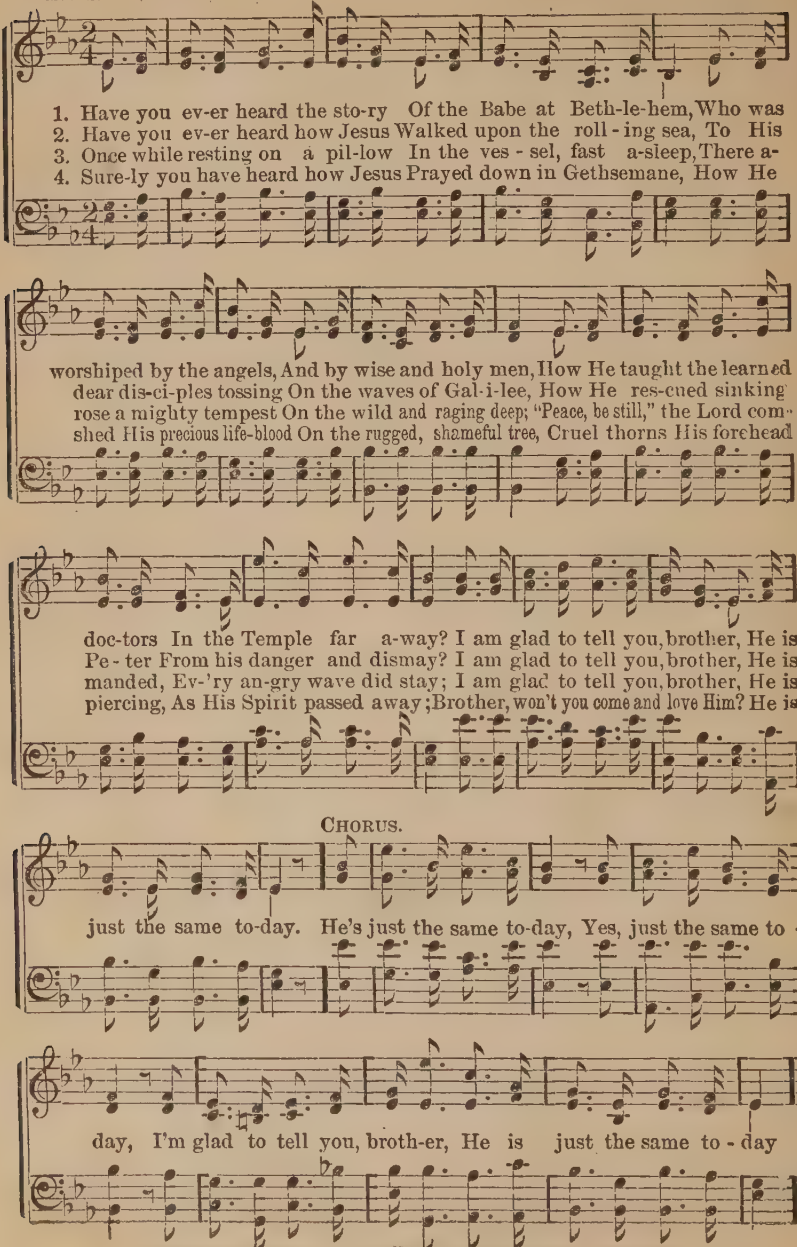

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns Af - ter whose dawning nev-er
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy
3. When I shall meet with those that I have lov'd, Clasp in my eag - er arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with eye no
night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
child embrace, When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace, I shall be sat - is - fied.
long removed, And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
long-er dim, And praise Him with the ev-er-last-ing hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.



By permission.

156 He is just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. I. N. McHOSE.


1. Have you ev-er heard the sto-ry Of the Babe at Beth-le-hem, Who was
2. Have you ev-er heard how Jesus Walked upon the roll-ing sea, To His
3. Once while resting on a pil-low In the ves-sel, fast a-sleep, There a-
4. Sure-ly you have heard how Jesus Prayed down in Gethsemane, How He
worshiped by the angels, And by wise and holy men, How He taught the learned
dear dis-ci-ples tossing On the waves of Gal-i-lee, How He res-cued sinking
rose a mighty tempest On the wild and raging deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord com-
shed His precious life-blood On the rugged, shameful tree, Cruel thorns His forehead
doc-tors In the Temple far a-way? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
Pe-ter From his danger and dismay? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
manded, Ev-'ry an-gry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
piercing, As His Spirit passed away; Brother, won't you come and love Him? He is
CHORUS.
just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-
day, I'm glad to tell you, broth-er, He is just the same to-day

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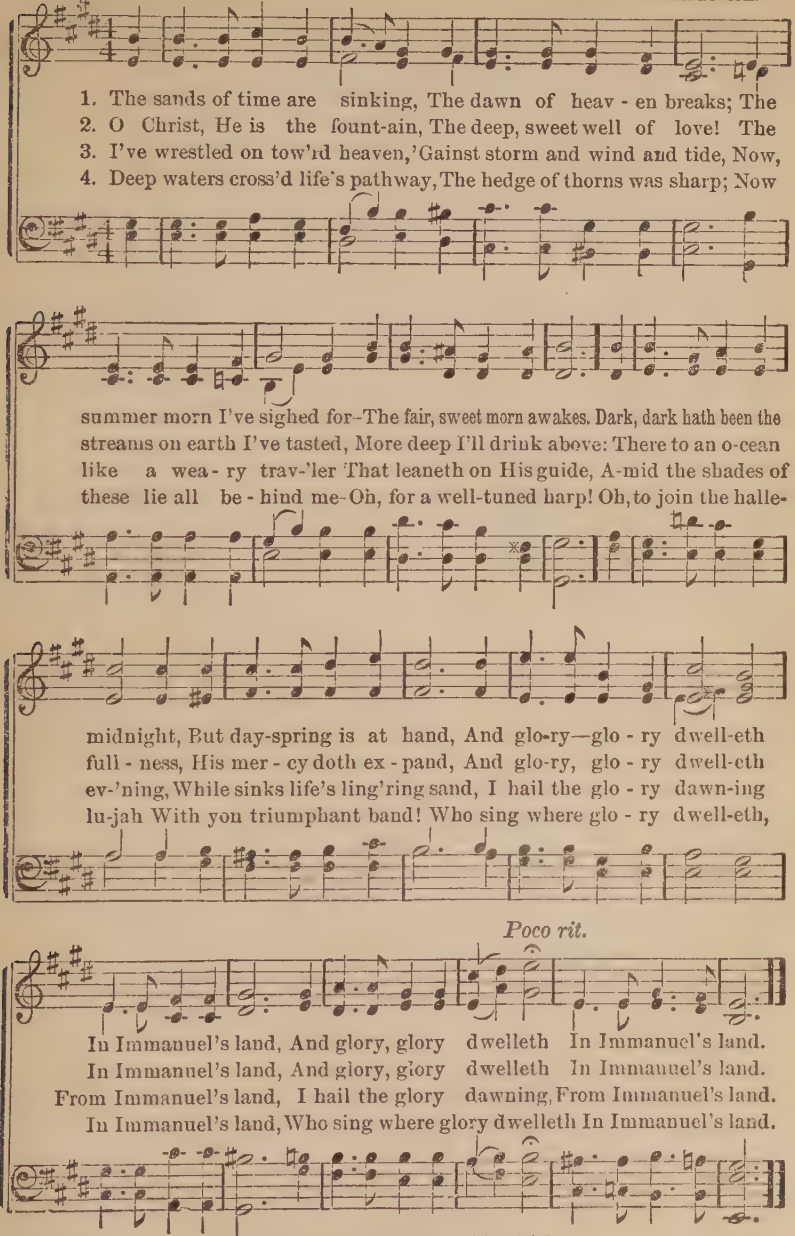
157 Immanuel's Land.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The
2. O Christ, He is the fount-ain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
3. I've wrestled on tow'rd heaven,'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now,
4. Deep waters cross'd life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now
summer morn I've sighed for-The fair, sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark hath been the
streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an o-cean
like a wea - ry trav-'ler That leaneth on His guide, A-mid the shades of
these lie all be - hind me-Oh, for a well-tuned harp! Oh, to join the halle-
midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry—glo - ry dwell-eth
full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell-eth
ev-'ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawn-ing
lu-jah With you triumphant band! Who sing where glo - ry dwell-eth,
Poco rit.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning, From Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

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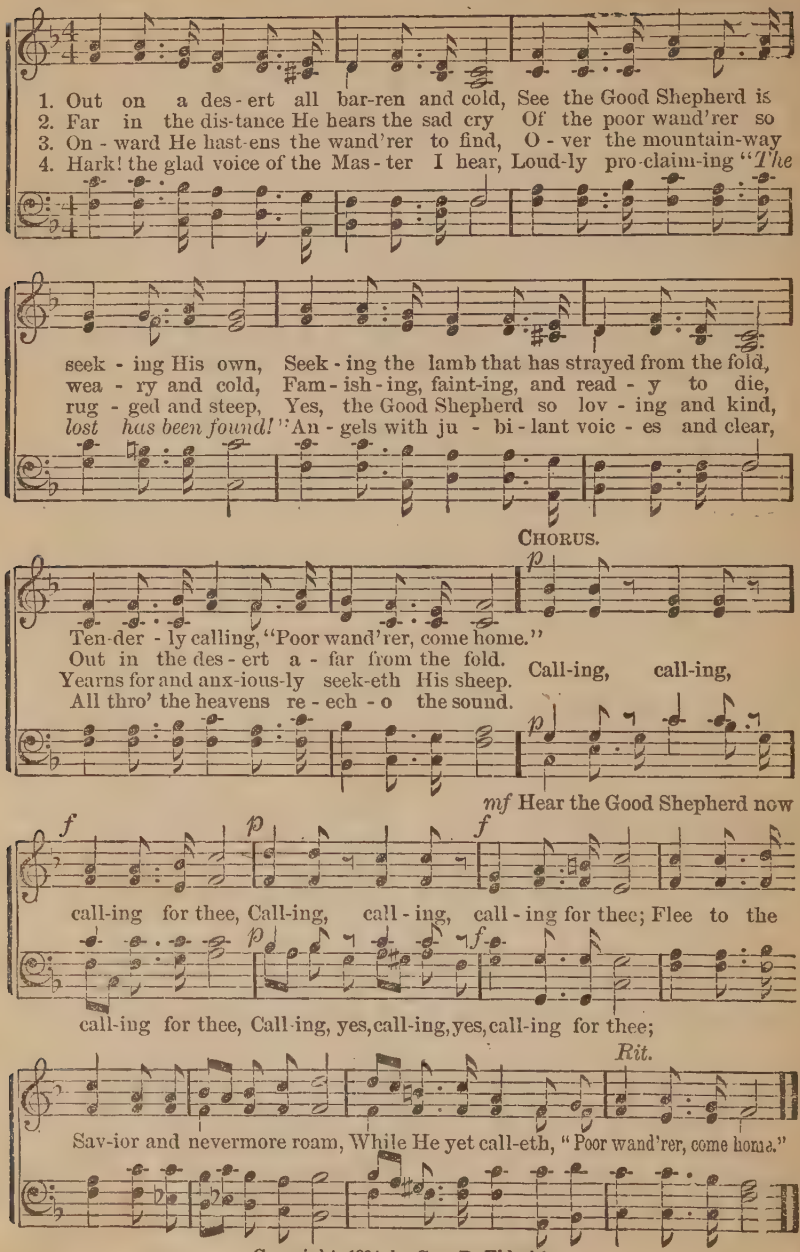
158 Calling for Thee.

J. P. Lane. J. H. Tenney.

1. Out on a des - ert all bar-ren and cold, See the Good Shepherd is
2. Far in the dis-tance He hears the sad cry Of the poor wand'rer so
3. On - ward He hast-ens the wand'rer to find, O - ver the mountain-way
4. Hark! the glad voice of the Mas - ter I hear, Loud-ly pro-claim-ing "The
seek - ing His own, Seek - ing the lamb that has strayed from the fold,
wea - ry and cold, Fam - ish - ing, faint-ing, and read - y to die,
rug - ged and steep, Yes, the Good Shepherd so lov - ing and kind,
lost has been found!" An - gels with ju - bi - lant voic - es and clear,
Chorus.
Ten-der - ly calling, "Poor wand'rer, come home."
Out in the des - ert a - far from the fold.
Yearns for and anx-ious-ly seek-eth His sheep.
All thro' the heavens re - ech - o the sound.
Call-ing, call-ing,
mf Hear the Good Shepherd now
call-ing for thee, Call-ing, call - ing, call - ing for thee; Flee to the
call-ing for thee, Call-ing, yes, call-ing, yes, call-ing for thee;
Rit.
Sav-ior and nevermore roam, While He yet call-eth, "Poor wand'rer, come home."

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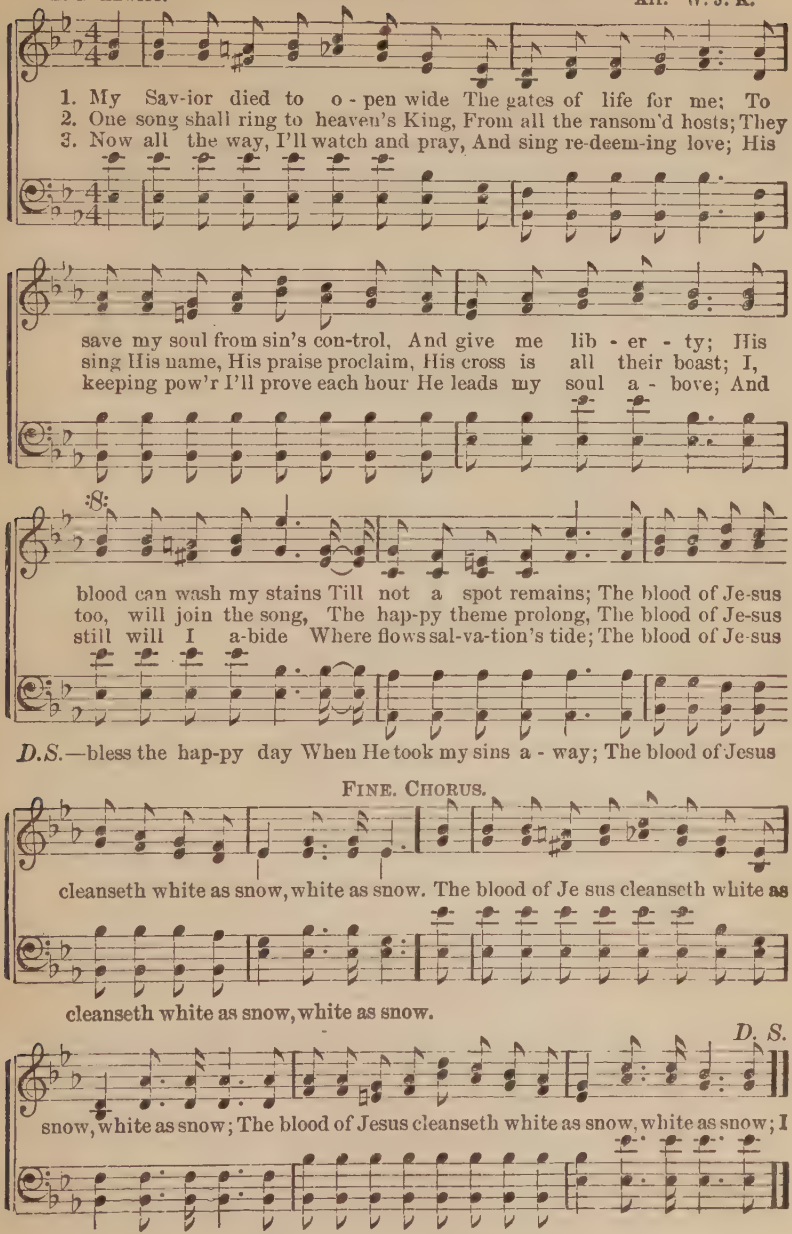
159 Cleanseth White as Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. W. J. K.


1. My Sav-ior died to o - pen wide The gates of life for me; To
2. One song shall ring to heaven's King, From all the ransom'd hosts; They
3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing re-deem-ing love; His
save my soul from sin's con-trol, And give me lib - er - ty; His
sing His name, His praise proclaim, His cross is all their boast; I,
keeping pow'r I'll prove each hour He leads my soul a - bove; And
:S:
blood can wash my stains Till not a spot remains; The blood of Je-sus
too, will join the song, The hap-py theme prolong, The blood of Je-sus
still will I a-bide Where flows sal-va-tion's tide; The blood of Je-sus
D.S.—bless the hap-py day When He took my sins a - way; The blood of Jesus
FINE. CHORUS.
cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Je sus cleanseth white as
cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.
D. S.
snow, white as snow; The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

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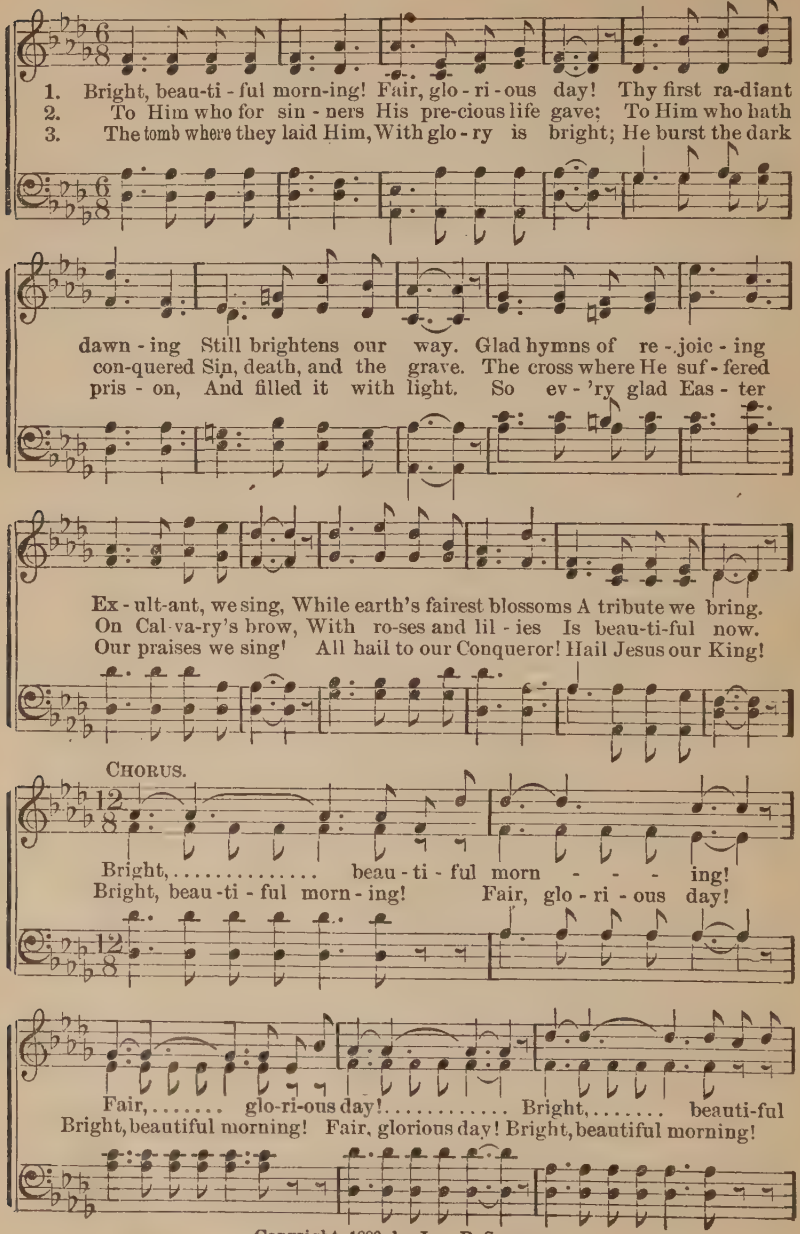
160 Bright, Beautiful Morning.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bright, beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day! Thy first ra-diant
2. To Him who for sin-ners His pre-cious life gave; To Him who hath
3. The tomb where they laid Him, With glo-ry is bright; He burst the dark
dawn-ing Still brightens our way. Glad hymns of re-joic-ing
con-quered Sin, death, and the grave. The cross where He suf-fered
pris-on, And filled it with light. So ev-'ry glad Eas-ter
Ex-ult-ant, we sing, While earth's fairest blossoms A tribute we bring.
On Cal-va-ry's brow, With ro-ses and lil-ies Is beau-ti-ful now.
Our praises we sing! All hail to our Conqueror! Hail Jesus our King!
CHORUS.
Bright,..... beau-ti-ful morn - - - ing!
Bright, beau-ti-ful morn-ing! Fair, glo-ri-ous day!
Fair,..... glo-ri-ous day!..... Bright,..... beauti-ful
Bright, beautiful morning! Fair, glorious day! Bright, beautiful morning!

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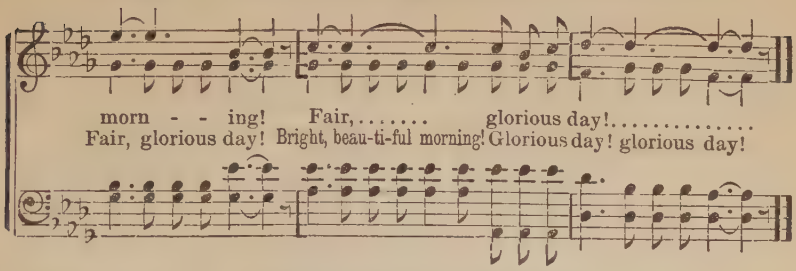
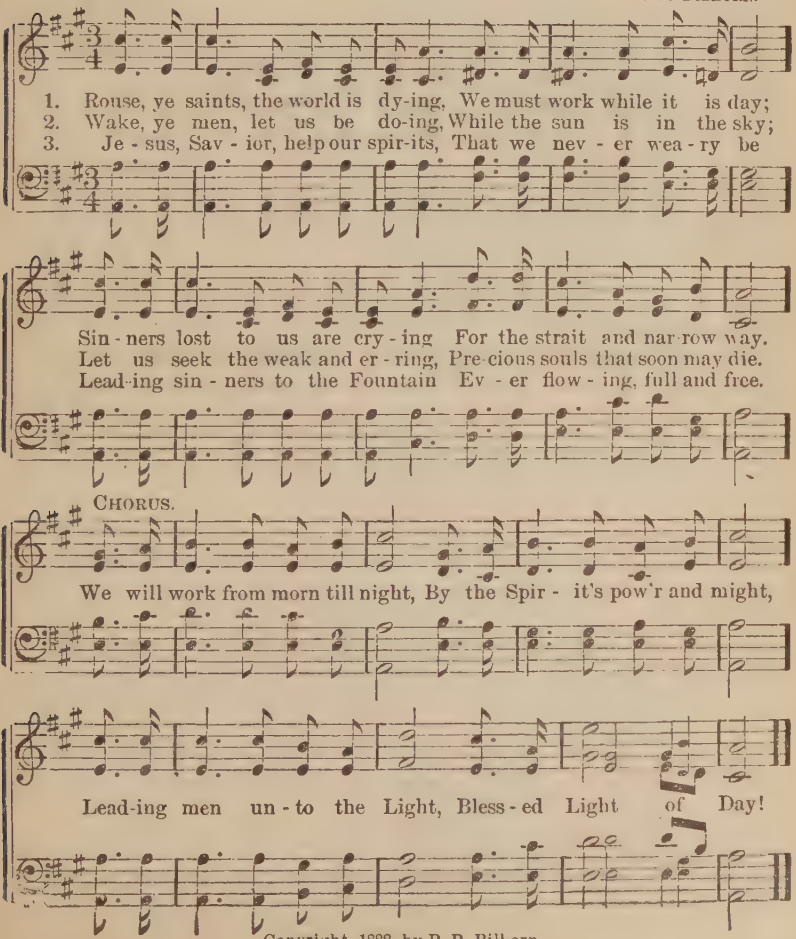
Bright, Beautiful Morning.—Concluded.

161 Rouse, Ye Saints.

C. H. YATMAN. P. P. BILHORN.


1. Rouse, ye saints, the world is dy-ing, We must work while it is day;
2. Wake, ye men, let us be do-ing, While the sun is in the sky;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, help our spir-its, That we nev - er wea - ry be
Sin - ners lost to us are cry - ing For the strait and nar-row way.
Let us seek the weak and er - ring, Pre-cious souls that soon may die.
Lead-ing sin - ners to the Fountain Ev - er flow - ing, full and free.
CHORUS.
We will work from morn till night, By the Spir - it's pow'r and might,
Lead-ing men un - to the Light, Bless - ed Light of Day!

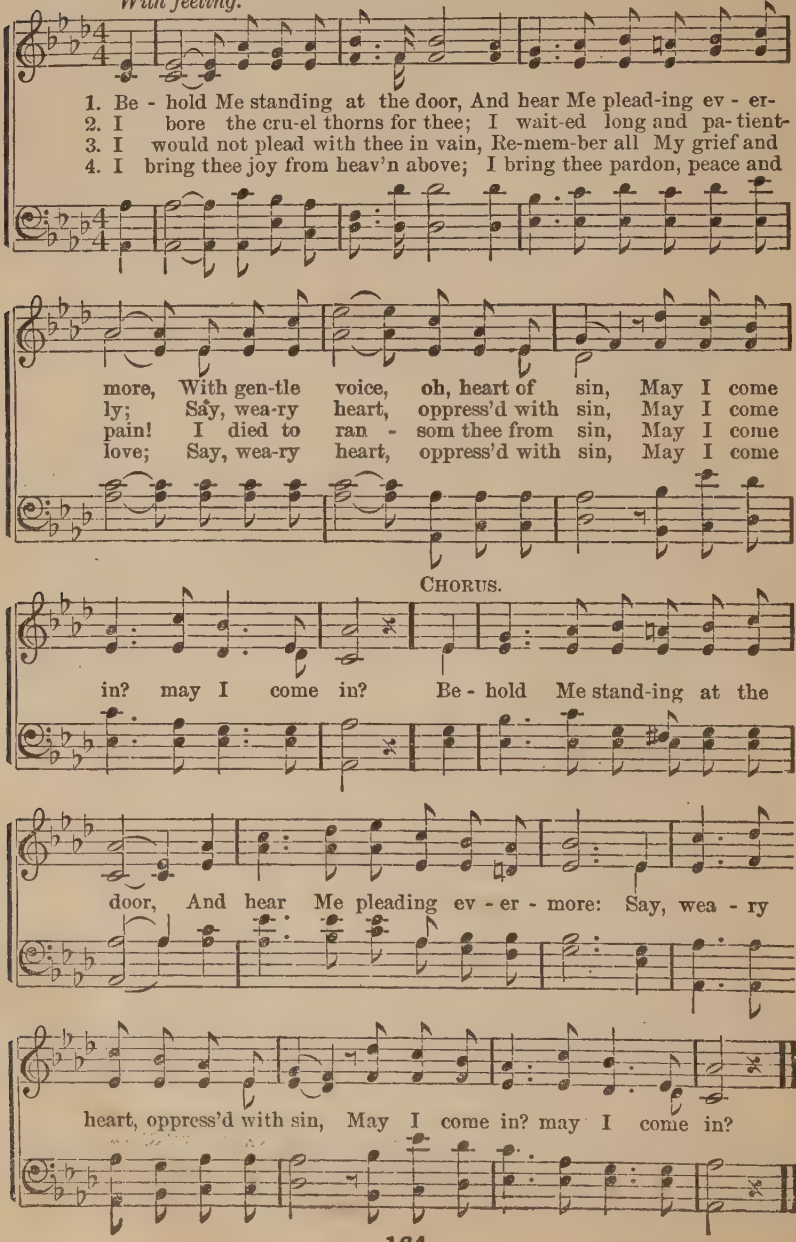
Copyright, 1888, by P. P. Bilhorn.

162 Behold Me Standing at the Door!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

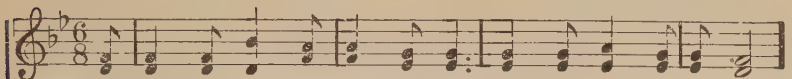
FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

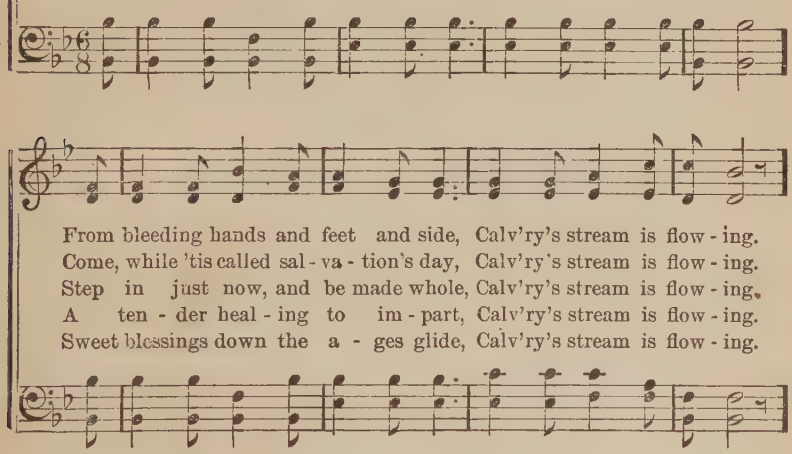
With feeling.


1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me plead-ing ev - er-
2. I bore the cru-el thorns for thee; I wait-ed long and pa-tient-
3. I would not plead with thee in vain, Re-mem-ber all My grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and
more, With gen-tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
ly; Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
love; Say, wea-ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
CHORUS.
in? may I come in? Be - hold Me stand-ing at the
door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry
heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

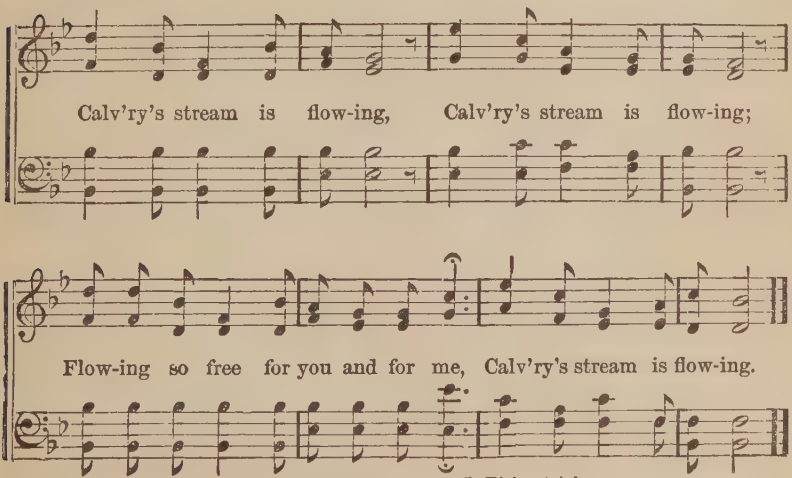
163 Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arranged
by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - way, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach - ing heart Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;



From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Come, while 'tis called sal - va - tion's day, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
A ten - der heal - ing to im - part, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.
Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flow - ing.

CHORUS.

Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;

Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.

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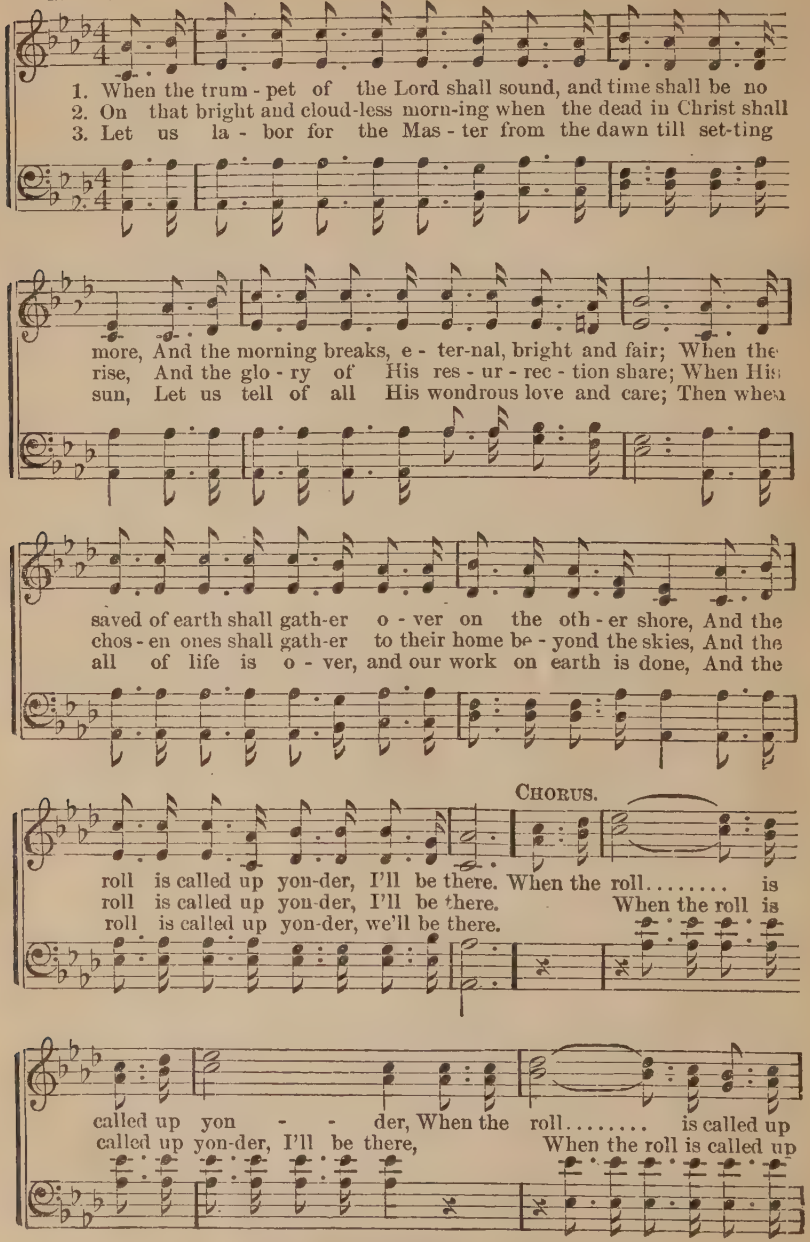
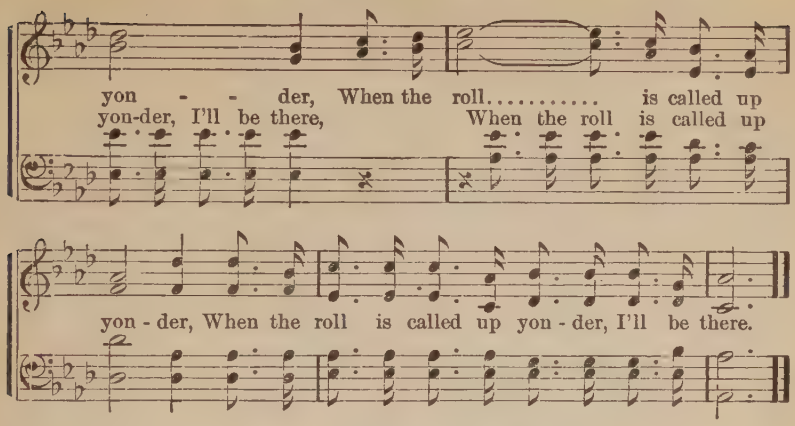
164 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

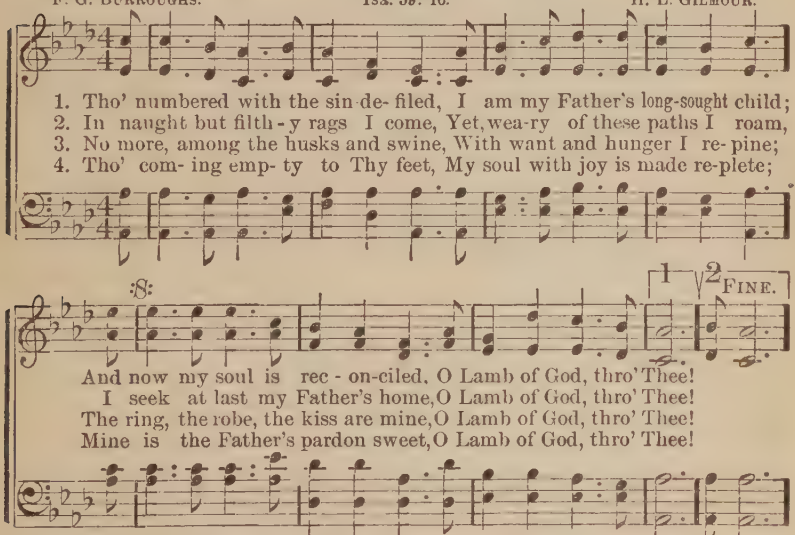
B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us tell of all His wondrous love and care; Then when
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
CHORUS.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.
called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

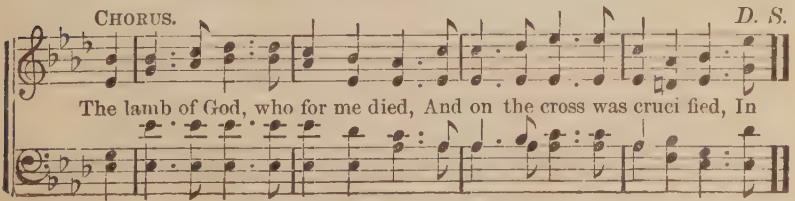
When the Roll is Called. Concluded.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

165 My only Intercessor.

F. G. BURROUGHS. Isa. 59: 16. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. Tho' numbered with the sin-de-filed, I am my Father's long-sought child;
2. In naught but filth-y rags I come, Yet, wea-ry of these paths I roam,
3. No more, among the husks and swine, With want and hunger I re-pine;
4. Tho' com-ing emp-ty to Thy feet, My soul with joy is made re-plete;
:S:
1
2
FINE.
And now my soul is rec-on-ciled, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
I seek at last my Father's home, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
The ring, the robe, the kiss are mine, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
Mine is the Father's pardon sweet, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
D.S.—my be-half points to His side, My on-ly In-ter-ces-sor.

CHORUS. D. S.



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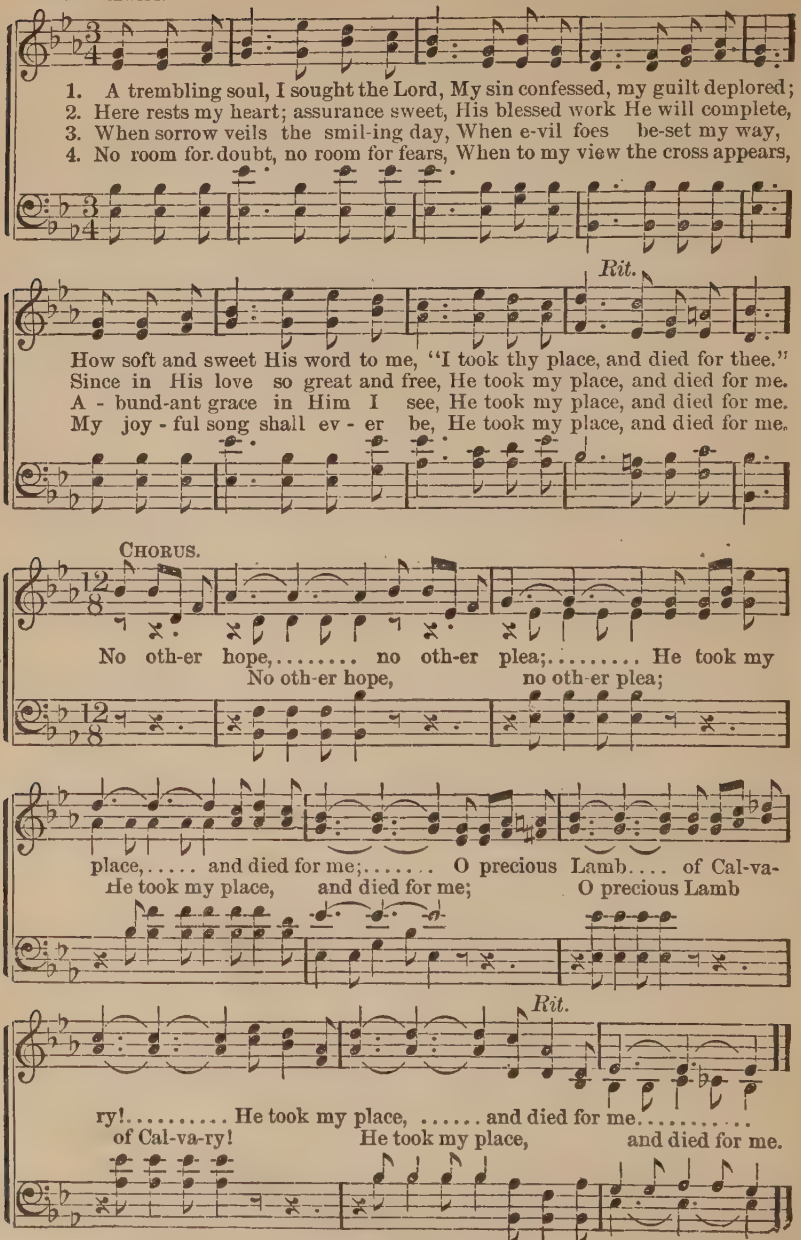
166 He Took My Place.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored;
2. Here rests my heart; assurance sweet, His blessed work He will complete,
3. When sorrow veils the smil-ing day, When e-vil foes be-set my way,
4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross appears,
Rit.
How soft and sweet His word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
Since in His love so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
A - bund-ant grace in Him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
My joy - ful song shall ev - er be, He took my place, and died for me.
Chorus.
No oth-er hope,..... no oth-er plea;..... He took my
No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea;
place,..... and died for me;..... O precious Lamb.... of Cal-va-
He took my place, and died for me; O precious Lamb
Rit.
ry!..... He took my place, ... and died for me.....
of Cal-va-ry! He took my place, and died for me.

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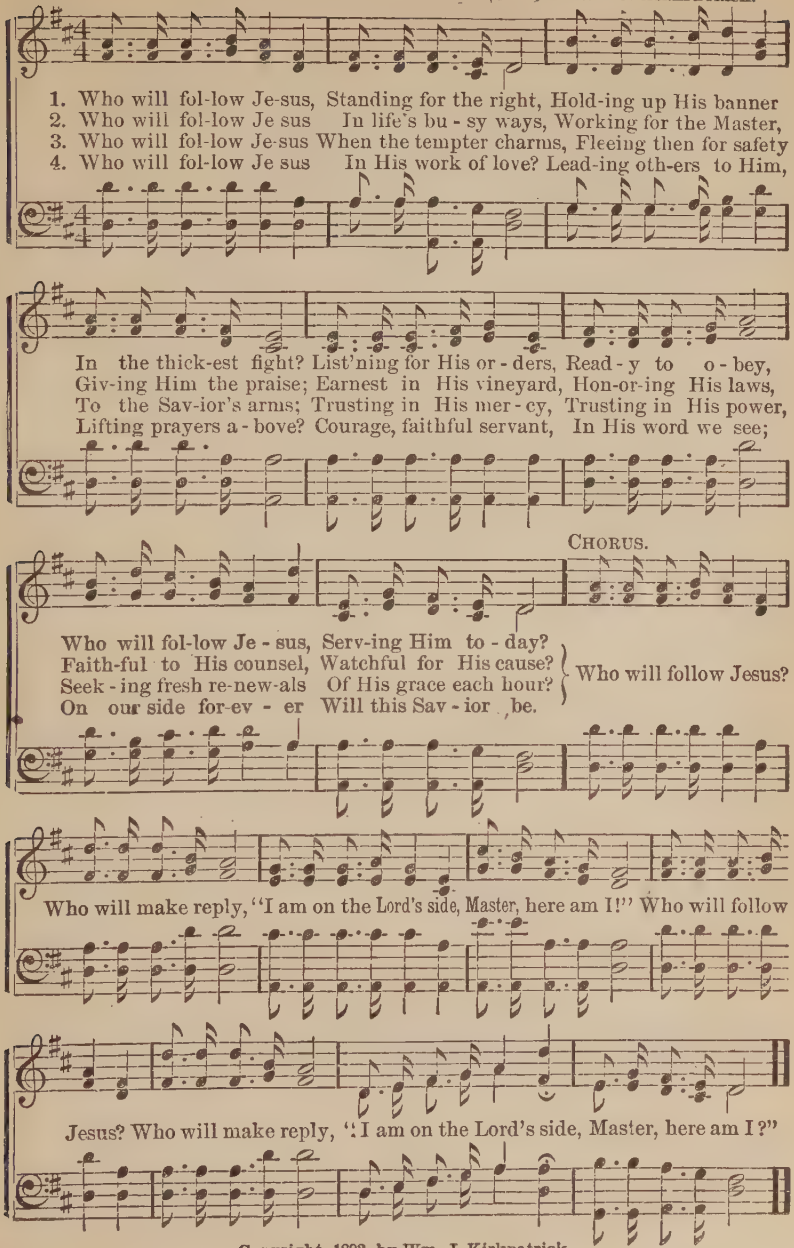
167 Who will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who will fol-low Je-sus, Standing for the right, Hold-ing up His banner
2. Who will fol-low Je sus In life's bu - sy ways, Working for the Master,
3. Who will fol-low Je-sus When the tempter charms, Fleeing then for safety
4. Who will fol-low Je sus In His work of love? Lead-ing oth-ers to Him,
In the thick-est fight? List'ning for His or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv-ing Him the praise; Earnest in His vineyard, Hon-or-ing His laws,
To the Sav-ior's arms; Trusting in His mer - cy, Trusting in His power,
Lifting prayers a - bove? Courage, faithful servant, In His word we see;
Chorus.
Who will fol-low Je - sus, Serv-ing Him to - day?
Faith-ful to His counsel, Watchful for His cause?
Seek - ing fresh re-new-als Of His grace each hour?
On our side for-ev - er Will this Sav - ior be.
Who will follow Jesus?
Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I!" Who will follow
Jesus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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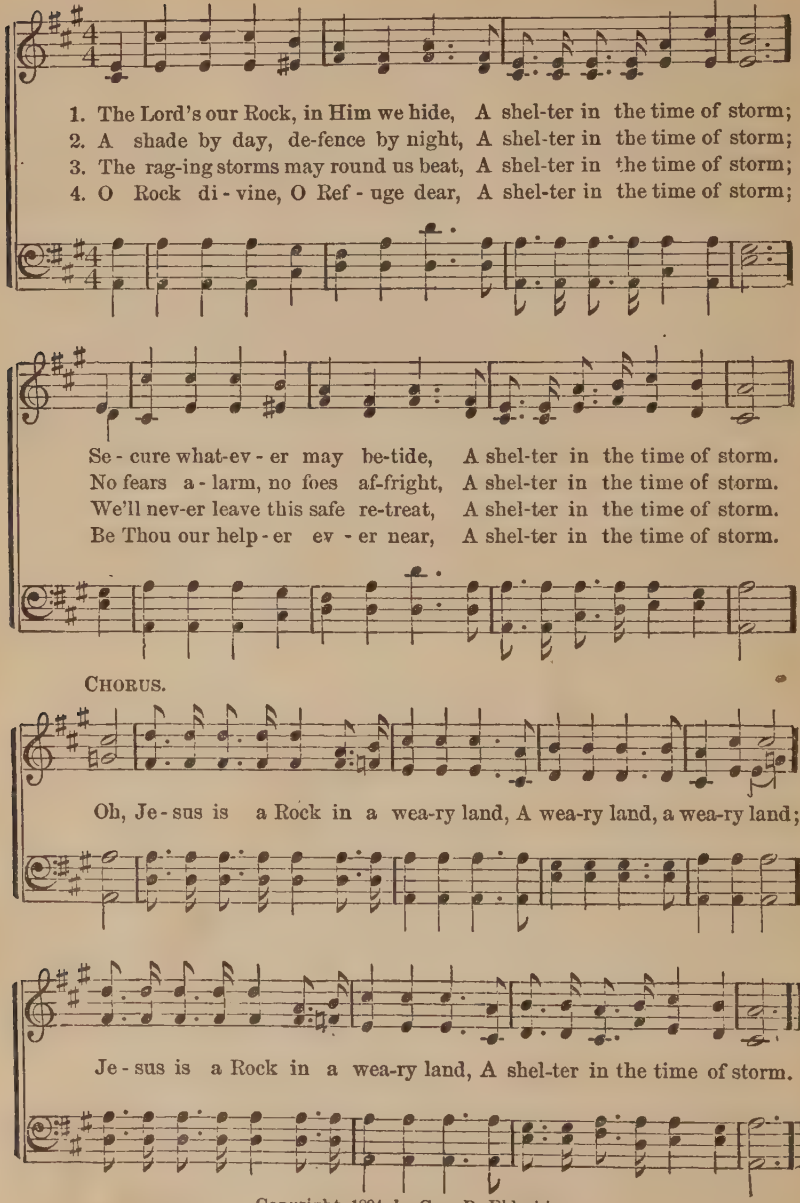
168 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94; 22.

Words arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave this safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
CHORUS.
Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;
Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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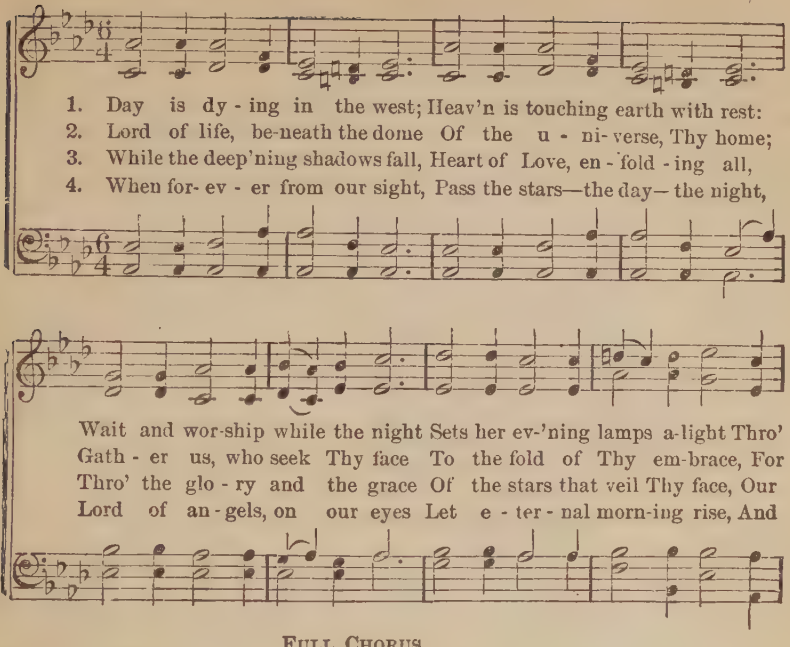
Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home;
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
4. When for- ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev-'ning lamps a-light Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And
FULL CHORUS.
p
all the sky.
Thou art nigh.
hearts as - cend.
shad - ows end.
Ho- ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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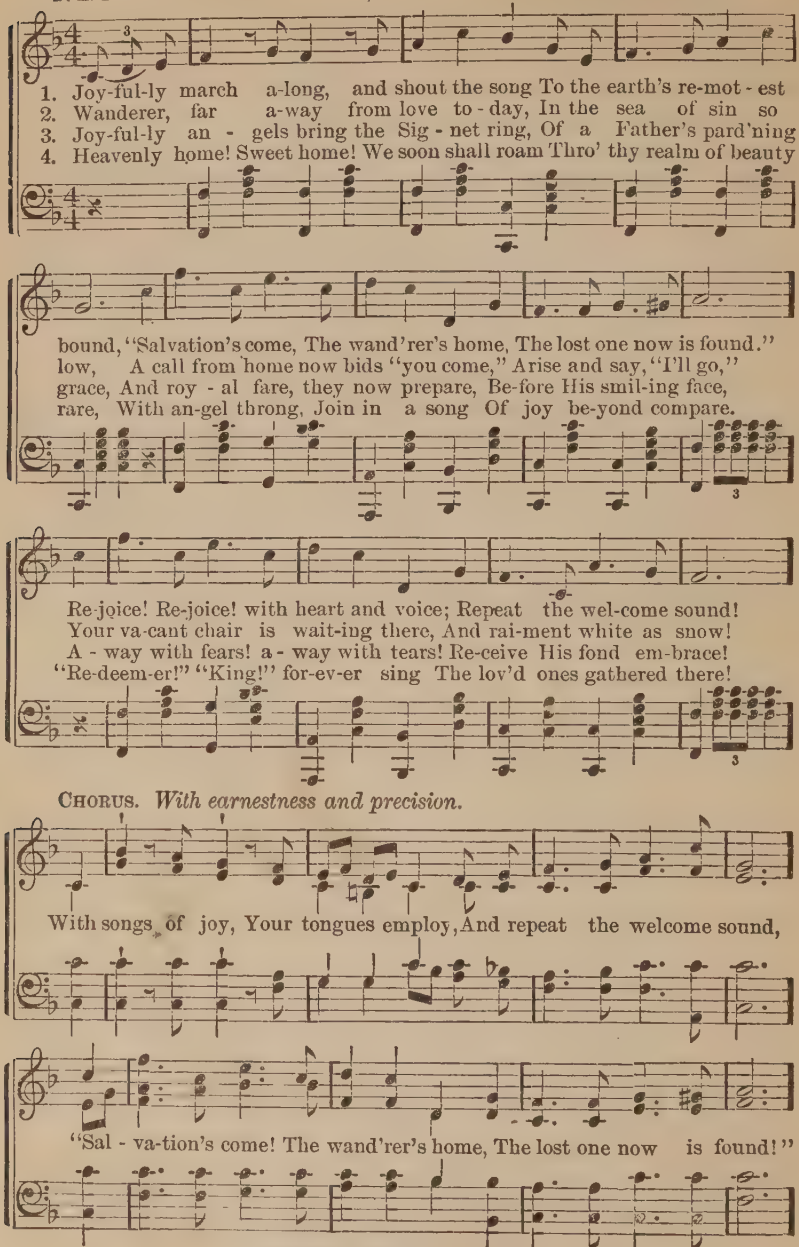
170 Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.


1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot - est
2. Wanderer, far a-way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy-ful-ly an - gels bring the Sig - net ring, Of a Father's pard'ning
4. Heavenly home! Sweet home! We soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty
bound, "Salvation's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found."
low, A call from home now bids "you come," Arise and say, "I'll go,"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now prepare, Be-fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng, Join in a song Of joy be-yond compare.
Re-joice! Re-joice! with heart and voice; Repeat the wel-come sound!
Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The lov'd ones gathered there!
CHORUS. With earnestness and precision.
With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the welcome sound,
"Sal - va-tion's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!"

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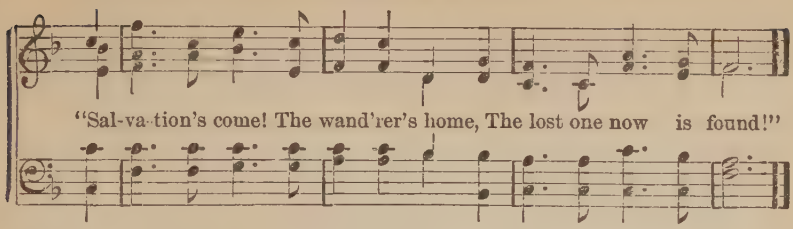
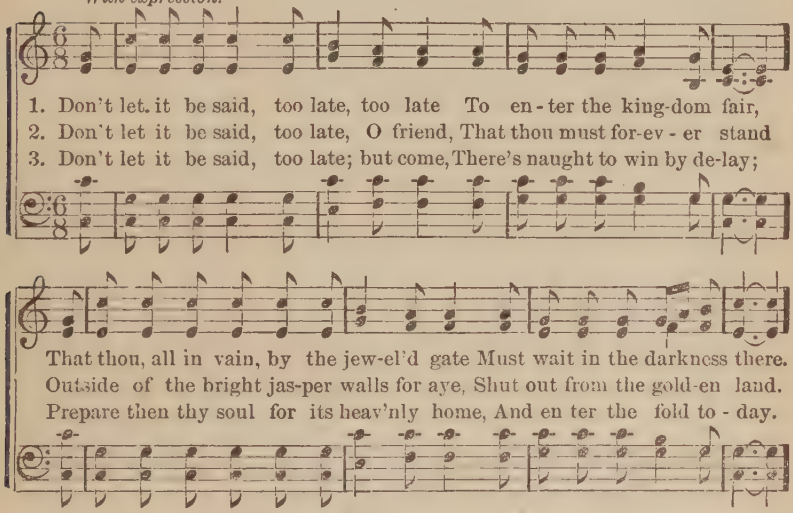
Rejoice! the Lost is Found. Concluded.



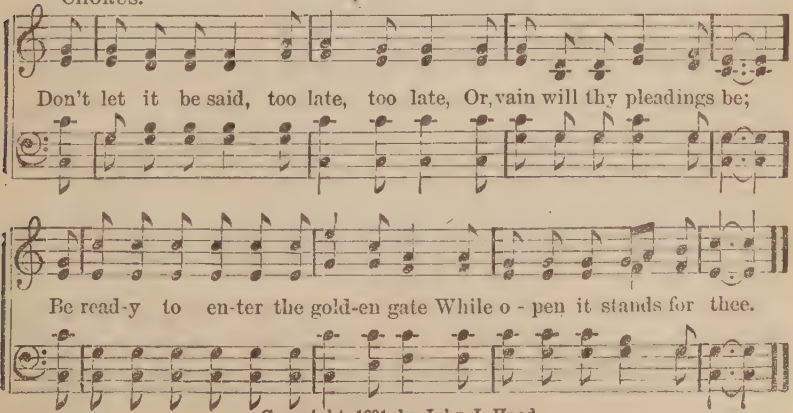
171 Don't Let it be Said, Too Late.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.


1. Don't let it be said, too late, too late To en-ter the king-dom fair,
2. Don't let it be said, too late, O friend, That thou must for-ev-er stand
3. Don't let it be said, too late; but come, There's naught to win by de-lay;
That thou, all in vain, by the jew-el'd gate Must wait in the darkness there.
Outside of the bright jas-per walls for aye, Shut out from the gold-en land.
Prepare then thy soul for its heav'nly home, And en ter the fold to-day.

CHORUS.


Don't let it be said, too late, too late, Or, vain will thy pleadings be;
Be read-y to en-ter the gold-en gate While o-pen it stands for thee.

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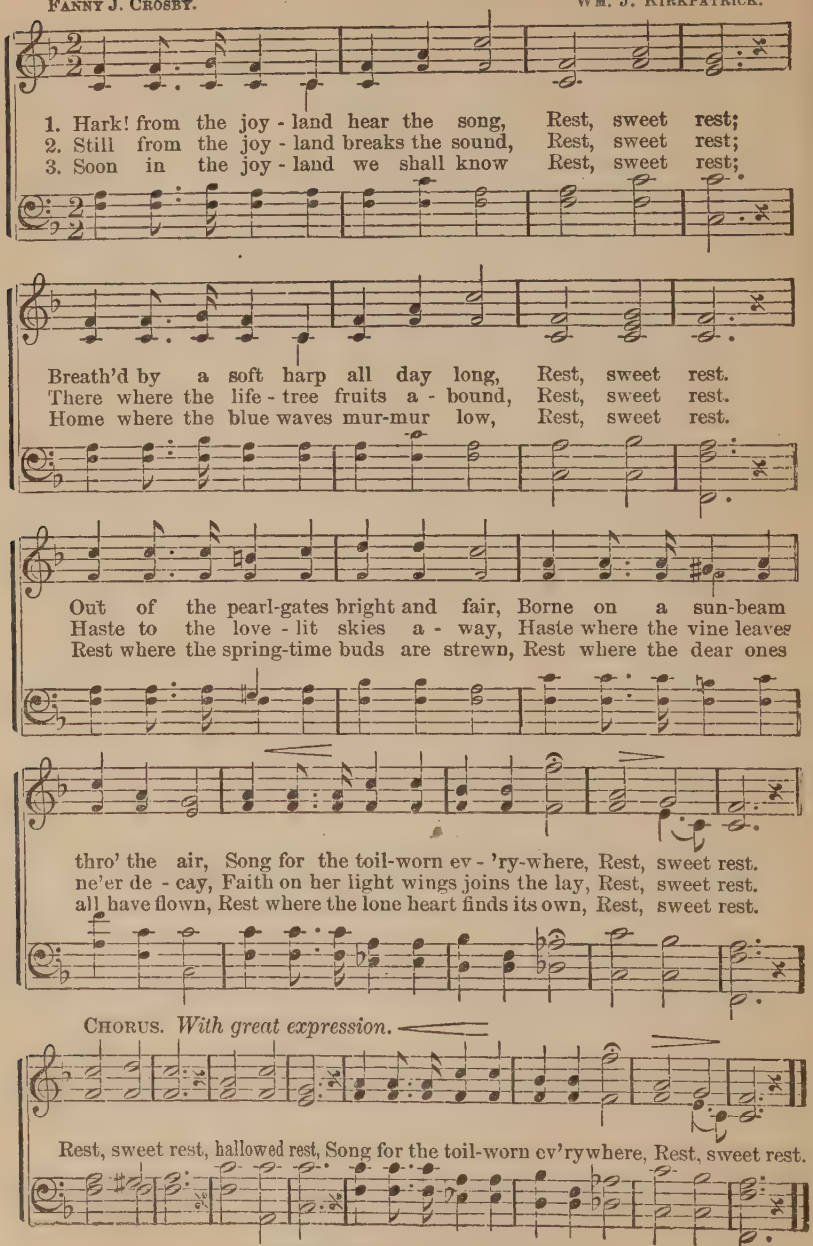
172 Rest, Sweet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark! from the joy - land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest;
2. Still from the joy - land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest;
3. Soon in the joy - land we shall know Rest, sweet rest;
Breath'd by a soft harp all day long, Rest, sweet rest.
There where the life - tree fruits a - bound, Rest, sweet rest.
Home where the blue waves mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest.
Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair, Borne on a sun-beam
Haste to the love - lit skies a - way, Haste where the vine leaves
Rest where the spring-time buds are strewn, Rest where the dear ones
thro' the air, Song for the toil-worn ev - 'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.
ne'er de - cay, Faith on her light wings joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
all have flown, Rest where the lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.
CHORUS. With great expression.
Rest, sweet rest, hallowed rest, Song for the toil-worn ev'rywhere, Rest, sweet rest.

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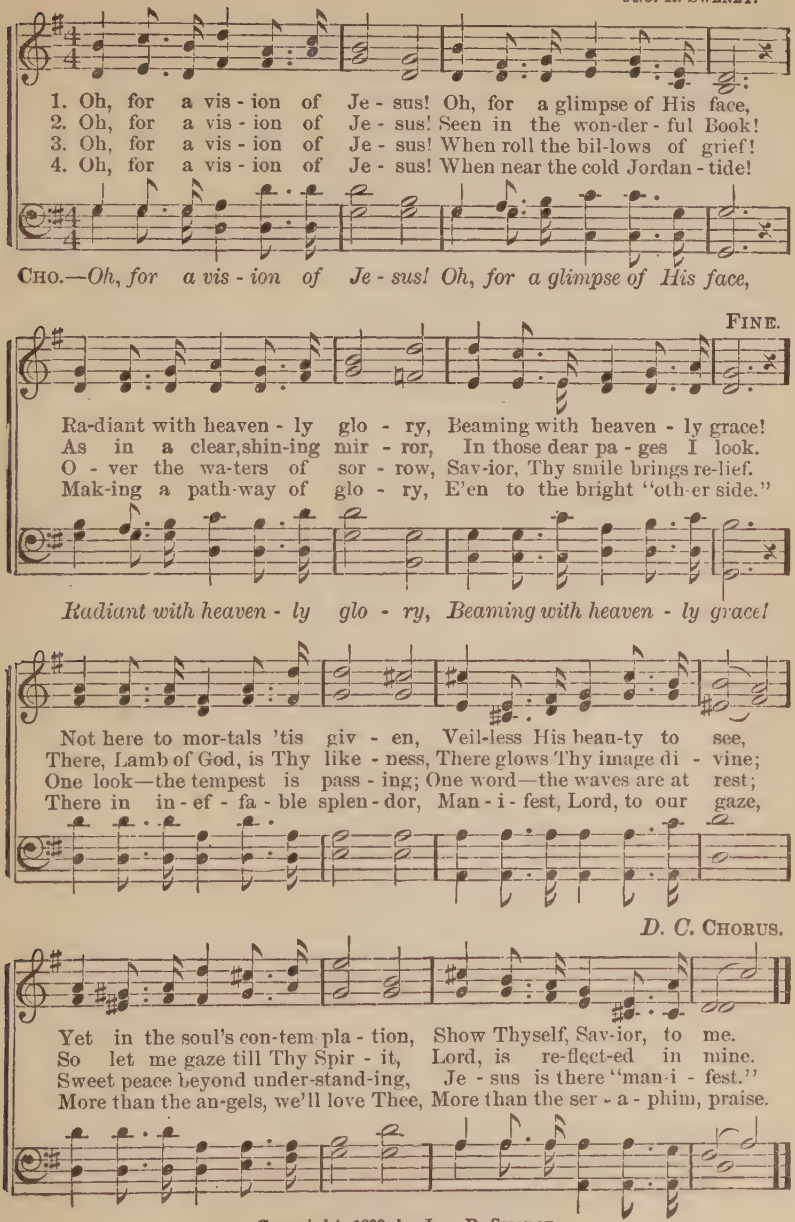
173 Oh, for a Vision of Jesus.

"I will manifest myself to him."—John 14: 21.

L. H. EDMUNDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face,
2. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Seen in the won-der - ful Book!
3. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! When roll the bil-lows of grief!
4. Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! When near the cold Jordan - tide!
CHO.—Oh, for a vis - ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face,
FINE.
Ra-diant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!
As in a clear, shin-ing mir - ror, In those dear pa - ges I look.
O - ver the wa-ters of sor - row, Sav-ior, Thy smile brings re-lief.
Mak-ing a path-way of glo - ry, E'en to the bright "oth-er side."
Radiant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!
Not here to mor-tals 'tis giv - en, Veil-less His beau-ty to see,
There, Lamb of God, is Thy like - ness, There glows Thy image di - vine;
One look—the tempest is pass - ing; One word—the waves are at rest;
There in in - ef - fa - ble splen - dor, Man - i - fest, Lord, to our gaze,
D. C. CHORUS.
Yet in the soul's con-tem pla - tion, Show Thyself, Sav-ior, to me.
So let me gaze till Thy Spir - it, Lord, is re-flect-ed in mine.
Sweet peace beyond under-stand-ing, Je - sus is there "man-i - fest."
More than the an-gels, we'll love Thee, More than the ser - a - phim, praise.

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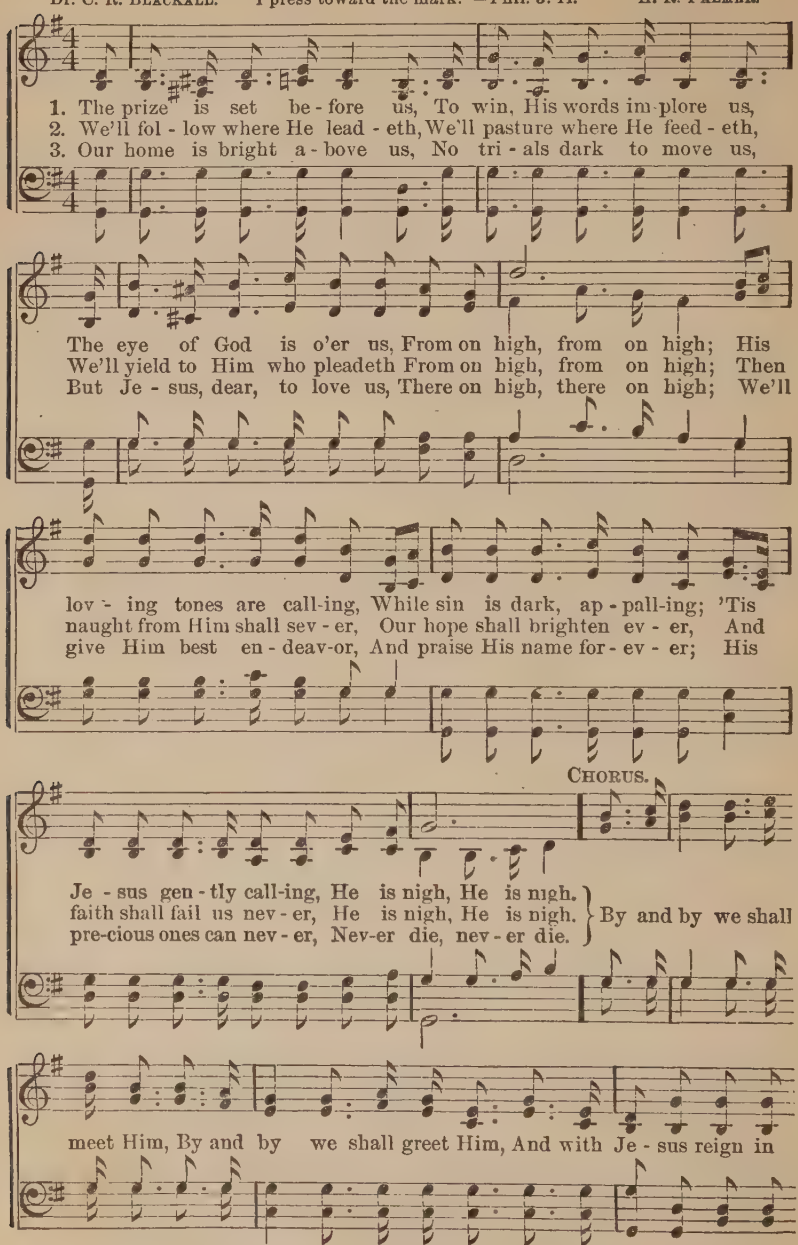
174 Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. "I press toward the mark."—Phil. 3: 14. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, His words im - plore us,
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pasture where He feed - eth,
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us,
The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then
But Je - sus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll
lov - ing tones are call-ing, While sin is dark, ap - pall-ing; 'Tis
naught from Him shall sev - er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er, And
give Him best en - deav-or, And praise His name for - ev - er; His
CHORUS.
Je - sus gen - tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre-cious ones can nev - er, Nev-er die, nev - er die.
By and by we shall
meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in

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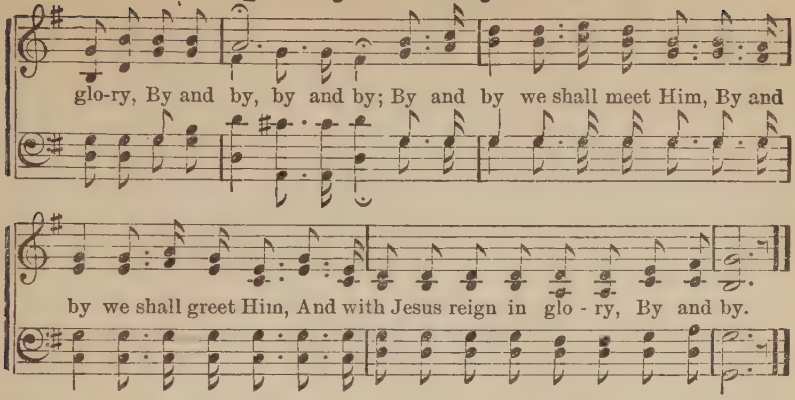
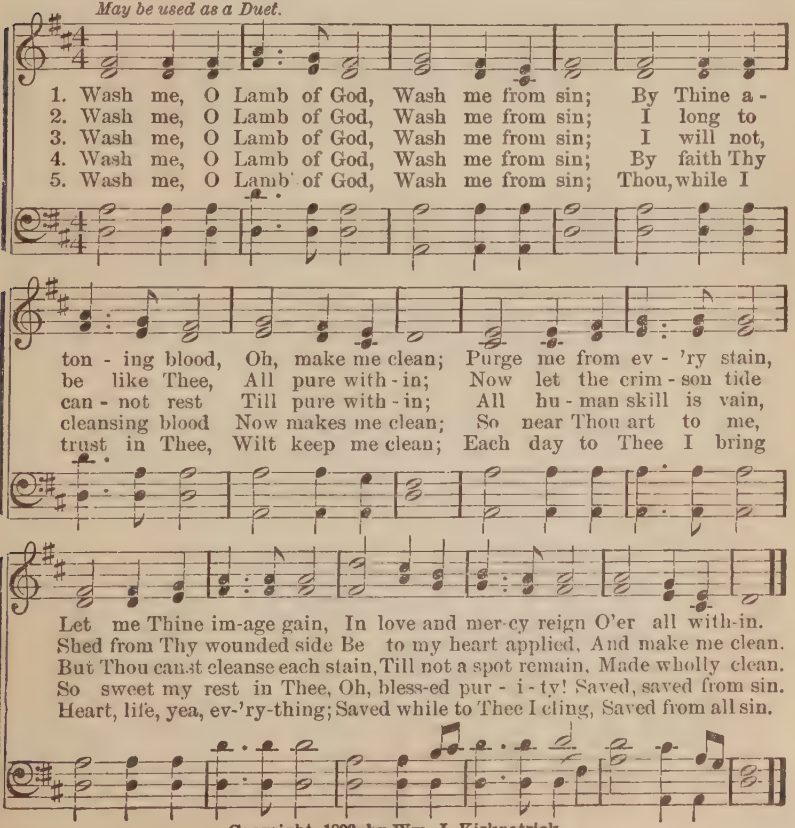
Triumph By and By. Concluded.



175 Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. Beegle. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

May be used as a Duet.

1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; By Thine a -
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I long to
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; I will not,
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; By faith Thy
5. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin; Thou, while I
ton - ing blood, Oh, make me clean; Purge me from ev - 'ry stain,
be like Thee, All pure with - in; Now let the crim - son tide
can - not rest Till pure with - in; All hu - man skill is vain,
cleansing blood Now makes me clean; So near Thou art to me,
trust in Thee, Wilt keep me clean; Each day to Thee I bring
Let me Thine im-age gain, In love and mer-cy reign O'er all with-in.
Shed from Thy wounded side Be to my heart applied, And make me clean.
But Thou canst cleanse each stain, Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean.
So sweet my rest in Thee, Oh, bless-ed pur - i - ty! Saved, saved from sin.
Heart, life, yea, ev-'ry-thing; Saved while to Thee I cling, Saved from all sin.

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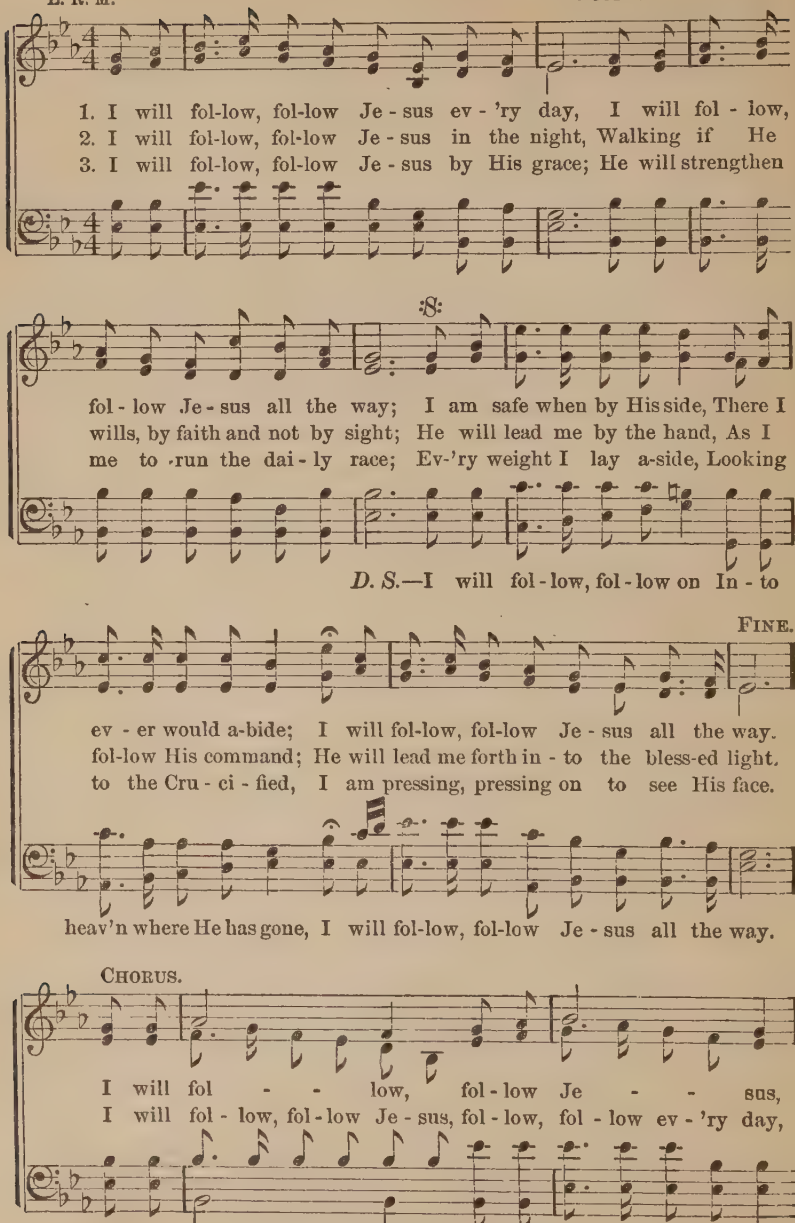
176 I will Follow Jesus.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.


1. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I will fol - low,
2. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus in the night, Walking if He
3. I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus by His grace; He will strengthen
:S:
fol - low Je - sus all the way; I am safe when by His side, There I
wills, by faith and not by sight; He will lead me by the hand, As I
me to run the dai - ly race; Ev-'ry weight I lay a-side, Looking
D. S.—I will fol - low, fol - low on In - to
FINE.
ev - er would a-bide; I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus all the way.
fol-low His command; He will lead me forth in - to the bless-ed light.
to the Cru - ci - fied, I am pressing, pressing on to see His face.
heav'n where He has gone, I will fol-low, fol-low Je - sus all the way.
CHORUS.
I will fol - - low, fol - low Je - - sus,
I will fol - low, fol - low Je - sus, fol - low, fol - low ev - 'ry day,

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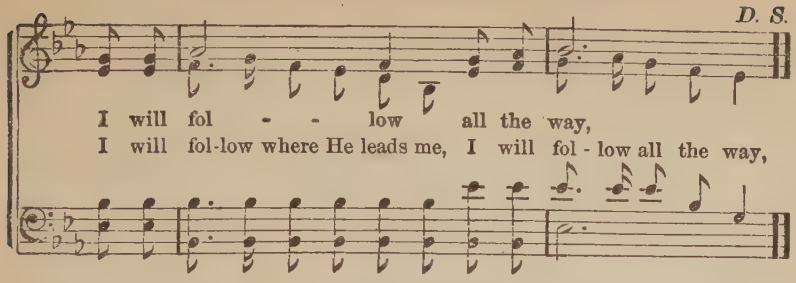
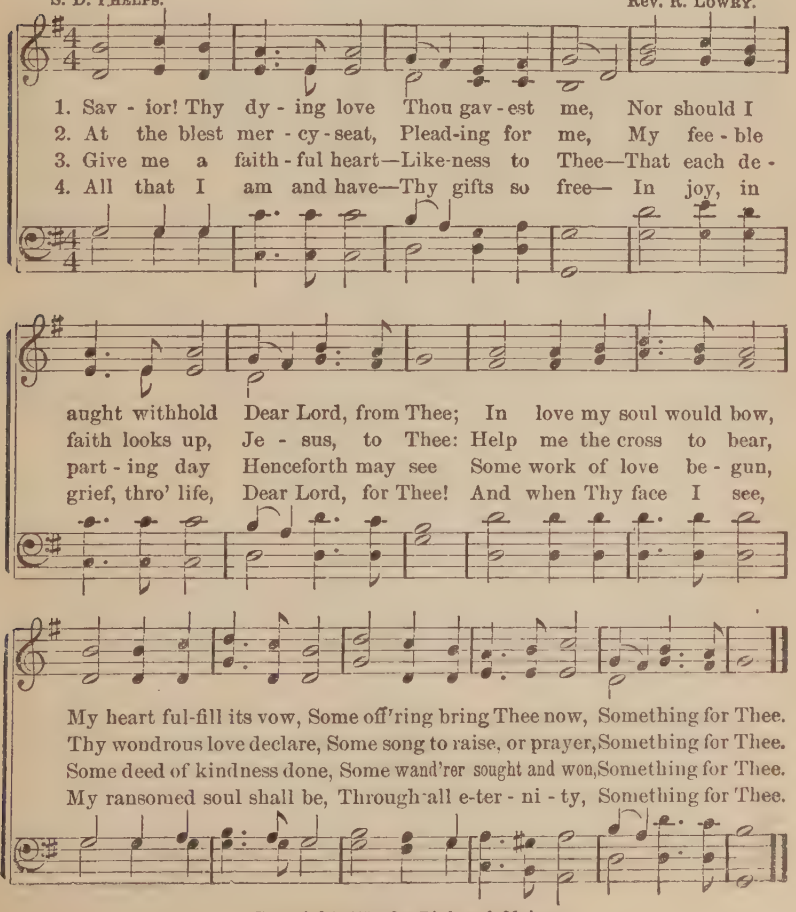
I will Follow Jesus. Concluded.



177 Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. Rev. R. LOWRY.


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de -
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught withhold Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e-ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

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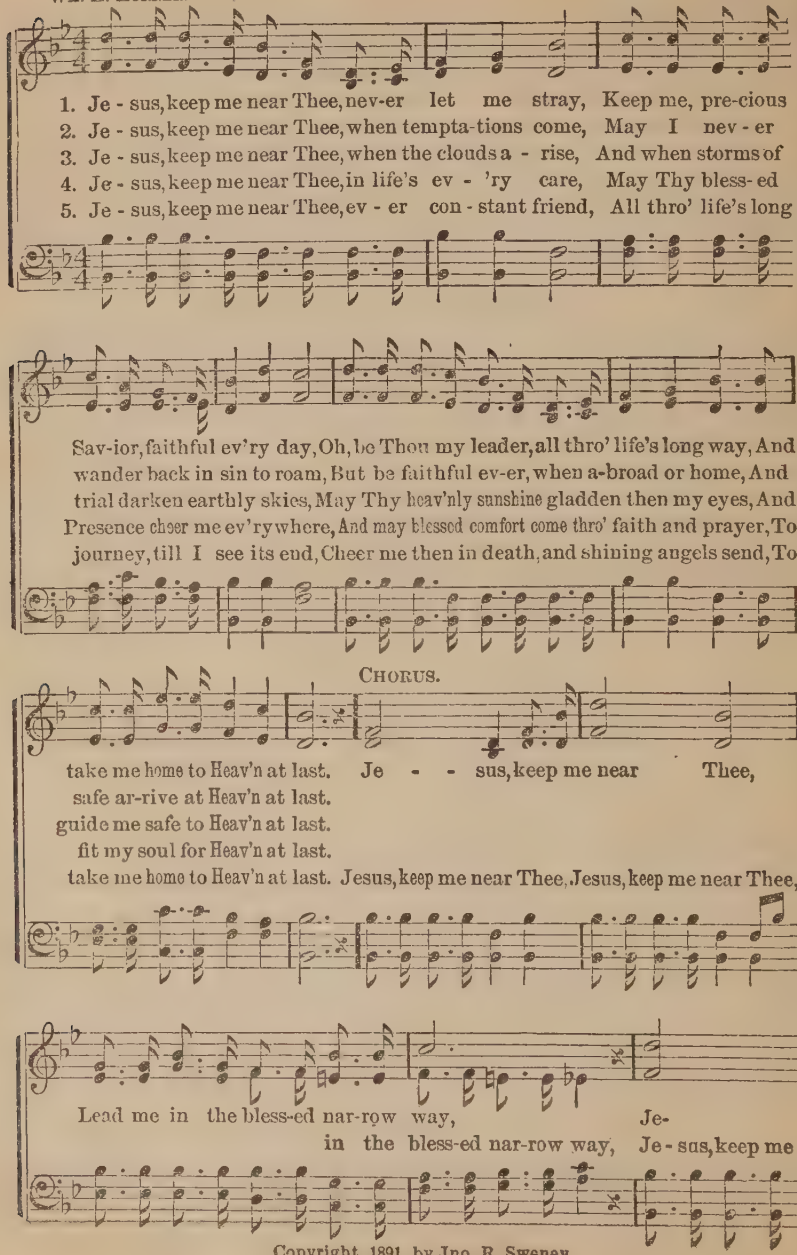
178 Jesus, keep me near Thee.

WM. H. HORNER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, nev-er let me stray, Keep me, pre-cious
2. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when tempta-tions come, May I nev - er
3. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when the clouds a - rise, And when storms of
4. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, in life's ev - 'ry care, May Thy bless- ed
5. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, ev - er con - stant friend, All thro' life's long
Sav-ior, faithful ev'ry day, Oh, be Thou my leader, all thro' life's long way, And
wander back in sin to roam, But be faithful ev-er, when a-broad or home, And
trial darken earthly skies, May Thy heav'nly sunshine gladden then my eyes, And
Presence cheer me ev'rywhere, And may blessed comfort come thro' faith and prayer, To
journey, till I see its end, Cheer me then in death, and shining angels send, To
CHORUS.
take me home to Heav'n at last. Je - - sus, keep me near Thee,
safe ar-rive at Heav'n at last.
guide me safe to Heav'n at last.
fit my soul for Heav'n at last.
take me home to Heav'n at last. Jesus, keep me near Thee, Jesus, keep me near Thee,
Lead me in the bless-ed nar-row way, Je-
in the bless-ed nar-row way, Je - sus, keep me

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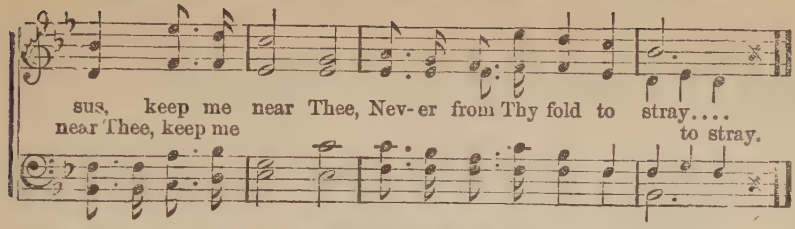
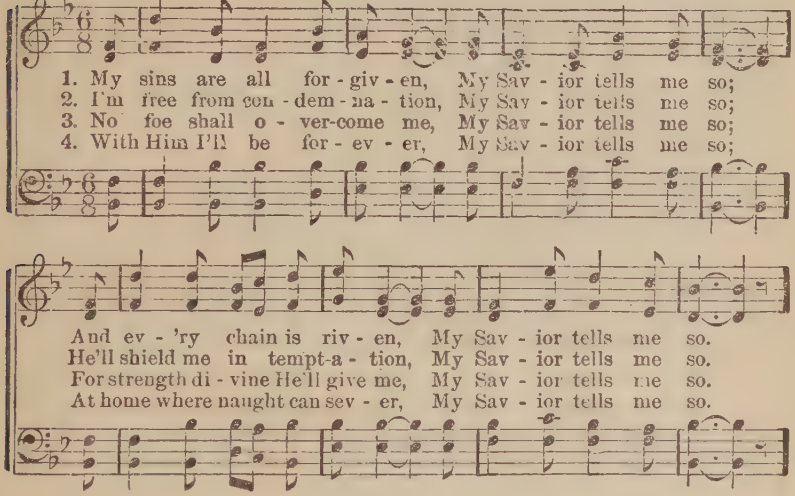
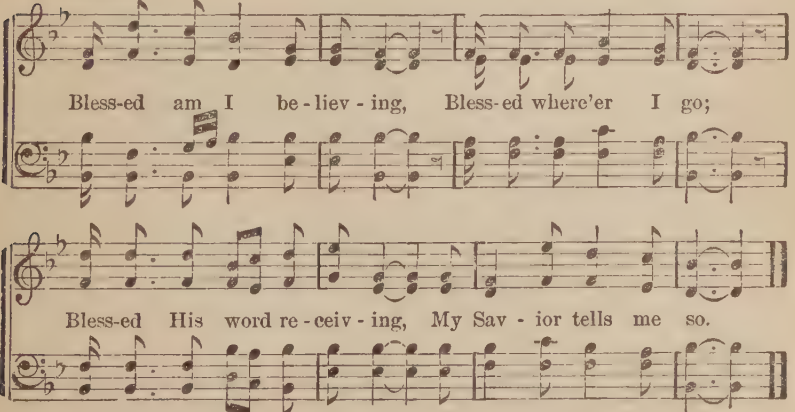
Jesus, keep me near Thee. Concluded.



179 Blessed Am I.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. My sins are all for-giv-en, My Sav-ior tells me so;
2. I'm free from con-dem-na-tion, My Sav-ior tells me so;
3. No foe shall o-ver-come me, My Sav-ior tells me so;
4. With Him I'll be for-ev-er, My Sav-ior tells me so;
And ev-'ry chain is riv-en, My Sav-ior tells me so.
He'll shield me in tempt-a-tion, My Sav-ior tells me so.
For strength di-vine He'll give me, My Sav-ior tells me so.
At home where naught can sev-er, My Sav-ior tells me so.

CHORUS.



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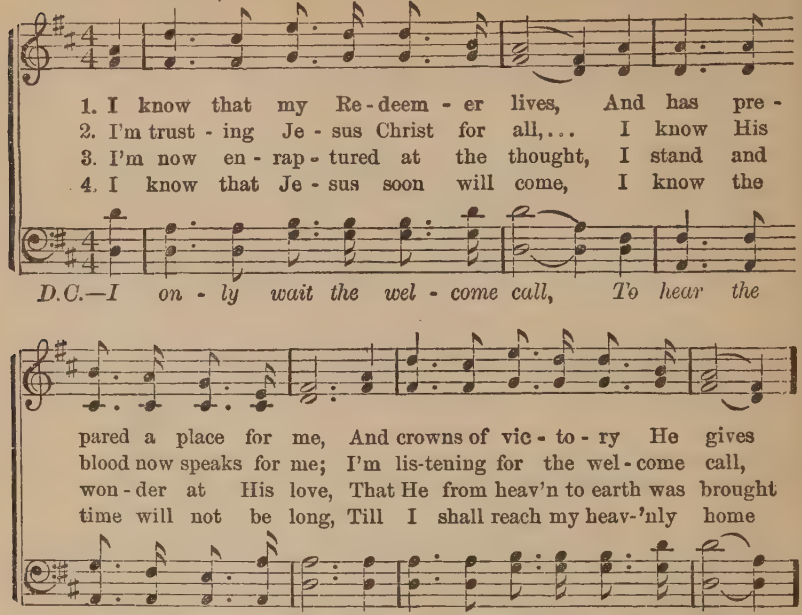
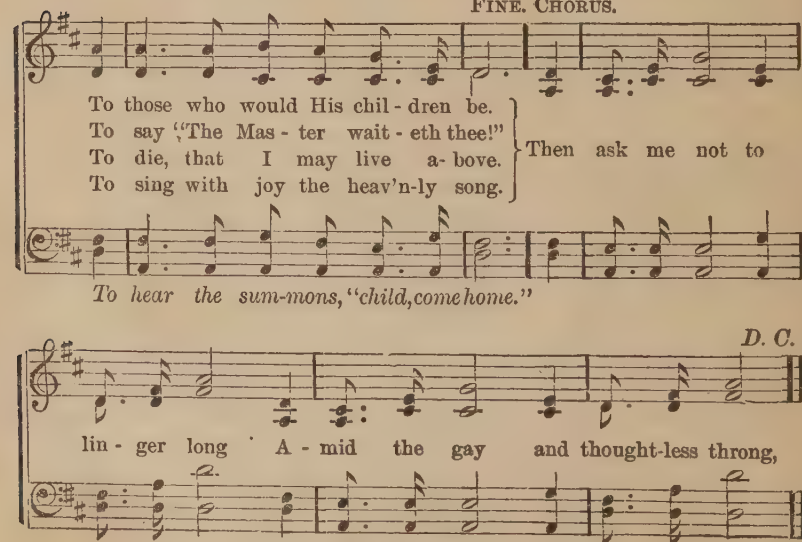
180 I Know that my Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt. Arr. by GEO. D. ELDERKIN.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all,... I know His
3. I'm now en-rap-tured at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the
D.C.—I on-ly wait the wel-come call, To hear the
pared a place for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives
blood now speaks for me; I'm lis-tening for the wel-come call,
won-der at His love, That He from heav'n to earth was brought
time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav-'nly home
summons, "child, come home," I on-ly wait the wel-come call,

FINE. CHORUS.


To those who would His chil-dren be.
To say "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!"
To die, that I may live a-bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.
Then ask me not to
To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."
D. C.
lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,

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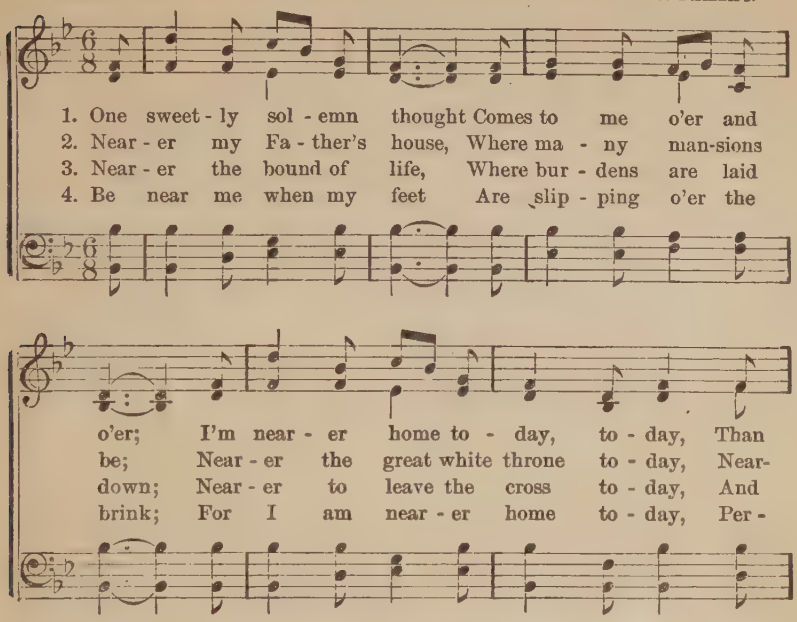
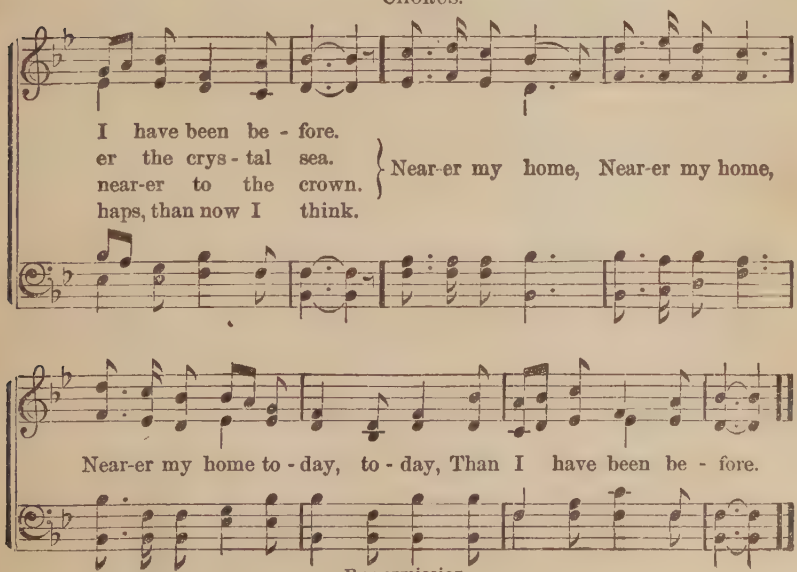
181 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly." HEB. 11: 16.

PHŒBE CARY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the
o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near-
down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per -

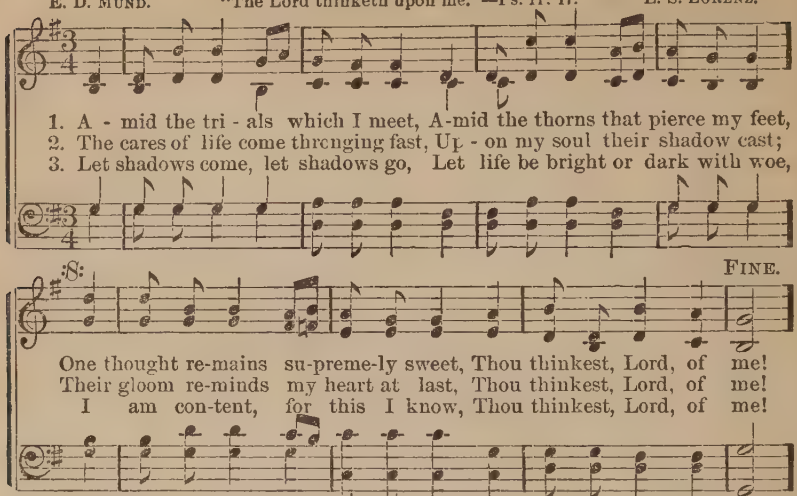
CHORUS.


I have been be - fore.
er the crys - tal sea.
near-er to the crown.
haps, than now I think.
Near-er my home, Near-er my home,
Near-er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

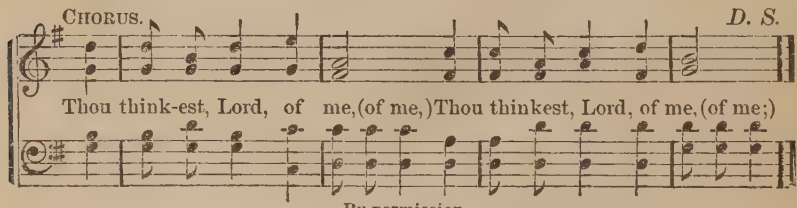
By permission.

182 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. "The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 11: 17. E. S. LORENZ.

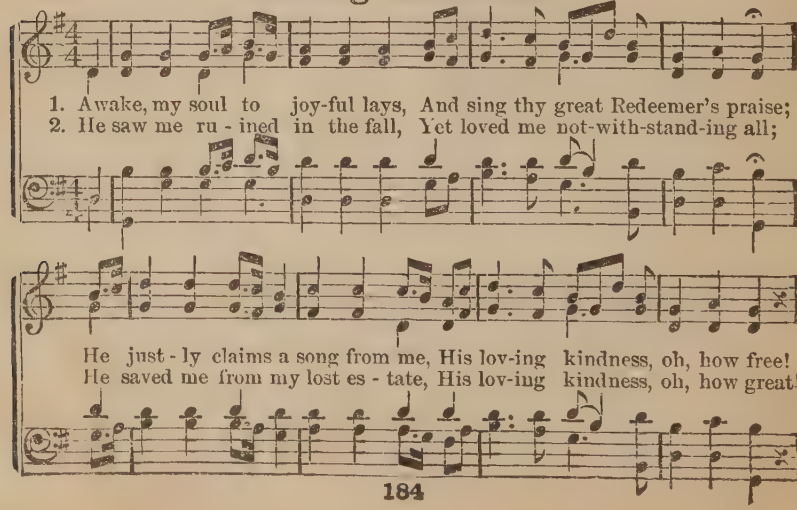

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
FINE.
One thought re-mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.–What need I fear since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

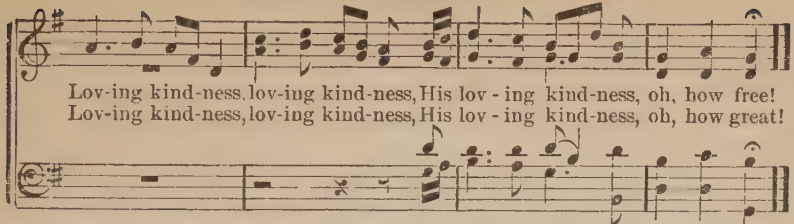


By permission.

183 Loving Kindness.


1. Awake, my soul to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great!

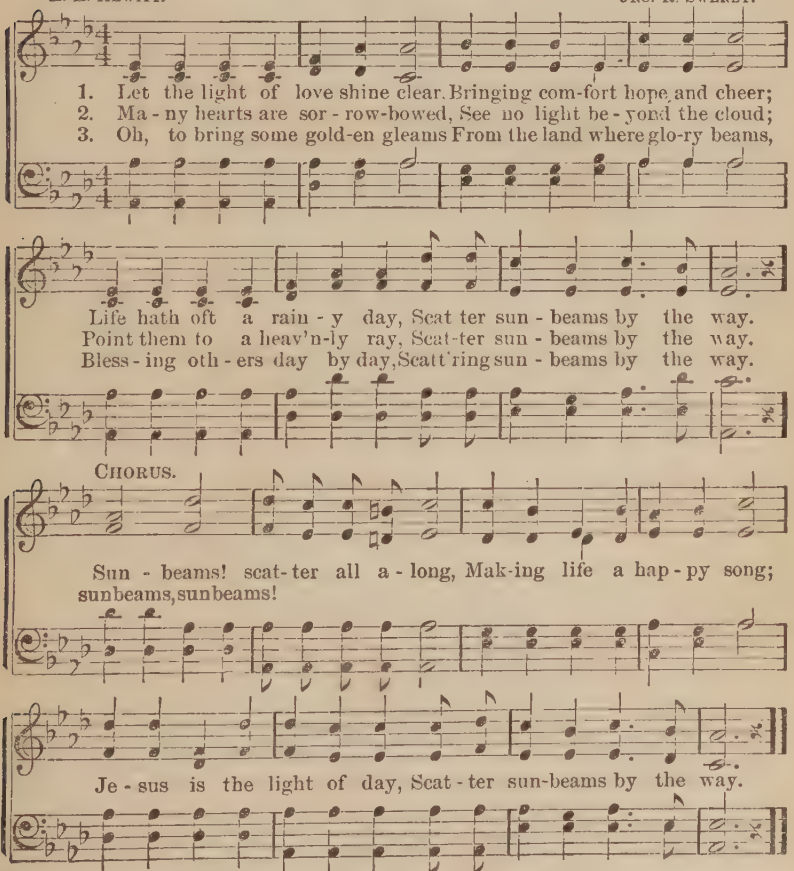
Loving Kindness. Concluded.


Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

184 Scatter Sunbeams.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Let the light of love shine clear. Bringing com-fort hope and cheer;
2. Ma - ny hearts are sor - row-bowed, See no light be - yond the cloud;
3. Oh, to bring some gold-en gleams From the land where glo-ry beams,
Life hath oft a rain - y day, Scat ter sun - beams by the way.
Point them to a heav'n-ly ray, Scat-ter sun - beams by the way.
Bless - ing oth - ers day by day, Scatt'ring sun - beams by the way.
Chorus.
Sun - beams! scat-ter all a - long, Mak-ing life a hap - py song;
sunbeams, sunbeams!
Je - sus is the light of day, Scat - ter sun-beams by the way.

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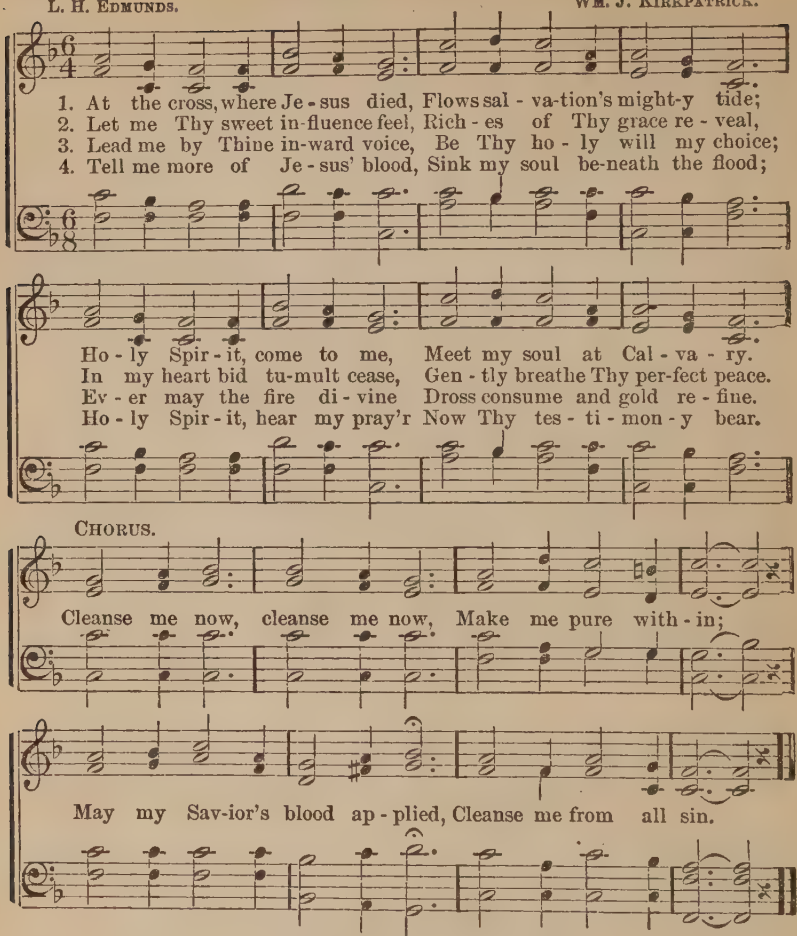
185 Cleanse Me Now.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. At the cross, where Je - sus died, Flows sal - va-tion's might-y tide;
2. Let me Thy sweet in-fluence feel, Rich - es of Thy grace re - veal,
3. Lead me by Thine in-ward voice, Be Thy ho - ly will my choice;
4. Tell me more of Je - sus' blood, Sink my soul be-neath the flood;
Ho - ly Spir - it, come to me, Meet my soul at Cal - va - ry.
In my heart bid tu-mult cease, Gen - tly breathe Thy per-fect peace.
Ev - er may the fire di - vine Dross consume and gold re - fine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my pray'r Now Thy tes - ti - mon - y bear.
CHORUS.
Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Make me pure with - in;
May my Sav-ior's blood ap - plied, Cleanse me from all sin.

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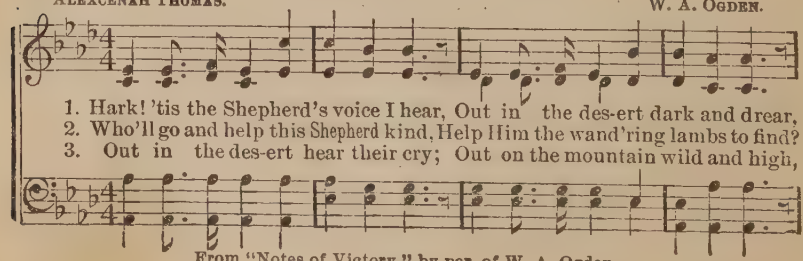
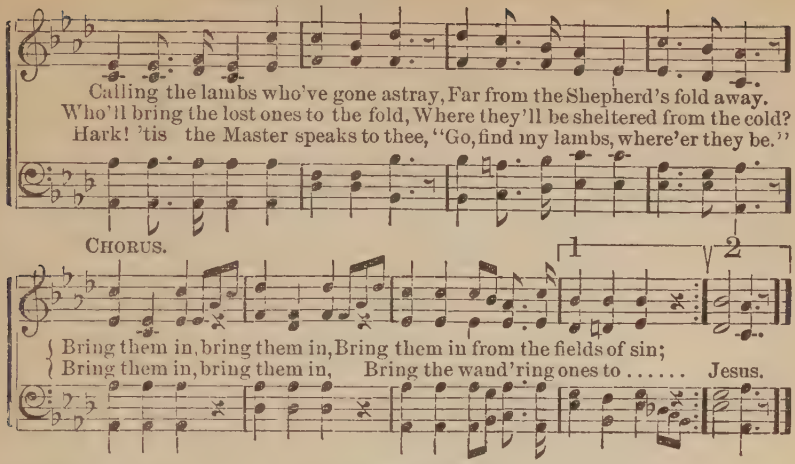
186 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

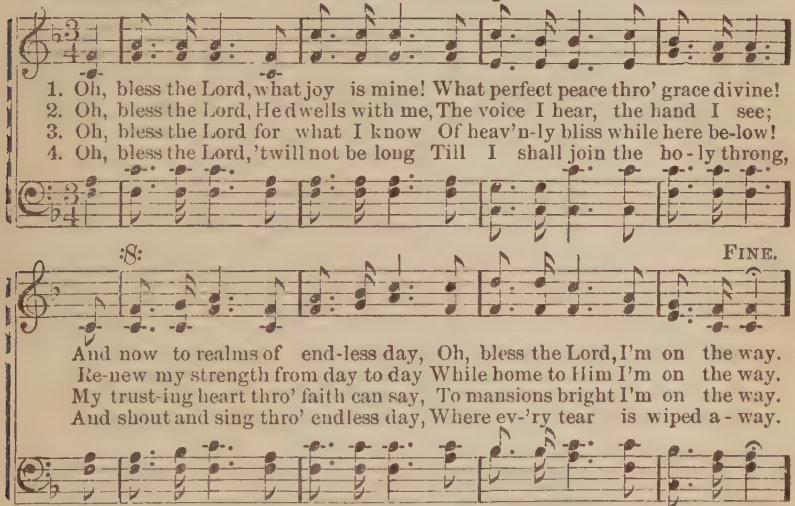
From "Notes of Victory," by per. of W. A. Ogden.

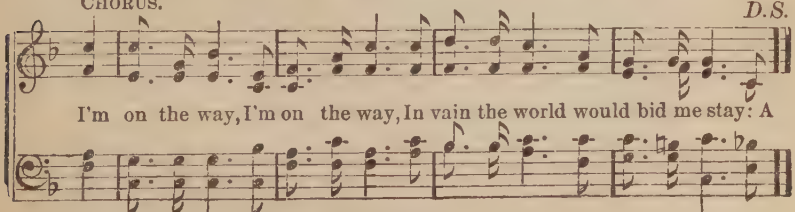
Bring Them In. Concluded.


Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."
CHORUS.
1
2
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to ..... Jesus.

187 On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. Oh, bless the Lord, He dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see;
3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heav'n-ly bliss while here be-low!
4. Oh, bless the Lord, 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,
:S:
FINE.
And now to realms of end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Re-new my strength from day to day While home to Him I'm on the way.
My trust-ing heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way.
D. S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.



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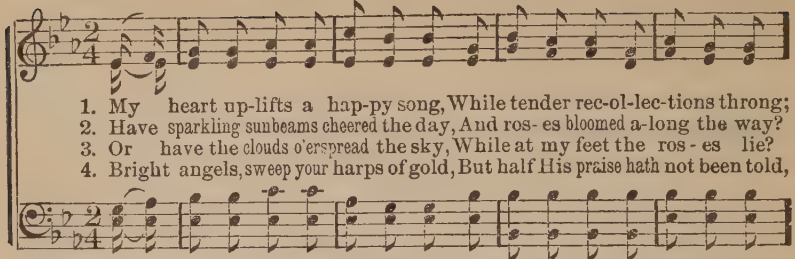
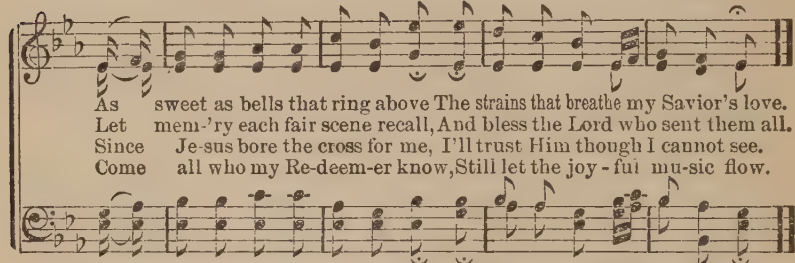
188 A Song of Praise.

E. E. HEWITT — Arr. by W. J. K.


1. My heart up-lifts a hap-py song, While tender rec-ol-lec-tions throng;
2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And ros- es bloomed a-long the way?
3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the ros - es lie?
4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half His praise hath not been told,
CHO.—And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

D. C. CHORUS.


As sweet as bells that ring above The strains that breathe my Savior's love.
Let mem-'ry each fair scene recall, And bless the Lord who sent them all.
Since Je-sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust Him though I cannot see.
Come all who my Re-deem-er know, Still let the joy - ful mu-sic flow.
And a - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

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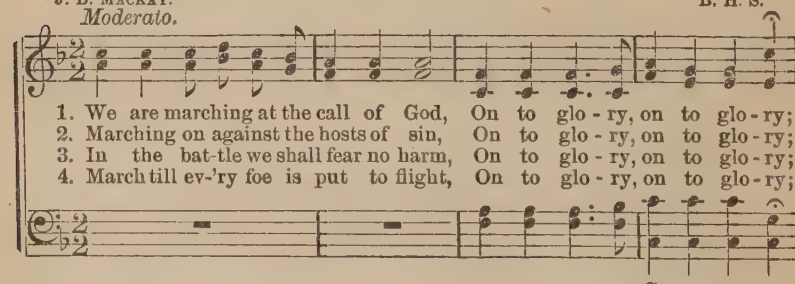
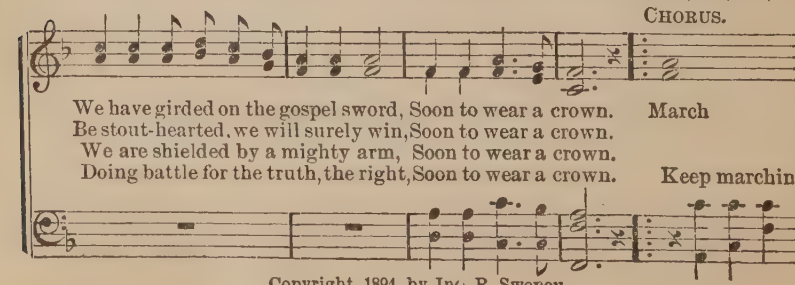
189 Keep Marching on.

J. B. MACKAY. — B. H. S.

Moderato.


1. We are marching at the call of God, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
2. Marching on against the hosts of sin, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
3. In the bat-tle we shall fear no harm, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;
4. March till ev-'ry foe is put to flight, On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry;

CHORUS.


We have girded on the gospel sword, Soon to wear a crown. March
Be stout-hearted, we will surely win, Soon to wear a crown.
We are shielded by a mighty arm, Soon to wear a crown.
Doing battle for the truth, the right, Soon to wear a crown. Keep marching

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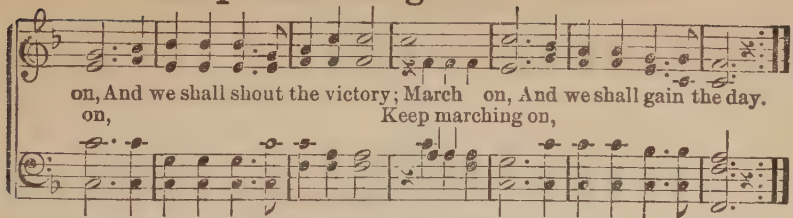
Keep Marching On. Concluded.

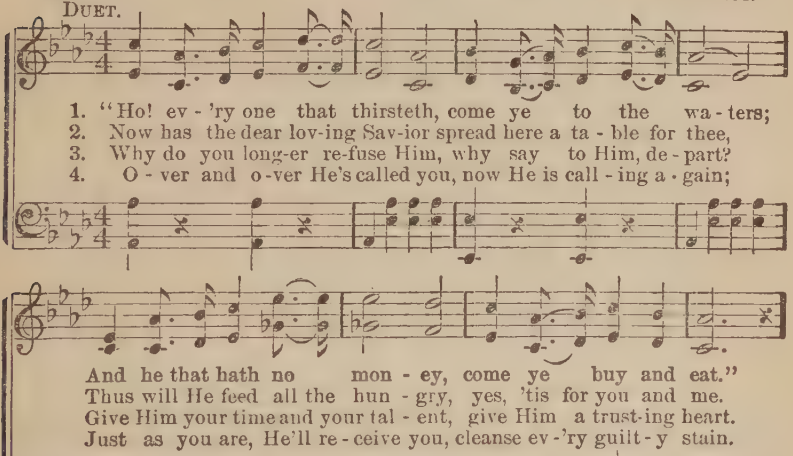


190 Come to the Feast.

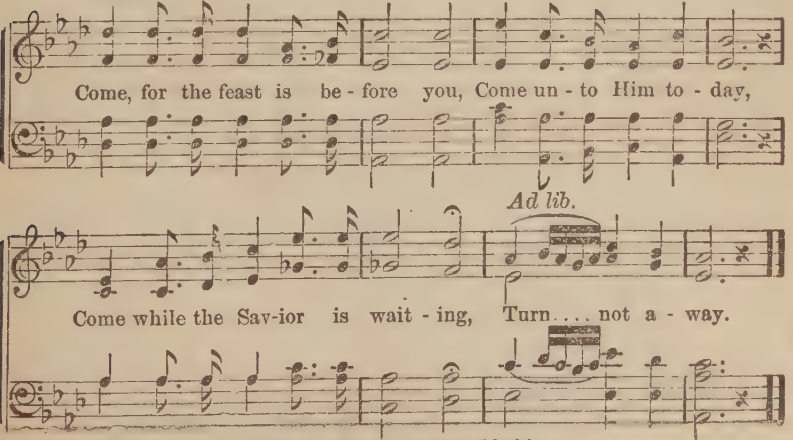
F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

DUET.


1. "Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come ye to the wa - ters;
2. Now has the dear lov-ing Sav-ior spread here a ta - ble for thee,
3. Why do you long-er re-fuse Him, why say to Him, de - part?
4. O - ver and o-ver He's called you, now He is call - ing a - gain;
And he that hath no mon - ey, come ye buy and eat."
Thus will He feed all the hun - gry, yes, 'tis for you and me.
Give Him your time and your tal - ent, give Him a trust-ing heart.
Just as you are, He'll re - ceive you, cleanse ev - 'ry guilt - y stain.

CHORUS.



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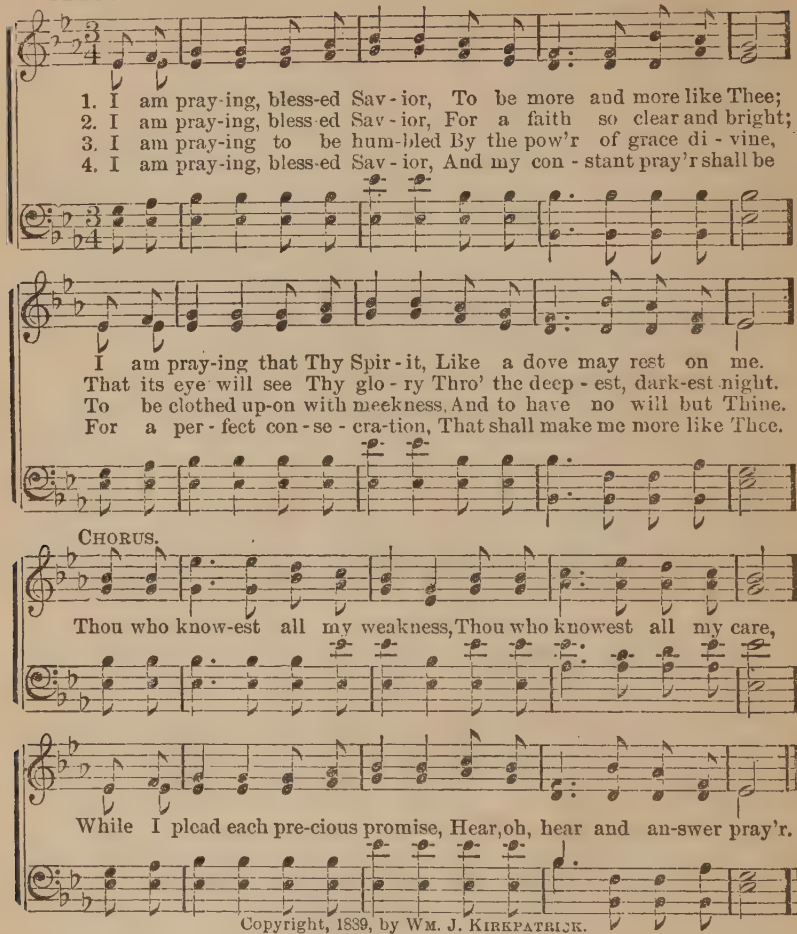
191 Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, To be more and more like Thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, For a faith so clear and bright;
3. I am pray-ing to be hum-bled By the pow'r of grace di-vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be
I am pray-ing that Thy Spir-it, Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo-ry Thro' the deep-est, dark-est night.
To be clothed up-on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per-fect con-se-cra-tion, That shall make me more like Thee.
CHORUS.
Thou who know-est all my weakness, Thou who knowest all my care,
While I plead each pre-cious promise, Hear, oh, hear and an-swer pray'r.

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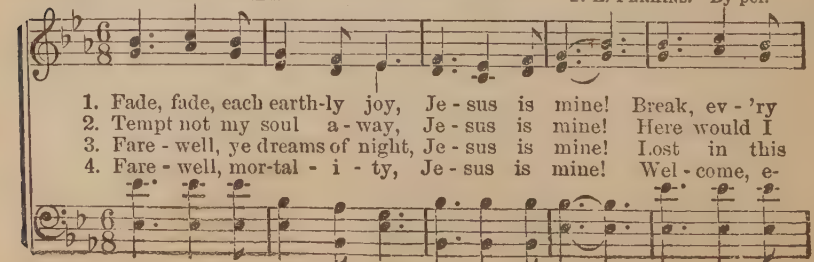
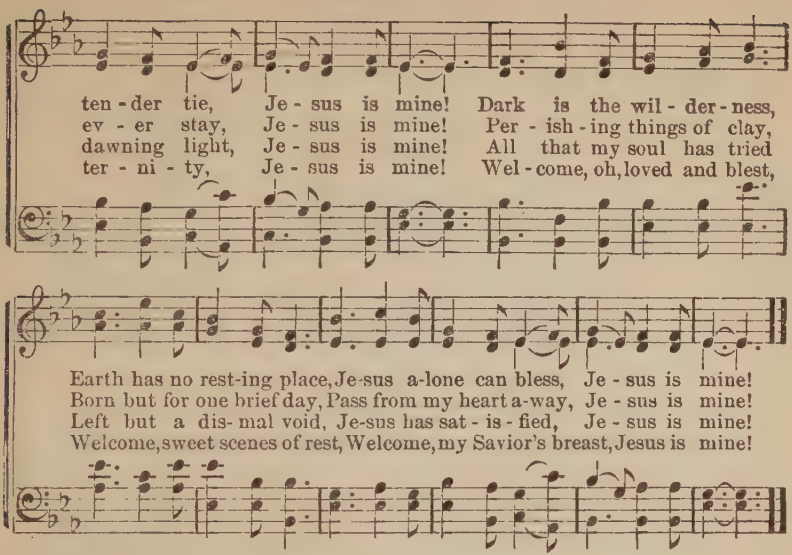
192 Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

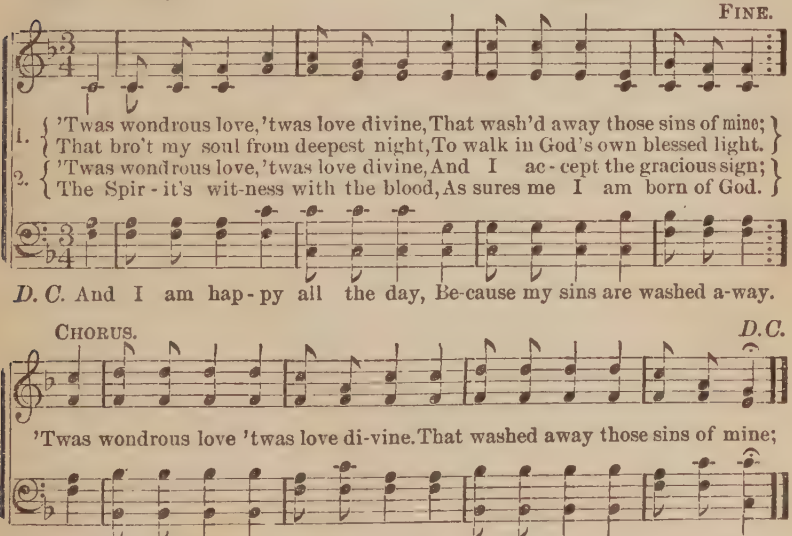

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

Jesus is Mine. Concluded.


ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, oh, loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis- mal void, Je-sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Jesus is mine!

193 Wondrous Love.

WM. H. CLARK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


FINE.
1. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That wash'd away those sins of mine;
That bro't my soul from deepest night, To walk in God's own blessed light.
2. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, And I ac - cept the gracious sign;
The Spir - it's wit-ness with the blood, As sures me I am born of God.
D. C. And I am hap - py all the day, Be-cause my sins are washed a-way.
CHORUS. D.C.
'Twas wondrous love 'twas love di-vine. That washed away those sins of mine;

3 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine,
That drew this wand'ring heart of mine
To Thee, dear Lord, that I may be,
A branch that beareth fruit for Thee.

4 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine,
'Twas God the Father's grand design;
And heaven is filled with joy to know,
A soul's redeemed from endless woe.

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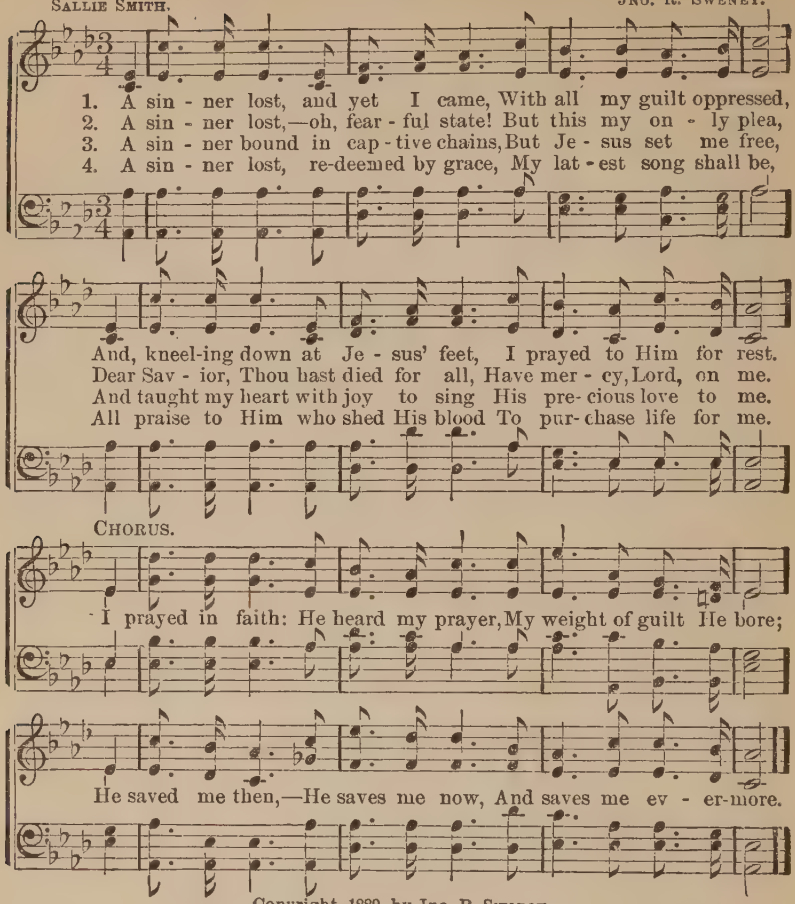
194 He Heard My Prayer.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A sin - ner lost, and yet I came, With all my guilt oppressed,
2. A sin - ner lost,—oh, fear - ful state! But this my on - ly plea,
3. A sin - ner bound in cap - tive chains, But Je - sus set me free,
4. A sin - ner lost, re-deemed by grace, My lat - est song shall be,
And, kneel-ing down at Je - sus' feet, I prayed to Him for rest.
Dear Sav - ior, Thou hast died for all, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
And taught my heart with joy to sing His pre- cious love to me.
All praise to Him who shed His blood To pur- chase life for me.
CHORUS.
I prayed in faith: He heard my prayer, My weight of guilt He bore;
He saved me then,—He saves me now, And saves me ev - er-more.

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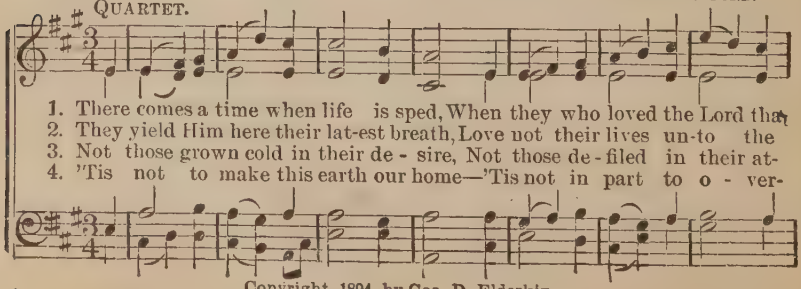
195 Shall Walk in White.

H. G. S. QUARTET. H. G. SPAFFORD.


1. There comes a time when life is sped, When they who loved the Lord that
2. They yield Him here their lat-est breath, Love not their lives un-to the
3. Not those grown cold in their de - sire, Not those de - filed in their at-
4. 'Tis not to make this earth our home—'Tis not in part to o - ver-

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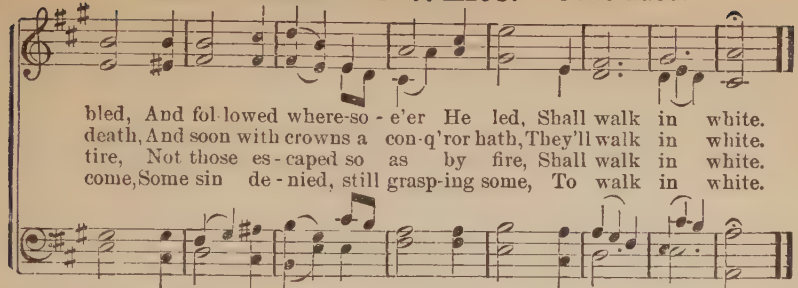
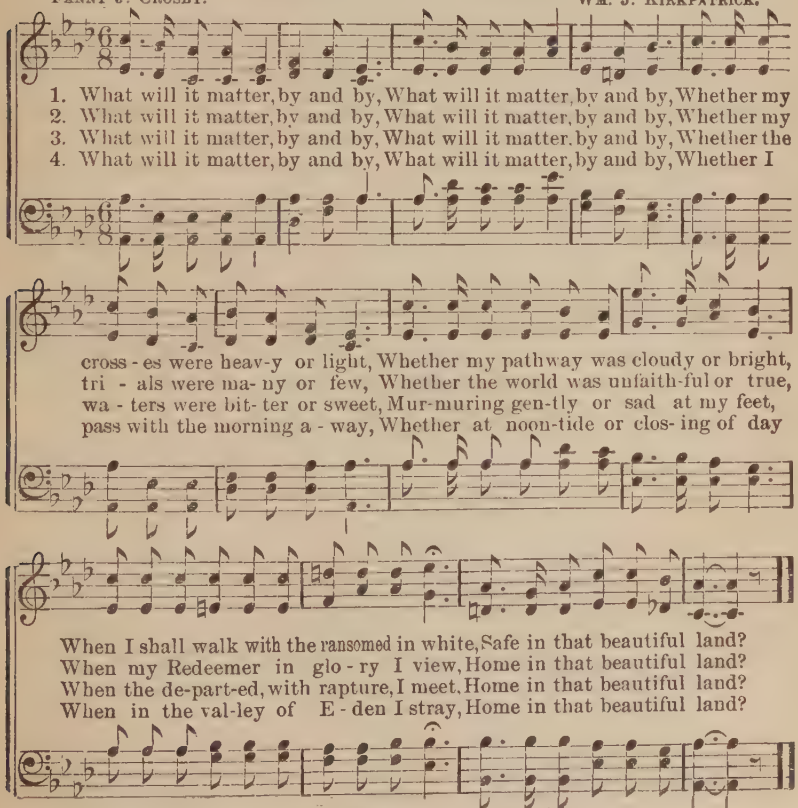
Shall Walk in White. Concluded.


bled, And fol-lowed where-so-e'er He led, Shall walk in white.
death, And soon with crowns a con-q'ror hath, They'll walk in white.
tire, Not those es-caped so as by fire, Shall walk in white.
come, Some sin de-nied, still grasp-ing some, To walk in white.

5 It is to love the Lord alone;
It is to hear Well done! well done;
It is to share the Savior's throne,
To walk in white.

6 It is to sup at His dear side;
It is within His robe to hide;
Ah, heart! it is to be His bride,
To walk in white.

196 What will it Matter.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
2. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
3. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether the
4. What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether I
cross-es were heav-y or light, Whether my pathway was cloudy or bright,
tri-als were ma-ny or few, Whether the world was unfaith-ful or true,
wa-ters were bit-ter or sweet, Mur-muring gen-tly or sad at my feet,
pass with the morning a-way, Whether at noon-tide or clos-ing of day
When I shall walk with the ransomed in white, Safe in that beautiful land?
When my Redeemer in glo-ry I view, Home in that beautiful land?
When the de-part-ed, with rapture, I meet, Home in that beautiful land?
When in the val-ley of E-den I stray, Home in that beautiful land?

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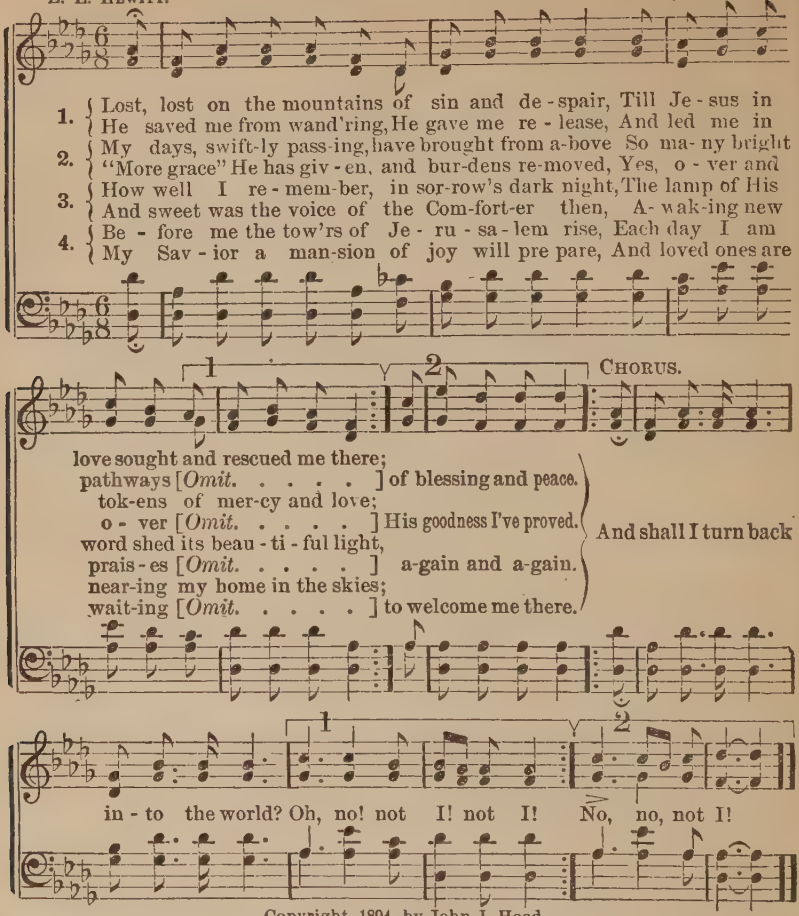
197 Shall I Turn Back.

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by J. J. H.


1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in
He saved me from wand'ring, He gave me re-lease, And led me in
2. My days, swift-ly pass-ing, have brought from a-bove So ma-ny bright
"More grace" He has giv-en, and bur-dens re-moved, Yes, o-ver and
3. How well I re-mem-ber, in sor-row's dark night, The lamp of His
And sweet was the voice of the Com-fort-er then, A-wak-ing new
4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am
My Sav-ior a man-sion of joy will pre pare, And loved ones are
Chorus.
love sought and rescued me there;
pathways [Omit. . . . .] of blessing and peace.
tok-ens of mer-cy and love;
o-ver [Omit. . . . .] His goodness I've proved.
word shed its beau-ti-ful light,
prais-es [Omit. . . . .] a-gain and a-gain.
near-ing my home in the skies;
wait-ing [Omit. . . . .] to welcome me there.
And shall I turn back
in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I! No, no, not I!

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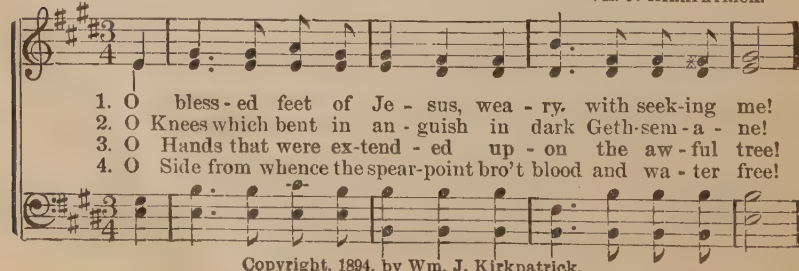
198 Intercede for me.

D. K. W. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O bless-ed feet of Je-sus, wea-ry. with seek-ing me!
2. O Knees which bent in an-guish in dark Geth-sem-a-ne!
3. O Hands that were ex-tend-ed up-on the aw-ful tree!
4. O Side from whence the spear-point bro't blood and wa-ter free!

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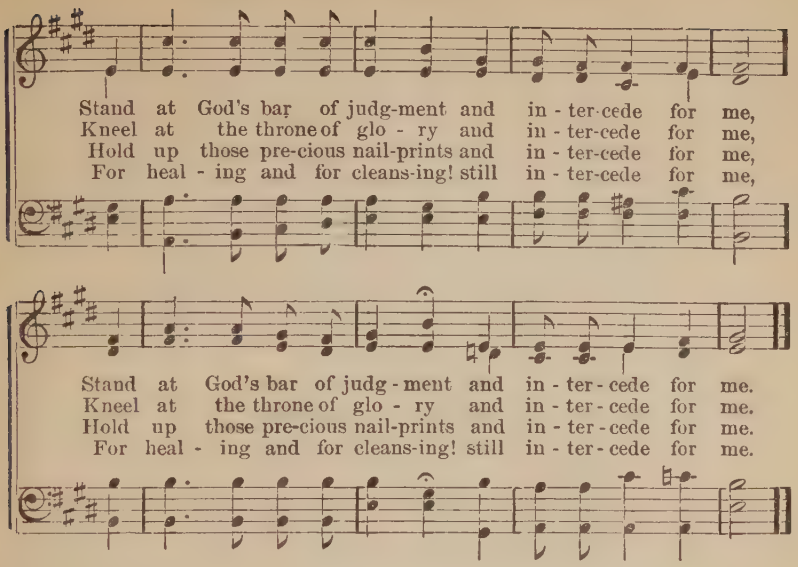
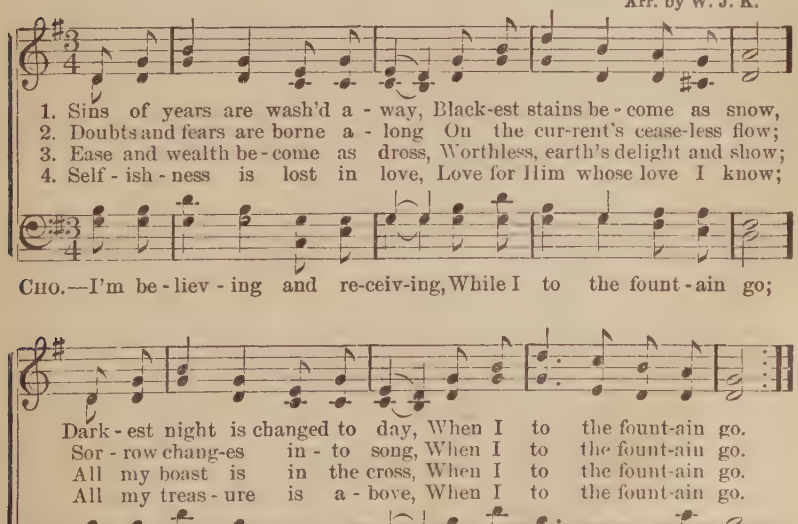
Intercede for Me. Concluded.


Stand at God's bar of judg-ment and in - ter-cede for me,
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter-cede for me,
Hold up those pre-cious nail-prints and in - ter-cede for me,
For heal - ing and for cleans-ing! still in - ter-cede for me,
Stand at God's bar of judg - ment and in - ter - cede for me.
Kneel at the throne of glo - ry and in - ter - cede for me.
Hold up those pre-cious nail-prints and in - ter - cede for me.
For heal - ing and for cleans-ing! still in - ter - cede for me.

199 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

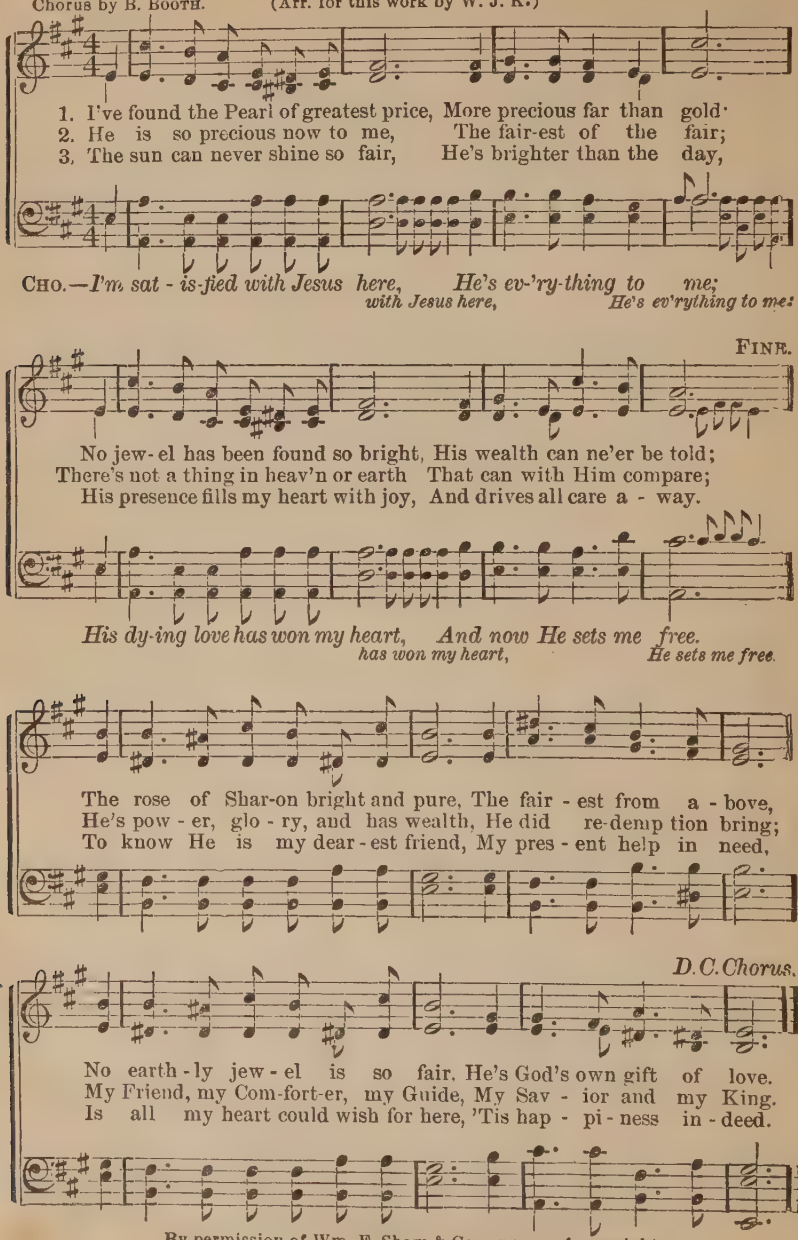

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Black-est stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show;
4. Self - ish - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love I know;
Cho.—I'm be - liev - ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the fount - ain go;
Dark - est night is changed to day, When I to the fount-ain go.
Sor - row chang-es in - to song, When I to the fount-ain go.
All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fount-ain go.
All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fount-ain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv - en snow.

By permission.

200 I'm Satisfied with Jesus.

W. E. Catlin. Melody by Wm. A. Huntley.
Chorus by B. Booth. (Arr. for this work by W. J. K.)


1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold·
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair-est of the fair;
3. The sun can never shine so fair, He's brighter than the day,
Cho.—I'm sat - is-fied with Jesus here, He's ev-'ry-thing to me;
with Jesus here, He's ev'rything to me:
Fine.
No jew-el has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told;
There's not a thing in heav'n or earth That can with Him compare;
His presence fills my heart with joy, And drives all care a - way.
His dy-ing love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.
has won my heart, He sets me free.
The rose of Shar-on bright and pure, The fair - est from a - bove,
He's pow - er, glo - ry, and has wealth, He did re-demp tion bring;
To know He is my dear - est friend, My pres - ent help in need,
D.C. Chorus.
No earth - ly jew - el is so fair. He's God's own gift of love.
My Friend, my Com-fort-er, my Guide, My Sav - ior and my King.
Is all my heart could wish for here, 'Tis hap - pi - ness in - deed.

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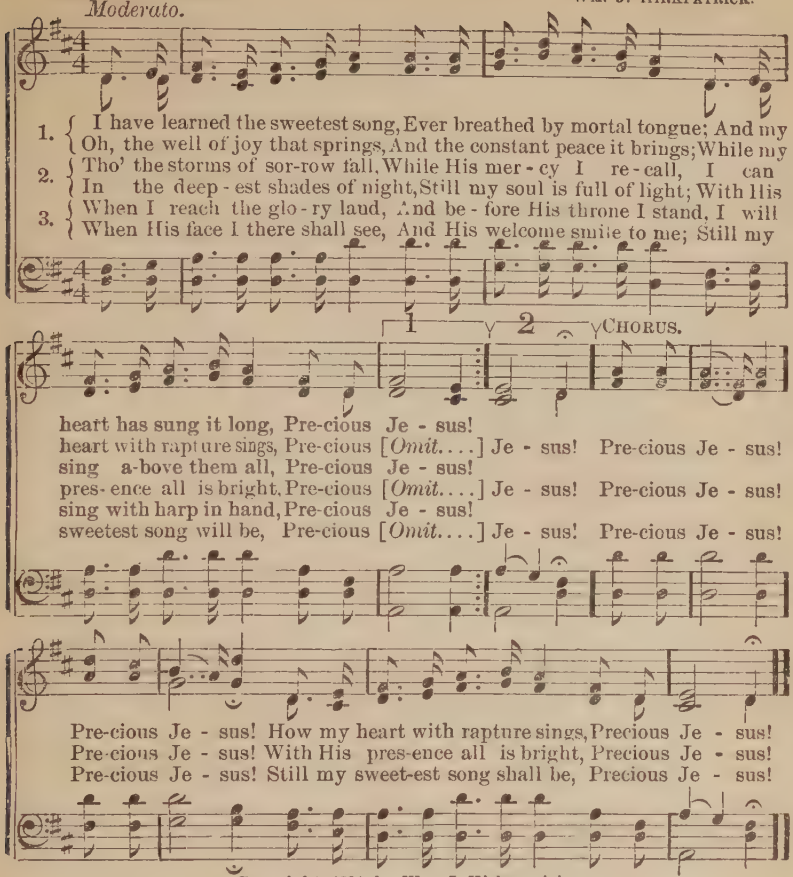
201 Precious Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.


1. I have learned the sweetest song, Ever breathed by mortal tongue; And my
Oh, the well of joy that springs, And the constant peace it brings; While my
2. Tho' the storms of sor-row fall, While His mer - cy I re - call, I can
In the deep - est shades of night, Still my soul is full of light; With His
3. When I reach the glo - ry laud, And be - fore His throne I stand, I will
When His face I there shall see, And His welcome smile to me; Still my
1
2
CHORUS.
heart has sung it long, Pre-cious Je - sus!
heart with rapture sings, Pre-cious [Omit....] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
sing a-bove them all, Pre-cious Je - sus!
pres- ence all is bright, Pre-cious [Omit....] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
sing with harp in hand, Pre-cious Je - sus!
sweetest song will be, Pre-cious [Omit....] Je - sus! Pre-cious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! How my heart with rapture sings, Precious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! With His pres-ence all is bright, Precious Je - sus!
Pre-cious Je - sus! Still my sweet-est song shall be, Precious Je - sus!

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202 Some Day.

See tune on opposite page.

1 Some day in that bright home above,
Around His blessed throne,
I'll sing with Him forever there,
In my immortal home.
There life with joy is all complete,
It's glories are for me;
I'll sing that new, that new sweet song,
Thro' all eternity.

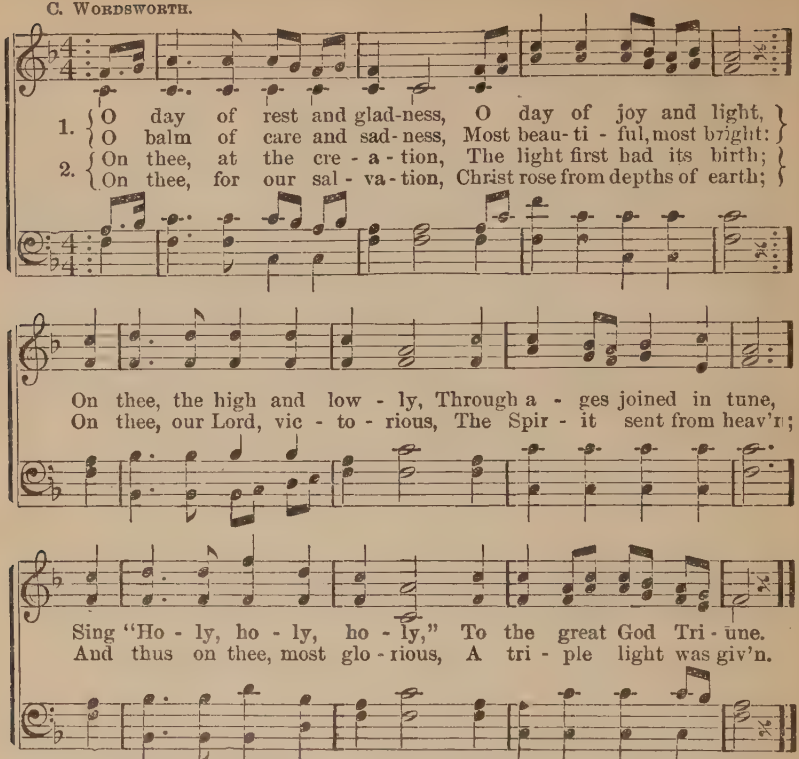
CHO.—Oh, heaven, how blessed is the [place
Where from all care set free;
No pain, no death, no sorrow there,
What joy prepared for me!

2 Some day I'll see that great white [throne,
With angel bands so fair,
I'll walk the golden streets of life,
Prepared for me o'er there.
Some day we'll clasp each other's hands,
In that bright world above;
Here pain and sorrow always come;
But yonder all is love.

3 Some day I'll see my mother's face;
She taught my lips to pray,
And look to Him in every hour,
To guide me in this way.
How glad will be that joyous hour,
When loved ones we shall see,
And there to join in that sweet song;
How happy we will be.

J. H. WEBER.

203 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

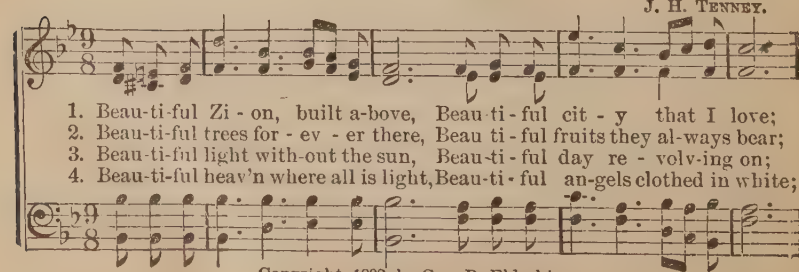
C. WORDSWORTH.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright:
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;
Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

204 Beautiful Zion.

J. H. TENNEY.


1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love;
2. Beau-ti-ful trees for-ev-er there, Beau-ti-ful fruits they al-ways bear;
3. Beau-ti-ful light with-out the sun, Beau-ti-ful day re-volv-ing on;
4. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white;

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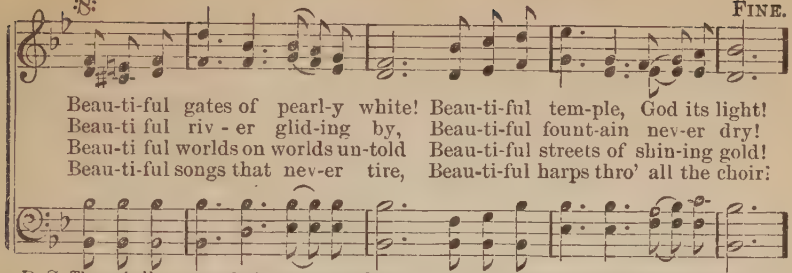
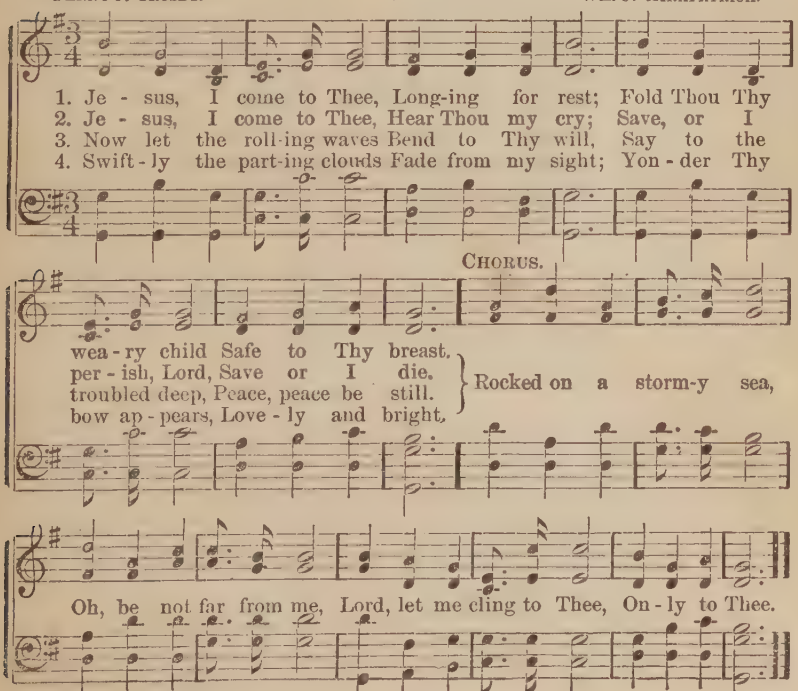
Beautiful Zion. Concluded.

:S:
FINE.
Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white! Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light!
Beau-ti ful riv - er glid-ing by, Beau-ti-ful fount-ain nev-er dry!
Beau-ti ful worlds on worlds un-told Beau-ti-ful streets of shin-ing gold!
Beau-ti-ful songs that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir!
D.S. There shall my eyes their beauty behold, Join in the song with harps of pure gold.
CHORUS.
D.S.
There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Worshiping at the Sav-ior's feet;

205 Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long-ing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll-ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
4. Swift - ly the part-ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy
CHORUS.
wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast.
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.
Rocked on a storm-y sea,
Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

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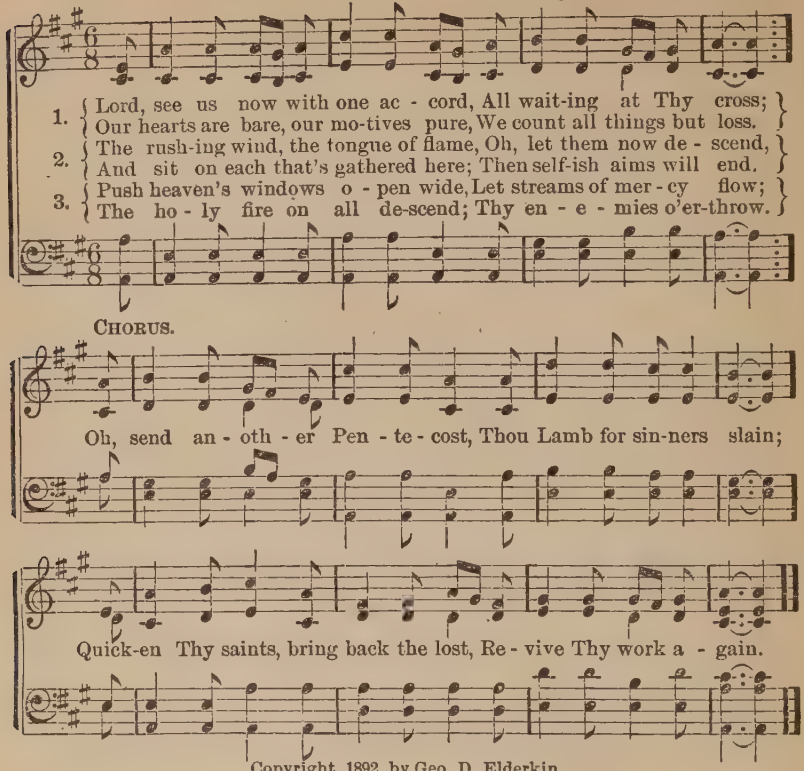
206 Send Another Pentecost.

Arr. by Mrs. G. D. Elderkin.


1. Lord, see us now with one ac - cord, All wait-ing at Thy cross;
Our hearts are bare, our mo-tives pure, We count all things but loss.
2. The rush-ing wind, the tongue of flame, Oh, let them now de - scend,
And sit on each that's gathered here; Then self-ish aims will end.
3. Push heaven's windows o - pen wide, Let streams of mer - cy flow;
The ho - ly fire on all de-scend; Thy en - e - mies o'er-throw.
Chorus.
Oh, send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain;
Quick-en Thy saints, bring back the lost, Re - vive Thy work a - gain.

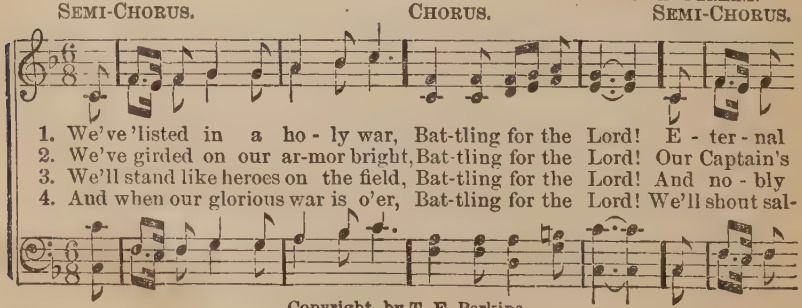
Copyright, 1892, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

4 Let saints be quickened by Thy pow'r,
And hearts made all aflame;
A burning zeal for dying souls,
Reveal Thy work again.

5 The sinner smite with holy might;
Back-sliders now reclaim;
Let hov'ring spirits bear the news
That souls are born again.

207 Battling for the Lord.

T. E Perkins.


Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
Semi-Chorus.
1. We've 'listed in a ho - ly war, Bat-tling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
2. We've girded on our ar-mor bright, Bat-tling for the Lord! Our Captain's
3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Bat-tling for the Lord! And no - bly
4. And when our glorious war is o'er, Bat-tling for the Lord! We'll shout sal-

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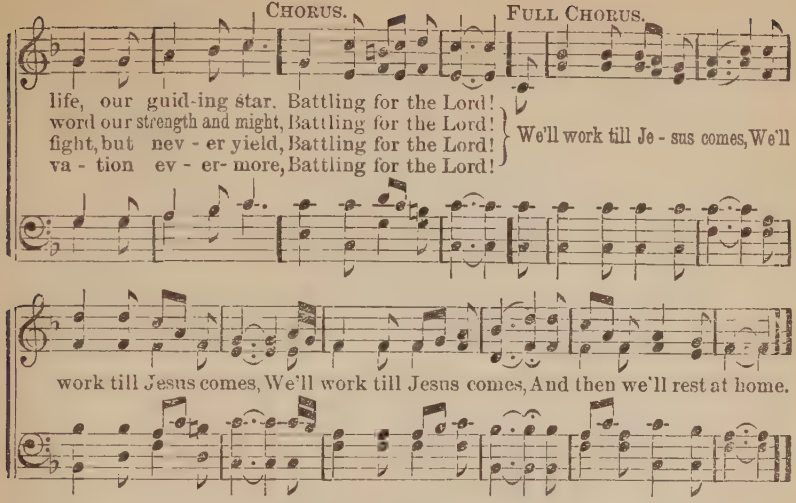
Battling for the Lord. Concluded.


CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
life, our guid-ing star. Battling for the Lord!
word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!
fight, but nev - er yield, Battling for the Lord!
va - tion ev - er- more, Battling for the Lord!
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

India's Awakening.

Tune, WEBB. Key of B Flat.

1 From out their night awaking,
To greet the opening day;
Lo! India's anxious thousands
With earnest longings pray.
For faithful Gospel heralds
Have borne the message there,
Revealing God's great purpose,
To save them from despair.

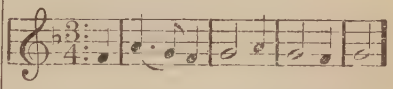
2 The Star of Hope is beaming
O'er all the hills and plains,
Proclaiming by its brightness,
That Christ, Messiah reigns;
That now the truth receiving,
As taught within His word,
Led by the Spirit's teaching,
These souls shall know their Lord.

3 This forward movement telling
The triumph of our King,
Inspires us now to rally
And larger offerings bring.
Thus shall all souls rejoicing,
In Him, and by Him blest,
Press onward still victorious,
To heaven's eternal rest.

4 Then He will smile upon us,
To whom our love was shown;
And all shall take their places
Before the Victor's throne.
While through the endless ages,
With praise and holy songs,
We'll crown Him King Eternal
To whom all power belongs.

Rev. JOHN F. DODD, D. D.

208 And Can it Be?



1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be [me?
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for

2 He left His Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite His grace!—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

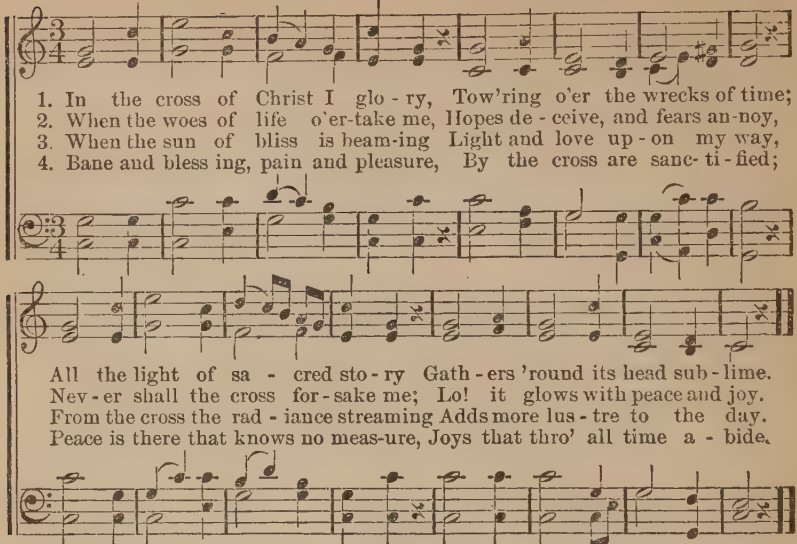
3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eyes diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

C. WESLEY.

209 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. Bowring. Tune, Rathbun. 8, 7.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc- ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the rad - iance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

210 Take Me as I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

Refrain.

Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

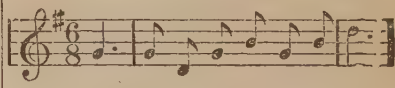
2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove,
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

211 Precious Presence of Jesus.



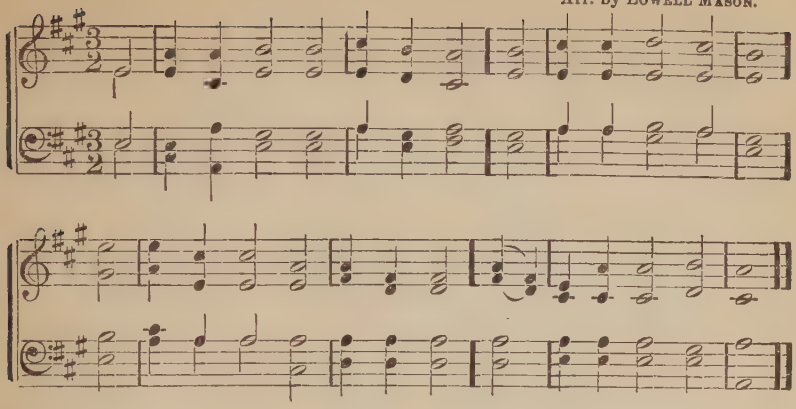
1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter then music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear.
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

Azmon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



212 O for a Closer Walk.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

213 How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled.
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

214 Jesus, the Name.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

215 O for a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

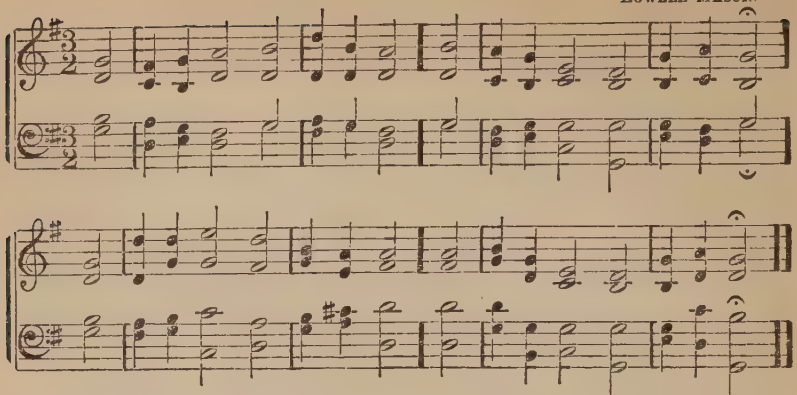
2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON.



216 Delights of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King;
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

217 Invitation.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

218 Of Him who did Salvation bring.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

219 While Life Prolongs.

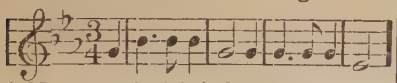
1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

220 The Child of a King.



1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands! [gold,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Savior,
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there! [sing:
Though exiled from home, yet still I may
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

221 I Believe Jesus Saves.

TUNE.—SWEET BY AND BY. Key of G.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest, [snow.
To be washed and made whiter than

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves, [snow;
And His blood washes whiter than
I believe Jesus saves, [snow.
And His blood washes whiter than

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore, [snow.
To be washed and made whiter than

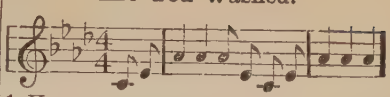
3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call, [snow.
Till His blood washes whiter than

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth fully atone, [snow.
I am washed and made whiter than

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above;
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

WM. MCDONALD.

222 Are You Washed?

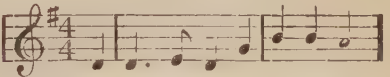


1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? [white as snow?
Are your garments spotless? are they
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the

223 Only Trust Him.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

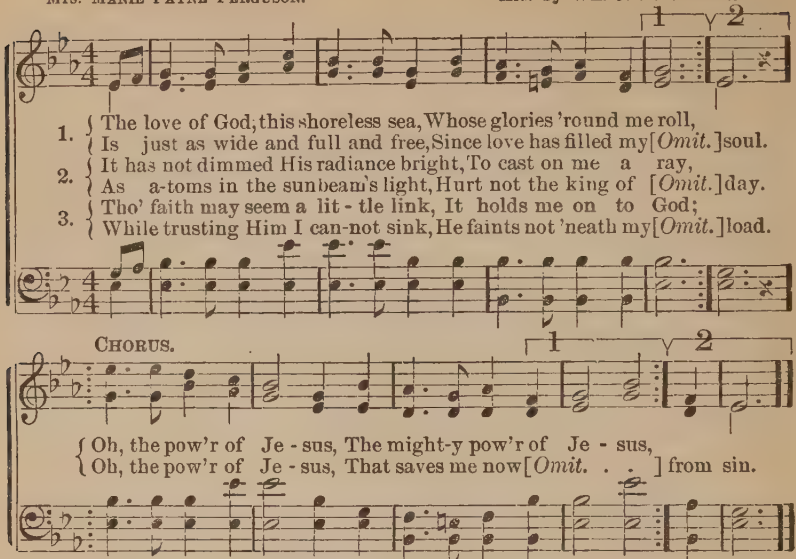
2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

224 Oh, the Power of Jesus.

Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1 2
1. The love of God; this shoreless sea, Whose glories 'round me roll,
Is just as wide and full and free, Since love has filled my [Omit.] soul.
2. It has not dimmed His radiance bright, To cast on me a ray,
As a-toms in the sunbeam's light, Hurt not the king of [Omit.] day.
3. Tho' faith may seem a lit - tle link, It holds me on to God;
While trusting Him I can-not sink, He faints not 'neath my [Omit.] load.
Chorus.
1 2
Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus, The might-y pow'r of Je - sus,
Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus, That saves me now [Omit. . .] from sin.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Without a fear, my all I leave,
On this foundation great;
And dread not that the rock will give,
Beneath my little weight.

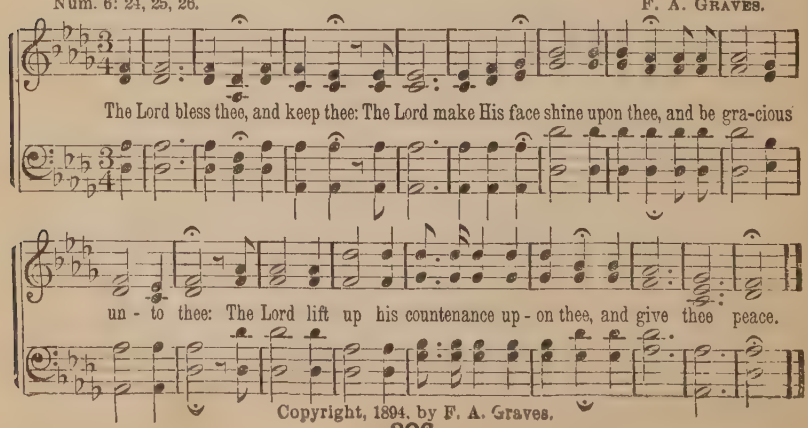
5 No doubts nor fears this heart shall [grieve,]
Beneath the cleansing blood;
I know, I know whom I believe,
And trust the mighty God.

Also sing to above tune, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," with the following chorus:

Chorus. { *Oh, the blood of Jesus, The precious blood of Jesus.*
Oh, the blood of Jesus, It cleanses from all sin. }

225 The Lord Bless Thee.

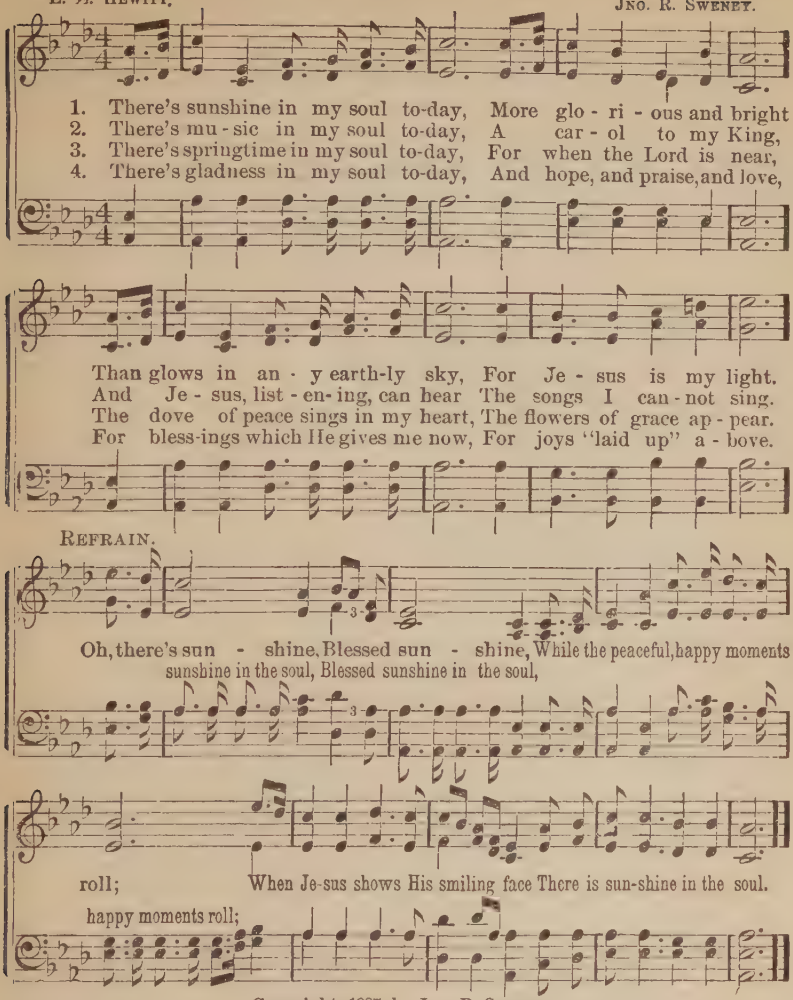
Num. 6: 24, 25, 26. F. A. Graves.


The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gra-cious
un - to thee: The Lord lift up his countenance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

Copyright, 1894, by F. A. Graves.

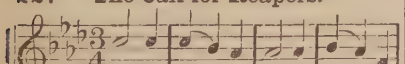
226 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
Refrain.
Oh, there's sun - shine, Blessed sun - shine, While the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, Blessed sunshine in the soul,
roll; When Je-sus shows His smiling face There is sun-shine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

227 The Call for Reapers.



See No. 46, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.

1 Far and near the fields are teeming,
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming,
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

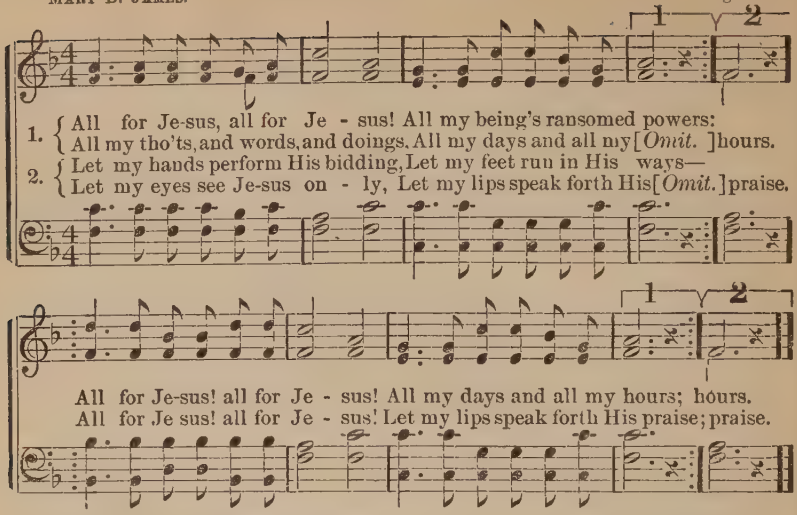
Cho.—Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.

2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.

3 O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold,
Heavenward then at evening wending
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

228 All for Jesus.

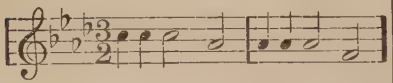
MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.


1 2
1. All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [Omit.] hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [Omit.] praise.
1 2
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.:‖

229 I am Saved.



1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
Help me shout the glorious news!
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I rejoice, salvation came;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I am saved in Jesus' name.

2 Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies;
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under Thy protecting eyes.

3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseased nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

4 When at last the days are gathered
Into Thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written,
In the records of Thy Son.

230 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

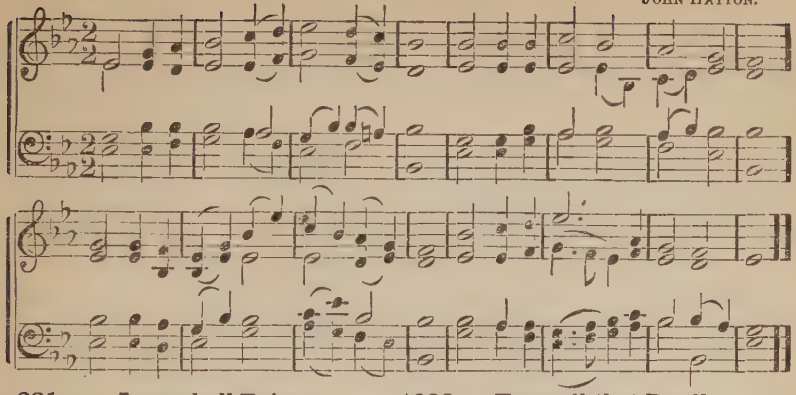
1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past:
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest:
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.



231 Jesus shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

232 I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

233 From all that Dwell.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

234 When I Survey.

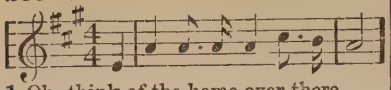
1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

235 The Home Over There.



1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

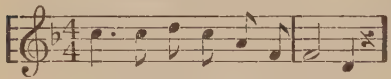
3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

236 What a Friend.

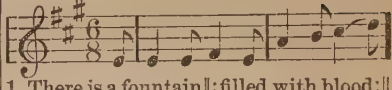


1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

237 Glorious Fountain.



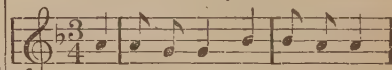
1 There is a fountain‖:filled with blood:‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd ‖:beneath that flood,:‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

CHO.—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

2 The dying thief ‖:rejoiced to see:‖
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ‖:tho' vile as he,:‖
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖:Thy precious blood:‖
Shall never lose its power, [God:‖
Till all the ransomed ‖:church of
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith‖:I saw the stream:‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love‖:has been my theme:‖
And shall be till I die.

238 Alas, and did my Savior Bleed?

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

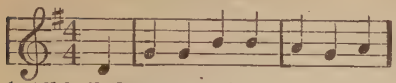
CHO.—Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

239 Crown Him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

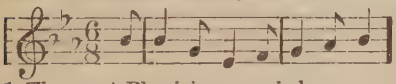
2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

240 The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

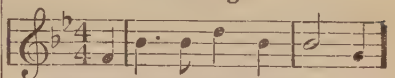
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The prĕcious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

241 The Morning Light is Breaking.

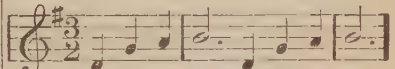


1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

242 O Happy Day.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

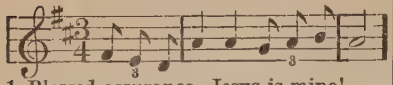
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

243 Blessed Assurance.

See No. 22, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



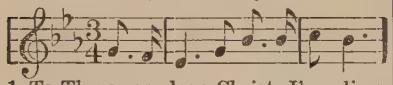
1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—‖:This is my story, this is my song.
Praising the Savior all the day long.:‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, and looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

244 Oh, 'tis Glory.



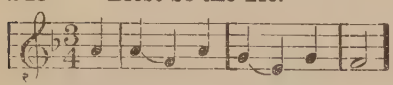
1 To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm cling-
All my refuge and my plea; [ing,
Matchless is Thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stooped to me.

CHO.—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul. [ment,
For I've touched the hem of His gar-
And His power doth make me whole.

2 Long my heart has heard Thee calling,
But I thrust aside Thy grace;
Yet, O boundless condescension!
Love is shining from Thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Savior, let Thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

245 Blest be the Tie.



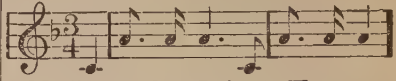
1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

246 I'll Live for Him.



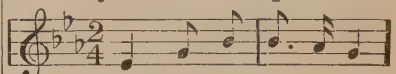
1 My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Savior and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Savior and my God.

2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free;
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Savior and my God.

247 My Faith Looks up to Thee.

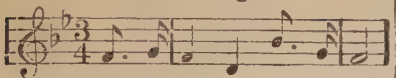


1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

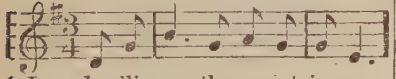
248 Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

249 The Land of Beulah.

See No. 173, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



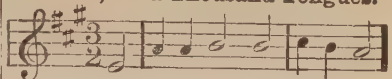
1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

250 Oh, for a Thousand Tongues.



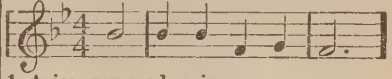
1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears;
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

251 Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

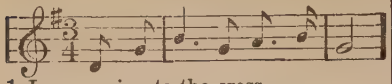
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace,

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

252 I am Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

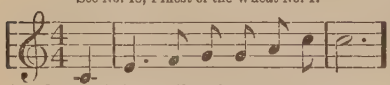
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—

253 I Know I Love Thee Better.

See No. 18, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

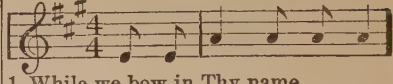
CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

254 It is Good to be Here.



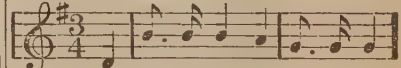
1 While we bow in Thy name,
Oh, meet us again,
Fill our hearts with the light of Thy love;
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of Thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear,
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for Thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide;
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

255 Beulah Land.



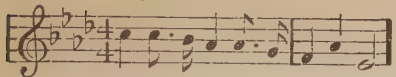
1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.
O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forever more!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

256 Glory to His Name.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, [cried;
Down where for cleansing from sin I
There to my heart was the blood
Glory to His name. [applied;

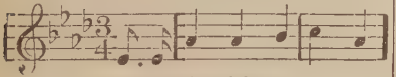
CHO.—‖:Glory to His name;:‖ [applied;
There to my heart was the blood
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name. [sin,

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from
I am so glad I have entered in; [clean,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
Glory to His name. [sweet:

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet:
Plunge in to-day, and be made
Glory to His name. [complete:

257 Is My Name Written There?



1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

258 Work, for the Night is Coming.

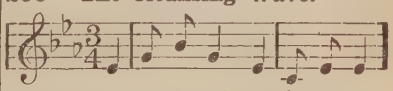
Key of F.

1 Work for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

259 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

REF.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

260 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Key of G.

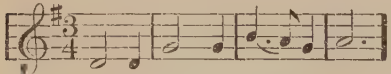
1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven!
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

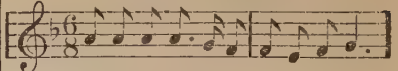
5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

261 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand.
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

262 Saved to the Uttermost.

See No. 39, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



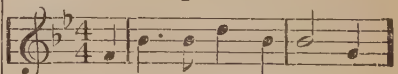
1 Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's,
Jesus my Savior salvation affords,
Gives me His Spirit a witness within,
Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.

Cho.—Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost,
Saved, saved, by power divine;
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost,
Jesus the Savior, is mine.

2 Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near,
Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
Trusting His promises, how I am blest,
Leaning upon Him, how sweet is my rest.

3 Saved to the uttermost: this I can say,
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me.

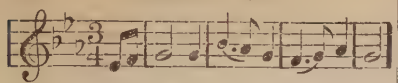
4 Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing
Loud hallelujahs to Jesus my King;
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by God.
His blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to

263 Stand up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

264 Just as I Am.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

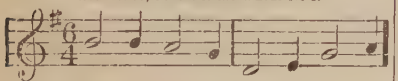
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

265 Fill Me Now.

See No. 77, Finest of the Wheat No 1.



1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

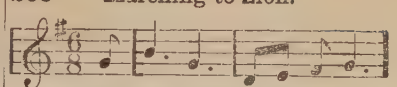
CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now,
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

266 Marching to Zion.



1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

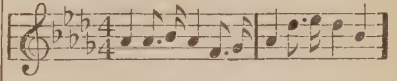
CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

267 Stepping in the Light.

See No. 78, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Savior,
Trying to follow our Savior and King;
Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
Happy, how happy the songs that we bring.

Cho.—How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior,
‖:Stepping in the light;:‖ [Savior,
How beautiful to walk in the steps of the
Led in paths of light.

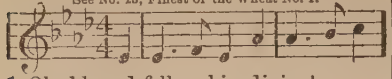
2 Pressing more closely to Him who is leading, [way;
When we are tempted to turn from the
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us, [day.
Happy, how happy, our praises each

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance, [love,
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy and
Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Savior, [Guide,
Upward, still upward we'll follow our
When we shall see Him, "the King in His beauty," [side.
Happy, how happy, our place at His

268 Companionship with Jesus.

See No. 23, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Oh, blessed fellowship divine!
Oh, joy supremely sweet!
Companionship with Jesus here
Makes life with bliss replete;
In union with the purest one
I find my heaven on earth begun.

REF.—Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time!
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time!

2 I'm walking close to Jesus' side,
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of His love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel His great almighty hand
Protects me in this hostile land.

3 I'm leaning on His loving breast,
Along life's weary way;
My path, illumined by His smiles,
Grows brighter day by day;
No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
With my almighty Friend so near.

4 I know His sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread,
And tho' the storms may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings,
"I'll trust the covert of Thy wings."

269 At the Cross.

See No. 99, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.

1 O Jesus, Lord, Thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me Thou art.

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away:
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day!

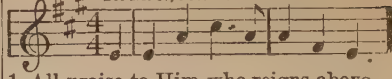
2 Amid the night of sin and death
Thy light hath filled my soul;
To me Thy loving voice now saith,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

3 I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand,
I touch Thy bleeding side;
Oh, let me here forever stand,
Where Thou wert crucified.

4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
I count my gain but loss;
Forever let Thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the cross.

270 Blessed be the Name.

See No. 67, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 All praise to Him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave His Son for man to die,
That He might man redeem.

CHO.—Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

3 Redeemer, Savior, Friend of man,
Once ruined by the fall,
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For Thou hast died for all.

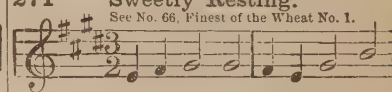
4 His name shall be the Counselor,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

271 Sweetly Resting.

See No. 66, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered, I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me,
While within the cleft I hide.

REF.—Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me:
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in Thee.

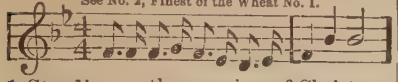
2 Long pursued by sin and Satan,
Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
Then I found this heavenly shelter,
Opened in my Savior's breast.

3 Peace, which passeth understanding,
Joy, the world can never give,
Now in Jesus I am finding;
In His smiles of love I live.

4 In the rifted Rock I'll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past,
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.

272 Standing on the Promises.

See No. 2, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King;
Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Savior;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

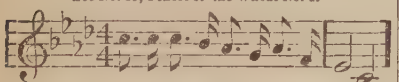
2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail;
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

273 Him that Cometh unto Me.

See No. 29, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Listen to the blessed invitation,
Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
Chiming softly with a heavenly cadence,
Calling to the passing throng.

CHO.—Him that cometh unto me,
Him that cometh unto me,
Him that cometh unto me,
I will in nowise cast out.

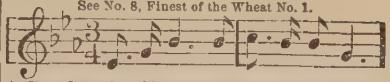
2 Weary toiler, sad and heavy-laden,
Joyfully the great salvation see.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer,
Strong to bear thy load and thee.

3 Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters,
Hungry, come and on His bounty feed,
Not thy fitness is the plea to bring Him,
But thy pressing utmost need.

4 Coming humbly, daily to this Savior,
Breathing all the heart to Him in pray'r;
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

274 Help Just a Little.

See No. 8, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to save the millions dying,
Help just a little.

CHO. — Oh, the wrongs that we may righten!
Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten!
Helping just a little.

2 Is thy cup made sad by trial?
Help a little, help a little;
Sweeten it with self-denial,
Help just a little.

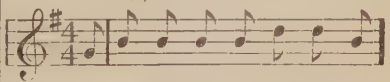
3 Tho' no wealth to thee is given,
Help a little, help a little;
Sacrifice is gold in heaven,
Help just a little.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

275 He Came to Save Me.

See No. 57, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 When Jesus laid His crown aside,
He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died,
He came to save me.

CHO.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free,
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
He came to save me.

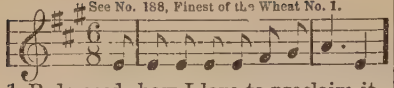
2 In my poor heart He deigns to dwell,
He came to save me:
Oh, praise His name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

276 Redeemed.

See No. 188, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy,
His child and forever I am.

REF.—Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed, redeemed,
His child and forever I am.

2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell,
I know that the light of His presence
With me doth continually dwell.

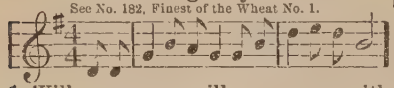
3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of Him all the day long,
I sing, for I cannot be silent,
His love is the theme of my song.

4 I know I shall see in His beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

5 I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.

277 Jesus will give you Rest.

See No. 182, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart,
Burden'd and sin oppressed?
Lay it down at the feet of your Savior and Lord,
Jesus will give you rest.

REF.—Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest!
Jesus will give you rest,
Oh! why won't you come in simple, trusting faith,
Jesus will give you rest.

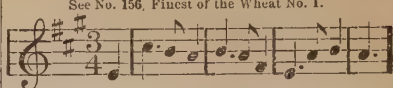
2 Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are, and believe on His name,
Jesus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay,
Jesus, who loves you best,
By His death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

4 Will you come, will you come, how He pleads with you now!
Fly to His loving breast,
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

278 Step Out on the Promise.

See No. 156, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 O mourner of Zion how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

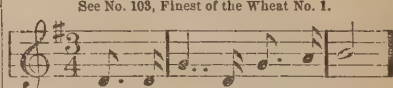
2 Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty rejoice,
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice?
Inviting you now to the banquet of God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

4 Step out on the promise and Christ thou shalt win,
"The blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin,"
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God,
I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood.

279 Jesus Saves.

See No. 103, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.

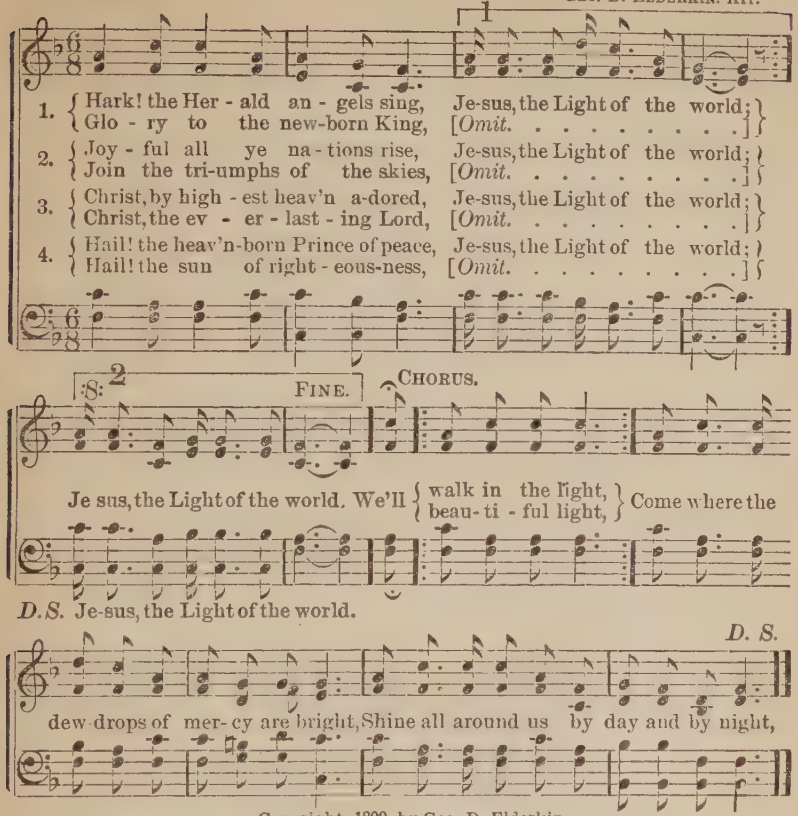


1 We have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her Jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

280 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E. Arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN. Arr.

1
1. Hark! the Her - ald an - gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
Glo - ry to the new-born King, [Omit. . . . .]
2. Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
Join the tri-umphs of the skies, [Omit. . . . .]
3. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, [Omit. . . . .]
4. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
Hail! the sun of right - eous-ness, [Omit. . . . .]
2
FINE.
CHORUS.
Je sus, the Light of the world. We'll walk in the light, beau-ti - ful light, Come where the
D.S. Je-sus, the Light of the world.
D. S.
dew-drops of mer-cy are bright, Shine all around us by day and by night,

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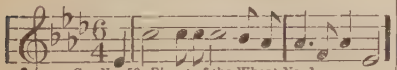
281 The Haven of Rest.

See No. 50, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.

1 My soul, in sad exile, was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distrest,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make me your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

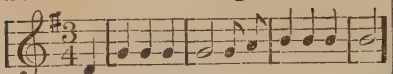
2 I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest,
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Savior, He patiently waits
To save by His power divine;
Come, anchor your souls in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."

282 Revive us Again.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

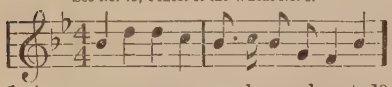
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

283 Tell it to Jesus.

See No. 79, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a friend that's well known; [er,
You have no other such a friend or broth-
Tell it to Jesus alone.

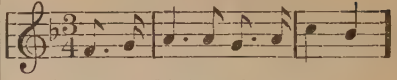
2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [den?
Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus; [row?
Are you anxious what shall be to-mor-
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

284 Give me Jesus.

See No. 174, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Take the world, but give me Jesus,—
All its joys are but a name;
But His love abideth ever,
Thro' eternal years the same.

CHO.—Oh, the height and depth of mercy,
Oh, the length and breadth of love,
Oh, the fullness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above.

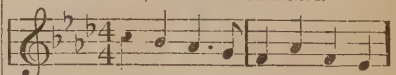
2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Savior watching o'er me
I can sing, tho' billows roll.

3 Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Let me view His constant smile;
Then throughout my pilgrim journey
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus;
In His cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

285 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

See No. 186, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise;
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

REF.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him;
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,
Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus!
Oh, for grace to trust Him more.

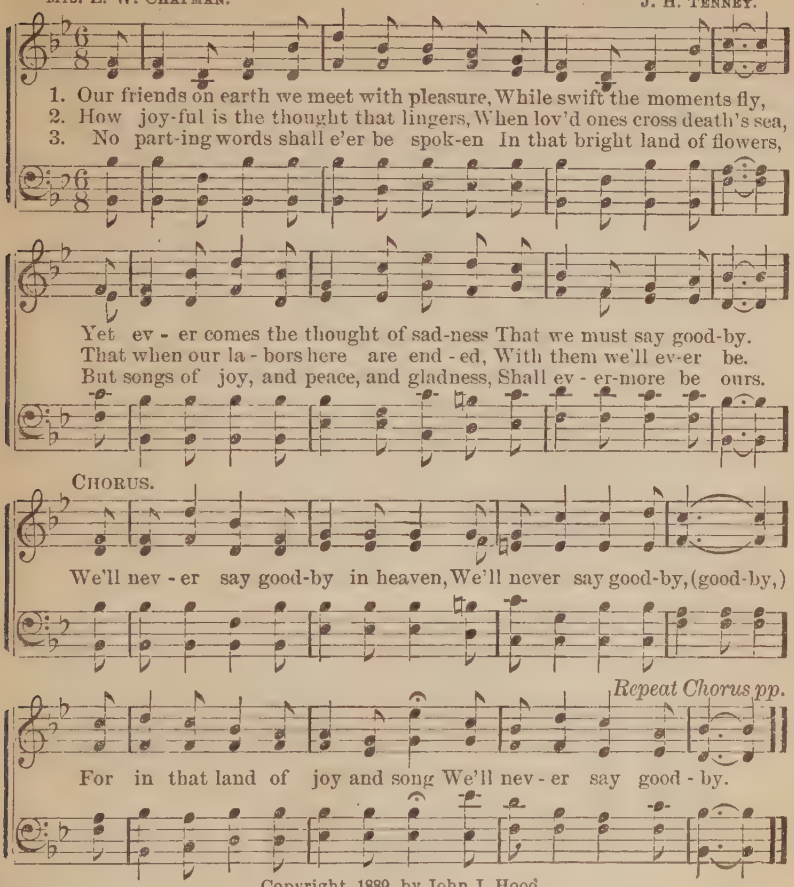
2 Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

286 We'll Never Say Good By.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In that bright land of flowers,
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness That we must say good-by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev-er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.
Chorus.
We'll nev - er say good-by in heaven, We'll never say good-by, (good-by,)
Repeat Chorus pp.
For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.

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287 Marching to Glory.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia." Key of B Flat.

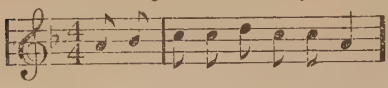
1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

Cho.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus makes us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain, land, and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on and duty's call obey:
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

288 The Lily of the Valley.



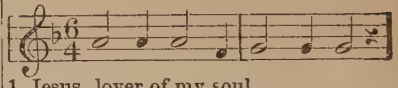
1 I have found a friend in Jesus, He's
every thing to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone
I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me
fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble
He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright
and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul.

CHO.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in
trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright
and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my
sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and
mighty tower;
I have all for Him forsaken, and all my
idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps
me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and
Satan tempts me sore, [goal.
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright
and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet
forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His bless-
ed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing
now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul
shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory we see His
blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright
and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul.

289 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

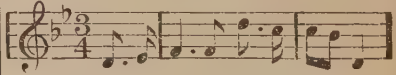
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

290 It Reaches Me.

See No, 189. Finest of the Wheat No 1.



1 Oh, this uttermost salvation!
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

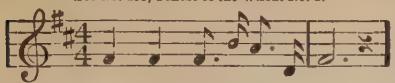
CHO.—It reaches me! it reaches me!
Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,
Wondrous grace, it reaches me!

2 How amazing God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of Heaven,
Thus unmeasured wealth of love!

3 Jesus, Savior, I adore Thee!
Now Thy love I will proclaim,
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify Thy name!

291 Entire Consecration.

See No. 106, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

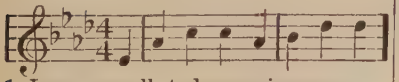
2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

292 Jesus, my All.



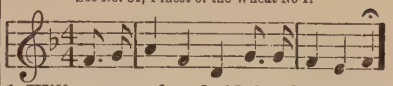
1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view,
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners 'round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

293 We Have an Anchor.

See No. 84, Finest of the Wheat No 1.



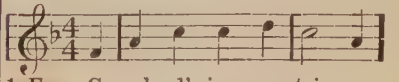
1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

REF.—We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

2 It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand;
And the cables, passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

3 When our eyes behold through the gathering night
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

294 Missionary Hymn.

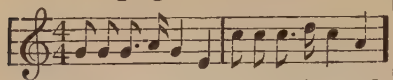


1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

295 Bringing in the Sheaves.



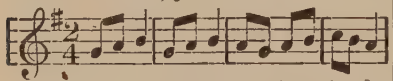
1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves;
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

CHO.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves,:‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spirit
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome, [the sheaves;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

296 Come, ye Sinners.

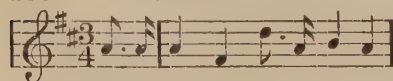


1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

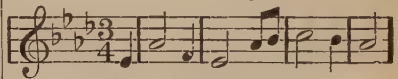
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

297 Guide me.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

298 Forever here my Rest.



1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

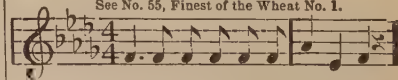
2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

299 God be with You.

See No. 55, Finest of the Wheat No. 1.



1 God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet [again.
God be with you till we meet

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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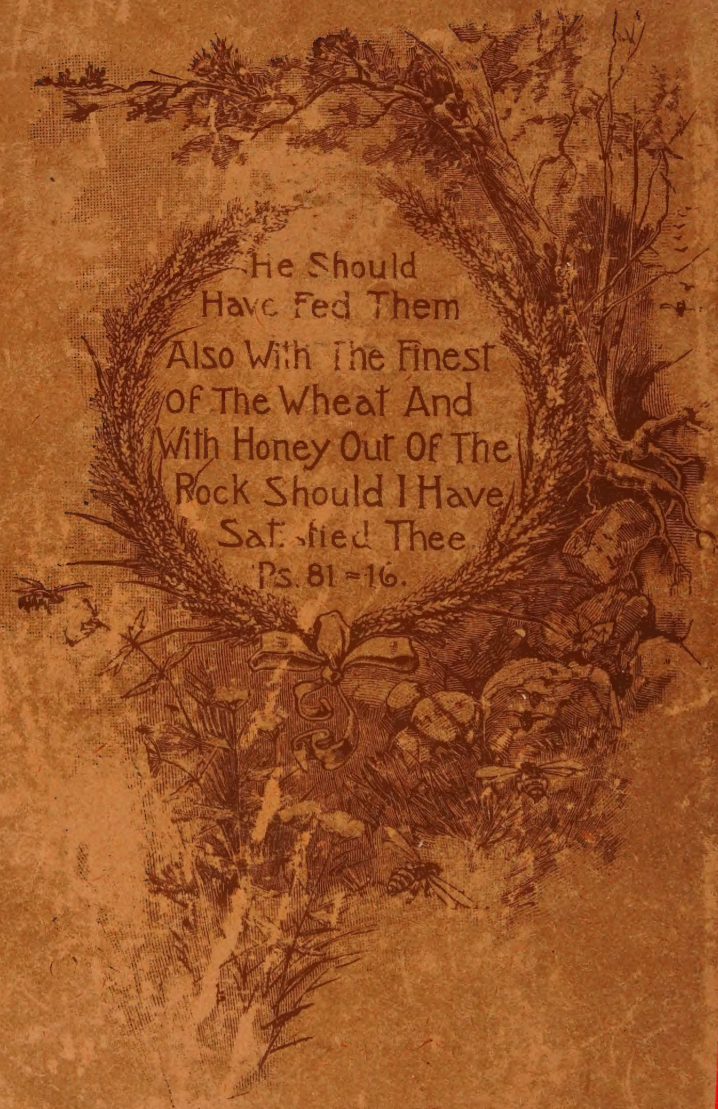
He Should
Have Fed Them
Also With The Finest
Of The Wheat And
With Honey Out Of The
Rock Should I Have
Satisfied Thee
Ps. 81 - 16.

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